

Man and His World

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THE GROWTH OF OUR
CIVILISATION



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MAN AND HIS WORLD

PART I

THE MAKING OF THE WORLD OF TO-DAY

CHAPTER I

WHAT CIVILISATION MEANS

§ 1

WHAT is civilisation, this condition that only man has achieved—man, with his tender, hairless skin, his puny strength; man, who can neither fly like a bird nor swim like a fish nor run like a stag nor tunnel like a mole, and who yet has ranged the seas and skies, plundered the earth for treasure, and flashed his messages round the globe in the fraction of a second?

An ant-heap is a social community. Its members have each their special work to do, so much so that their very bodies are adapted to their particular jobs. They keep "domestic animals," even—creatures belonging to other species, who supply the ants with something they like or need, and who are housed and fed in return. But the process, whatever it was, that built up ant society seems to have used up its energy once for all and "got stuck." Ants, unlike men, are content to live as their fathers lived, and *their* fathers before them, back into the obscure dawn of the ant world. Their social laws, much stricter and more binding than any to which men have to submit, show by their very rigidity that they have not much to do with what we call "intelligence."

But human civilisation is a process that is going on all the while in men's minds. Their thoughts leap ahead of achievement, always questioning and experimenting, imagining things they will afterwards try out with their hands. It is a product of brains and eyes and fingers, but of these three assets brain is far the most

important, and the only one in which man is very much ahead of the apes; for they too have skilful fingers, and, unlike other animals, they have their eyes set side by side in the front of the head, so that both eyes see the same object and can focus it. But that only proves how little keen sight and deft hands count without the "divine discontent" that goes with man's remarkably developed brain-pan.

What men have done, then, at every stage, and what they are still doing to-day, is to accumulate an ever-increasing social heritage of knowledge and experiment, which they use to extend their control over the natural world. And this, in its widest sense, is civilisation.

Very little indeed is known of the earliest men. If they had a spoken language, which is doubtful, they never wrote it down. Probably animal cries and grunts sufficed for all they wanted to express. Of the materials they may have used for making things, only a few chipped flint stones have survived. We must try to imagine their world as a world as yet untouched by man—with no roads, no hedges, no tilled land, and, of course, no houses. The south-eastern part of England, where some of the earliest human relics have been found, was still joined on to the mainland of the Continent, and there are places on the Suffolk coast to-day where the sea washes up ancient bones, stained yellow with crag or dark and heavy with mineral deposit, which once belonged to strange beasts, now long extinct, that roamed the banks of the Rhine something like 250,000 years ago. The time we are picturing is not so long ago as that—let us say roughly 40,000 B.C.—but, apart from changes of climate and vegetation the face of the land had not altered very greatly in the interval. England was still a place of dense forests, unbridged rivers, and treacherous swamps. Only the chalk hills stood, then as now, beautiful and barren; and there a passer-by may chance upon an oddly shaped stone or two—perhaps one with a kind of curved beak and a rough handhold, or a scraper flaked off along one side to a sharpish edge—which were dropped in those far-off days by some little group of early men in their wanderings in the wake of the animals upon which they depended for food.

What did they look like, these first ancestors of ours? They walked fairly upright, thus having their hands free for carrying

weapons, and muscularly they must have been pretty well developed. Probably they were hairier than we are, but the chief difference would be in their faces, with the jutting eyebrow ridge and the muzzle-like effect given by the projecting jaws. There was only one profession in those days, that of hunter. Life was one long struggle for food and water—for the water-holes had to be shared with dangerous animals, and man must humbly wait his turn. It was an exposed and perilous life, as is the life of all wild things except the very strongest. Man must have lived against a constant background of fear—fear partly of known dangers, but most of all of the unknown, which meant almost everything outside his simple daily routine—the few things he had personally tested and found harmless—and which was lurking everywhere to deal him injury and death.

Now compare these seemingly quite unimportant little bands of homeless wanderers in a vast and terrifying world with civilised man as he is to-day, with his mapped earth and charted oceans, with his inconceivably powerful machines to do his bidding, with the jungle tamed and its creatures brought to his doorstep and arranged behind good stout bars for his entertainment and instruction; and consider by what steps he has risen.

§ 2

First, then, civilisation is not a continuous process. The same discovery may have been made several times over in different places and by different people. Some things are found and lost again for centuries, or perhaps for ever. No one knows who first made fire or planted grain, though these are events that changed the course of human history. Very early we find stories giving supernatural explanations of these important happenings, but the historical facts were evidently as completely lost then as now.

But it is always roughly the same course of grasping some principle which can be turned to human use, and then developing some sort of technique for applying it. And it is in the second, practical part of this process that we meet one of the most important of all human faculties—the power to invent and use tools.

Now no animal in its natural state does this. The nearest approach to the making of a genuine tool by an ape (in captivity) was observed by Köhler, a German animal psychologist, when his

most intelligent chimpanzee, Sultan, enraged at not being able to reach a banana outside his bars, managed to fit a smaller stick into the hollow end of a piece of bamboo in his cage, and with this lengthened stick pulled the fruit towards him until he could grasp it with his hand. But this is the very height of ape invention, and was achieved only under special conditions thought out by man. The chances are a million to one against even the unusually clever Sultan's ever having bothered to think of such a thing in his wild state where bananas were to be had for the picking.

Yet we know of no stage in man's career, however early, when he did not use tools of some sort, and the most isolated and primitive tribe to-day has a whole assortment of devices for doing work literally at "second hand"—for what is a tool but an extra hand chosen for some special quality of form, strength, sharpness, and so on, to do a special piece of work better than the unaided human instrument could do it? And the tool is but the ancestor of the machine.

Some scholars have been so much struck by the fact that men all over the world seem to have gone through very much the same early phases—learning the uses of fire, choosing certain animals to bear burdens, others to provide meat and clothing, discovering how to spin and weave, planting and harvesting corn or rice—that they hold the theory that civilisation came to birth in one single land, Egypt, and that human progress spread thence through the world like ripples from a pebble flung into a pond. It may be so, or it may be that progress has a natural path, and that only in its later stages is there a choice of routes. Whatever the true explanation is, it is certain that some human groups have never got very far in any direction. When Australia was "discovered," for instance, it was found to be inhabited by an extraordinarily primitive race of Bushmen who were not much farther advanced than the inhabitants of Southern Europe in the later Stone Age, those early people who are responsible for the earliest art we know—very fresh and vigorous sketches of animals drawn or scratched mostly on the walls of caves. And the strangest thing is that these Bushmen on the other side of the world could boast of just such vivid animal studies, drawn in almost exactly the same way.

But beyond this comparatively simple stage which involves man's first essays in agriculture, in organisation, or tribal law (which is absolutely necessary for community life), and perhaps in art and

magic, there may come at some point that great burst of energy, that wave of organised activity and enthusiasm which has from time to time swept over this nation or that, and receded, leaving behind great art, triumphs of architecture and engineering, scientific discoveries, and evidences of a high standard of life, at any rate for the favoured few. It is a queer thing, this phenomenon of the Great Age. It is marked generally at first by the strength that brings security—for a nation continually harassed by enemies has no time or energy to develop itself; by a gathering into cities, which are centres of all sorts of ambitions and imaginative activities; by material prosperity and an increased love of good living which may gradually come before good government and good education until the whole thing falls rotten-ripe into the hands of some more vigorous if less cultured raider.

But fortunately something generally survives, and is carried on and developed either by the conquerors themselves or by people of neighbouring countries. Western man is mostly concerned with the civilisations that have flourished around the Mediterranean Sea, and these have all been more or less linked up, except for a few mysterious peoples like the Etruscans in Italy, with their beautifully painted tombs and their inscriptions that nobody can translate. As history goes on, it becomes less and less likely for anything to be utterly lost, as early cultures could be swept away, by flood or fire. There are fuller records, there is easier communication, knowledge is more widely shared.

In many ways it is the Roman civilisation which has been the pattern for our own—Rome with its genius for central organisation and (what must go with it) rapid communication. The Roman roads, the Roman bridges, the Roman aqueducts were the forerunners of the cables, railways, air and ocean routes that link up the earth to-day. But at least two really world-shaking events have happened since the days of Rome—the invention of printing and the harnessing of steam-power. It may be that other things will in time prove more revolutionary than either of these, but in the meantime here are the germs of those two giants of the modern world—the newspaper and the machine.

The beginnings of science are clouded with magic. Man had a natural but unfortunate tendency to begin by trying to control the things that frightened him most, such as earthquakes and thunder-

storms, and although quite early some genuine scientific observations of the stars were made, this was done chiefly because of the influence the stars were supposed to exercise over human affairs. Even in the Middle Ages the great problems scientists worked on were the discovery of the Elixir of Eternal Youth and the Philosopher's Stone, which was to turn lead into gold.

But in the last two hundred years or so, science, having freed itself at last, has simply raced ahead. The worlds within worlds of which philosophers used to dream have become a reality, but instead of being an exact copy on a smaller scale, each is fresh and exciting and unguessed at. There is the marvellous world of microscopic plant and animal life, the strange world of the blood with its dramas of good (in the form of white corpuscles) fighting villainous microbes—dramas in which, alas! the hero does not always win—and there is that world, hardly explored as yet, in which everything solid and familiar has dissolved, and we are left with "forces," represented by plus or minus signs, tearing through space at a rate that is thousands of times greater than anything we can imagine.

Sooner or later, moreover, whatever is discovered is used, whether in medicine, in engineering, in industrial development, or (the thorn that goes with this particular rose) in instruments of war. A good deal of ingenuity, it must be admitted, has to go to trying to get us out of some of the muddles into which our own rapid progress has led us. There has never been a civilisation without cities; but our cities have grown too big, too full of dust and smoke and poison, so that the trees we plant in them wither in a few years, and we are driven to provide "sunlight" centres, build garden suburbs, and at any rate talk a good deal about smokeless fuel.

But on the whole science is concerned with more than mere remedies. Medicine, for instance, is not content with curing diseases: it tries to prevent them. And some of the worst scourges of all—cholera, the Black Death, the more familiar smallpox—have been either banished altogether or reduced at least to a comparatively mild and harmless form.

Most exciting of all, we are getting nearer and nearer to a direct control of life itself. The modern biologist can tie a hair round the egg of a newt and turn it into twin newtlets, each one perfect. He can mate a brown mouse with a white one and reckon the

colours of their children over generations. Sooner or later he will find a way of controlling the sex of animals and human children, and probably their other qualities as well. There is no end to the possibilities.

§ 3

But meanwhile, just what does all this progress mean to us now, in our ordinary, everyday lives? First of all, it means a release from fear, but from a fear we personally have never known and so can scarcely imagine. There is so much more to be known that we know relatively less than ever, but we can live by the knowledge and experience of other people. And we are very seldom really let down. We casually switch on the electric light or plug in the wireless set. We may know next to nothing of what is really happening—the forces we are setting free and the elaborate methods of controlling them—but we get our light or our music just the same. As machinery grows more complicated, it is also made more and more fool-proof, until the most brilliant inventions of the human mind may be safely handled by an intelligent child of six.

Think of a grocer's shop, with its shelves of tins and jars and packets. Do we feel we are taking our lives in our hands every time we try anything fresh? No; we trust the grocer, the manufacturer—the label guaranteeing that the goods are as described. And we are almost always reasonable to do so; the label has at most slightly overstated its case, it has not lied. In the same spirit of faith we visit the chemist, the doctor, the public library, relying on the experts, on those who at least know more than we do. And generally it works. Our faith is justified.

Civilisation has always been in part a marketable commodity, of which, naturally, the rich can buy more than the poor, but it is doubtful whether this is any longer the most important part. Cheap transport, cheap postage (quite a modern development), wider educational opportunities—technical schools, museums, and libraries—are giving far more people a chance to share in the civilisation they have inherited. Nearly everyone can afford a newspaper and a wireless set. Everyone can afford soap! Of course we are not satisfied; to be satisfied would be to deny our humanity. But if we glance back once more at the bleak and

precarious existence of those first men on earth, can we doubt that our own lot is incomparably more rich, varied, and exciting?

CHAPTER II

BEFORE CIVILISATION BEGAN

§ 1

WHEN we set out to reconstruct the life of primitive man we adopt the comparative method of research. We can dig up his actual skeleton, and then we can compare what we find with ourselves and with those human groups in various parts of the world which, for one reason or another, have been left behind in the general advance of mankind. Not that we can hope for results that are quite accurate and satisfactory. On the one hand, the records of a time when there was no writing are bound to be scanty and difficult to interpret; and on the other, we can be pretty sure that no living tribe, however remote, is really primitive—that is to say, still in its first state—and in any case its way of life will vary very considerably according to climate, plant and animal life, and other natural conditions. However, by careful deduction from the only sources of information available, allowing ourselves the while a certain amount of judicious guesswork, we can get a rough picture of what happened when the world was very young.

First, we must remember that in this distant past all changes were extremely slow. The earth was very gradually shrinking, which meant that the general level of the land was higher than it is to-day; that the English Channel and the Straits of Gibraltar were still dry land, and that districts like the Scottish Highlands were ranges of snowclad mountains. Geologists say that the ice crept down at least four times from the Arctic circle over Northern Europe, while the glaciers from the southern mountains spread out over the plains to meet it, until only a narrow band across the middle of Europe was habitable by man or beast, and even that deathly cold, with terrible winters like the Siberian winters of to-day. They believe that each of these Ice Ages lasted several thousand years, and that in between there were long spells in which



EUROPE IN THE ICE AGE: THE GREATEST EXTENT OF THE ICE FIELDS.

the climate gradually grew mild, till almost tropical plants flourished, and then became more and more severe until the ice gripped the land once more.

The last, and least terrible, Ice Age was probably at its height somewhere about 23,000 B.C. Slowly, very slowly, the sun melted the frozen earth and the glaciers shrank back, leaving behind them masses of loose earth and rock that they had carried with them when they forced their way down the mountain-sides. These deposits grew dry and dusty, and when strong winds blew over them they rose in clouds, covering a great belt of land with finely sifted earth. This land, instead of being covered, like the rest of Europe, with dense forests, mostly pine and fir, remained open grass country of the kind we call steppe or prairie, good grazing for the swifter animals, and good hunting for the bolder and fiercer men. At this time, by the way, there were none of those queer, prehistoric monsters of which life-size models are to be seen in the grounds of the Crystal Palace; they were long ago extinct. But in the forests there were mammoths, which were like elephants, only hairy, and in certain English caves like Wookey Hole, we have dug up bones of hyenas, bears, and reindeer. And roaming over the more open country there were various kinds of cattle and a small breed of horses.

Now, there had been men of a sort living in Europe for thousands, probably tens of thousands, of years before this, men of the clumsy, ape-like kind we call Neanderthal, because it was in the valley of the river Neander that their remains were first discovered. But as the sun warmed the earth and the summers grew hot again, something very important happened. Other men arrived on the scene, with straight, well-formed legs, good features, and an excellent brain capacity. They brought with them arts and crafts of which Neanderthal man had never dreamed—painting and weaving among them. We can trace them through Italy, so we imagine that some at least of them came that way from Africa; it was easy enough, for at that time Sicily was not yet an island, but part of a bridge of land cutting the Mediterranean into halves and linking up the two continents. Others may have found their way in from the East, following herds of animals across the steppe. Probably not all the new-comers belonged to the same race, but they were very much more like each other than they were like the Neanderthals. No one knows where

they came from or how, they had reached their comparatively advanced state, but in one of their tombs a strange shell has been found, unknown in Europe, but common enough on the shores of the Indian Ocean. Man travelled slowly in those days, but he could take his time about it. It is unwise to set any limit to his journeyings.

At all events, it seems to have been a peaceful conquest. There was plenty of room for everyone, and the Neanderthal men lingered on here and there without troubling or being troubled by the new-comers. But they seem to have died out in the end and left the field, as usual, to the men with the bigger brains.

§ 2

These men, as we have hinted, buried their dead, and it is from their tombs, and from the caves they lived in, that we get most of our information about them. There is probably no tribe to-day that has not some sort of funeral rite. It seems that as soon as man began to think at all he thought about death—that queer change of state that befell his companions, and from which they were not known to recover. Crude cannibalism is rare even in animals, and where cannibal tribes exist among men, human flesh is generally only eaten either in times of famine or on special (often religious) occasions and with special aims in view.

In stone chambers, under the round or oblong earthmounds we call barrows, we find the bones and often the personal belongings of these early men. Sometimes the skeletons are crouched up with their knees against their chests, perhaps so bound for fear the dead might return and harm the living. Sometimes the corpses seem to have been stained with some red substance, and this may have been a charm to confer good health when they awoke from their long sleep, for red is the colour of the life-blood, and sick men are pale. Their bone needles, flint knives, and shell necklaces may have been left for their use in the next life, as the Egyptians provided food for their dead; or perhaps it was just unlucky to touch the possessions of a dead man and so these things were buried with him for safety's sake.

What is certain is that the making of these barrows must have required real team work, and therefore some sort of social organisation. And this is an important stage in human develop-

ment. The earliest human groups must have been quite small. It is said that an Australian native may have to travel 40 miles to find a day's supply of food, and while man's equipment and technique were so poor that he had to depend on a few edible plants and such small creatures as could be caught without much skill, his only hope was to remain widely scattered so that each man had his own vast hunting-ground. Maybe the first group was the natural family, or perhaps there were several wives and so a large number of children. In either case the father would be the leader, at least until he began to lose his strength. The young men might go and carry off women from other clans and found new, separate families, or they might rise against their ageing father, kill him, and fight among themselves for his wives and for the future leadership. Sometimes, no doubt, as the clans enlarged, a group of the younger members would split off, either as a sort of communistic society, or under the leadership of some man who happened to be stronger or cleverer than the rest. The Semangs, a backward tribe living in the Malay Peninsula, have groups like this, under a sort of magician-chief. They apparently share their food and their wives.

Sooner or later man grew ambitious, and began to hunt big game as well as little, and this needed co-operation, both in planning and in execution. On certain cave-walls in Eastern Spain there are charming pictures of men, armed with spears or bows and arrows, drawn with very thick, powerful legs and tiny wisp-like bodies, in full pursuit of animals, generally much wounded. Clearly they are hunting in bands, and sometimes they have dogs to help them. After a big kill there would naturally be an equally big feast (the earliest sort of social festival). Probably a triumphant dance was performed, and all the members of the tribe would eat themselves sick, hoping thus to lay in a supply for lean times ahead. Unluckily man has only one smallish stomach, and cannot, like the python, gorge himself and then fast comfortably for a month, but this is something which primitive races find it difficult to grasp; the Australian aborigines, for instance, were still behaving in the same way when they were first discovered by white men. Now and again a dead whale would be washed up on their shores. Immediately beacon fires were kindled and people would flock to the banquet from far and near. First they would rub themselves from head to foot with blubber. Then they would set to work to

demolish the whale, hacking their way through to the meat and clambering about all over the huge carcase in search of titbits. A pained explorer comments: "There is no sight in the world more revolting than to see a young and gracefully formed native girl stepping out of the carcase of a putrid whale." The party went on for days, with the whale remains getting more and more offensive till even the strongest stomach revolted. The eaters camped round about, their own blubber-smeared bodies adding to the stench, growing worse and worse tempered, and breaking out into rashes from over-eating—indeed, a pretty spectacle.

But with better organisation, and particularly with the development of agriculture, the excuse for such orgies largely disappeared. Most authorities are agreed that it was the women who made the first experiments in tilling and planting. Certainly there must have been a very early division of labour between the sexes, the men going off on hunting expeditions while the women stayed behind, scraping skins for tents and clothing, weaving and dyeing cloth, preparing the meat the hunters brought back, and no doubt collecting such harmless roots and herbs as could be found. But there are not so very many wild plants that make good food, and what there are rarely grow in enormous quantities. It is only an occasional earthly paradise, like the island of Tahiti, in the South Seas, that supplies a natural diet to be simply plucked from the trees; and perhaps this is fortunate, for the Tahitian, having bread-fruit and bananas, coco-nuts, and wild apples ready to his hand, with fish for variety, never troubled to till his fertile soil, but preferred instead to keep down his numbers by killing most of the children at birth, so that there should always be enough natural food to go round.

Very often, to this day, no more is done than to plant seeds or cuttings in a piece of ground that has been cleared for the purpose, but not turned over or otherwise prepared. Of course in a tropical forest the clearing (which by the way is always made by men) is pretty hard work, especially when the only tool used is a polished stone axe which is constantly getting blunt and having to be resharpened. The usual method is the "ninepin" one, in which, after the undergrowth has been cut away, the larger trees are notched in rows so that if the first falls in the right direction the whole line goes down like a row of tin soldiers. Afterwards the area is burnt, and at the beginning of the wet season holes

are made in the earth with a pointed stick, or sometimes the claw of an animal, and the crop is planted. From the likeness between the stone axes used now and those that have been dug up by the archaeologists, we may suppose that early European man did something of this sort.

Once the land is under regular cultivation, the tribe naturally tends to settle down in one place. Wandering peoples like the gipsies are not agricultural. They either raid their more prosperous neighbours (as our paddocks and hen-coops are sometimes raided), or they own flocks and herds, and pitch their tents near the temporary grazing-grounds of their beasts. But this settling down, combined with a more regular food supply, makes for a more ordered and systematic sort of life, and is an important step towards civilisation.

§ 3

Many of the more primitive races live, even to-day, in a state of indescribable filth. Climate plays some part in this, as it does in housing and clothing, and the general rule (though there are exceptions) is, the colder, the dirtier. Sea and river bathing, so welcome to the tropical islander, are of course utterly impossible for the Eskimos living within the Arctic Circle, who must laboriously melt masses of snow to obtain even a little drinking water. Luckily, most of them spend their winters in snow huts, either built up on the surface or tunnelled underneath, which only last one season, melting in the spring. But some construct a framework of the bones of whales and walruses, and cover this with earth and snow, making a much more permanent dwelling which has time to get even more hideously filthy and foul-smelling than the snow shelter. There is, of course, no plant life, and the Eskimos live almost wholly on flesh foods, often eaten raw. Perhaps this is to be preferred to their cookery, which normally consists in placing the meat in a vessel of water and then throwing in hot stones from the hearth until it is supposed to be done. They let their dogs do the washing-up, giving them the plates and dishes to lick, and if they wish to treat a guest with particular civility, one of them will himself lick over his portion of meat before serving him. Their huts are strewn with bones and other relics of bygone feasts, generally including piles of walrus meat far gone



" IN HOT COUNTRIES HOUSES ARE CHIEFLY WOOD AND REEDS "—A NATIVE HUT IN THE NEW HEBRIDES ISLANDS.

in decay. The interiors are small, stuffy, and overcrowded. Yet for the Eskimo who builds his house of snow, the chief problem (oddly enough) is to keep it sufficiently cold, especially in the spring, when the surface ice is beginning to melt. Therefore, although he uses whale blubber with a floating wick for light, for cooking, and for melting snow, he does not use it—or anything else—for warming the hut. Instead, he consumes very large quantities both of blubber and of meat, thus generating enough inward heat to keep his body at almost the same temperature as our own.

We have described the Eskimo's way of life in some detail because, although there are several other claimants for the title of dirtiest or lowest of the human race, he is an extreme instance of how man can adapt himself to seemingly impossible conditions. But though he survives (and seems satisfied with his lot), he can hardly be said to progress: the struggle for existence demands too much of his time and energy, and it is unthinkable that there should ever be an Eskimo civilisation.

The sort of house or hut that is built varies a good deal in different parts of the world. Probably when man first ventured out from the forests on to comparatively open country, he rigged up some sort of wind-screen of branches. Then he tried two screens side by side and leaning inwards to form a sort of triangular tunnel or tent. Gradually a rough hut was developed, at first with only a hole for the door and a mud floor, but becoming more elaborate and more weather-proof as man tried fresh experiments. In hot countries houses are still very lightly constructed, chiefly of wood and reeds. Often they are scarcely more than an enlarged parasol—just a scaffolding of poles and platforms under a thick thatched roof, with hardly anything in the way of walls beyond a few screens or hangings. In marshy districts and near rivers that are liable to flood, huts are raised on piles and approached by ladders. These pile dwellings go back to a very early date, and may be a direct development from times when man nested in the trees like the great apes—at least, when no convenient caves were at hand. But the cave-dwellers have also left their mark, particularly in colder countries. To this day there are peasants in the French province of Touraine who scoop out artificial caverns for the family lodging, and may live under the very roots of the vines they cultivate.

When and how man first learned to tame animals it is impossible to guess, but most people suppose that the dog, 'still' of course in its fierce and wolfish state, was the first to change sides from enemy to ally. Perhaps packs of wild dogs would sometimes join human hunting parties of their own accord, and later, tired but triumphant, like the men, would take their share of the kill. However this may be, there is scarcely a tribe to-day without its tame dogs, though in some parts of the world they are looked upon more as a table delicacy than as the friend and companion of man.

Among the remains of early European man there are drawings of horses' heads in rough bridles or halters, so even at this stage the horse must have been more or less subdued by man. But it must have taken many generations to train and breed these animals into the docile and affectionate creatures of our experience. In any case, the wild horse was limited to certain districts of the Old World, whereas the dog, in some form, is found all over the earth.

Other animals are not actually tamed, but are controlled and preserved for man's use—for their wool, their hides, or their meat. Many primitive peoples keep sheep, cattle, pigs, and poultry. On some of the South Sea Islands pigs are so plentiful that they are regarded as *the* animal, of which all others are merely species. Thus a sheep is a "pig with teeth in its forehead," a horse is a "man-carrying pig," and even a human corpse, when dressed for the table, becomes a "long pig." The ox illustrates how far usefulness in animals can go, for not only does it at its death provide meat, clothing, and drinking horns, but in life it is a meek but powerful beast of draught and burden.

As for the ways in which primitive man clothes and adorns his body, they are legion, and the motives underlying them are complex. We can distinguish a little modesty and a good deal of vanity, some utility and some art, and finally quite a lot of magic. In local instances the original reason for clothes may have been simply the seasonal changes of temperature, which induced this unprotected creature, who could not grow a thick winter coat of his own, to borrow from animals that could. But the idea of adornment is universal; and skins are difficult material for fanciful treatment. Little by little men (or more probably women) explored the possibilities of sinewy plants and of animal wool, which could be rolled and worked till it held together pretty firmly, and then

pulled out into a rough covering. And they tried natural stains and dyes, having the delight in bright colours that seems inborn in so many primitive peoples—though colours were doubtless magical too, as with the Celts, who believed that the winds seriously affected human life, and that they were variously coloured according to the quarter from which they blew. Then man strung bones and shells and sometimes teeth for necklaces. Very often these, too, may have been charms to protect the wearer from hurt or to give him power over his enemies; but almost insensibly the feeling for decoration crept in also, as the early potters would make use of the natural criss-cross patterns of the familiar basket-work and turn them into genuine artistic designs for their crocks. Before the Romans conquered this island, the ancient and "uncivilised" Britons were making quite beautiful clasps and necklaces of fine beaten and twisted gold.

Fashion, among primitive races, is just as exacting and often even more painful than with us. The chief difference is that it does not change bewilderingly from month to month, but remains traditional and fixed—in fact, it is often quite literally fixed at least for the lifetime of the individual, for it may consist in tattooing, say, or gashing the body so as to leave a special scar pattern, or in altering the shape of the skull while it is still young and soft, or weighting the ear-lobes till they hang down to the shoulders, or innumerable devices of the same sort. The Papuans used to shout insults after children who had not had their ears pierced in the regulation manner, calling them "bush pigs." The New World is on the whole less drastic, preferring to apply war-paint or to gum on bands of feathers. Feathers, too, have been most marvellously used to make coloured patterns on festive cloaks, etc., as well as for the celebrated Red Indian headdress. Altogether man's ingenuity in this direction is astounding, and it would be impossible here to give even an adequate summary of the methods he has devised to vary his appearance.

§ 4

It is exciting to watch man solving his many practical problems, but how much more fascinating to try to get a glimpse of his mind. This is treacherous ground, and we have to approach very indirectly by way of such "primitive" customs as we can collect,

with a glance at the songs and stories that are scattered all over the world, but of which no one knows the origin—folk-song and folk-tale, myth and legend, saga and fairy-story. The experts who have collected such material all remark that, though the details vary endlessly, it is in some ways curiously alike all over the world, so that we may take it as applying somewhat to the development of early man, and his ideas of himself and the universe.

We put "himself" first advisedly, because that is where most thought begins—thought, that is, in the sense of speculations beyond the practical satisfaction of the appetites. Very early indeed men must have noticed that when they lay down to sleep all sorts of strange, but very real, adventures happened to them, although their bodies (as their friends doubtless confirmed) remained still and quiet. Therefore it was some other part of them that went out on these journeyings—it had many names, but we will call it "spirit" for want of a better word. It encountered other spirits, not only of men and animals, but of all the things that were familiar in waking life—sun and wind and trees and rocks and food and clothes and weapons. And particularly after a heavy meal, there might be less familiar visitors, too, horrible things with fiery eyes that tried to throttle sleepers—evidently demons in their proper shape.

It seemed clear then that everything had some sort of soul, which sometimes at least worked independently of its more earthly past. At death there was a final parting, and the body, after vainly awaiting its return, fell into decay. Generally there was an idea of some country of the dead, peopled by such disembodied spirits, but the ghosts did not necessarily set out on their journey at once, and they might have power to return. At all events, the world was full of invisible, though often very powerful, inhabitants, and any catastrophe that happened was most likely to have been caused by a conscious or unconscious offence against one or other of them. Thus man, beset already by all sorts of dangers, adds this new anxiety, and his life becomes more fantastic than before. Some of the more important spirits (like the sun) come to be regarded as gods, and have their special cults and their particular priests. In time they begin to be loved and worshipped as benevolent protectors of mankind, but that is a later stage. Uncivilised peoples have more demons than gods and worship more from fear

than from love. The characters even of the Greek gods were hardly equal to those of the Greek philosophers.

The more practical measures taken to keep on the right side of the spirits form one branch of magic. Magic is full of man's early efforts to apply the law of cause and effect; his conclusions are often remarkable, or certainly quite "unscientific." Yet, inasmuch as he was searching for ways of controlling natural forces, we have here the germ from which science eventually developed. He had no way of testing his experiments. If a method seemed to have worked once (though this might have been in fact pure chance), it was consecrated by tradition and believed infallible, and when it failed, some other reason was found—someone had made a mistake, or some part of the ceremony had been neglected.

To return to the spirits, they seemed often to have queer whims and violent moods. They were generally vain and spiteful, and punished an offence out of all proportion to its seriousness, but they were also fairly easily appeased by fair words and gifts. Fortunately, too, they were on the whole stupid, and man could generally manage to outwit them if he knew the ropes. They noticed only outward appearances, and could not read the heart. Thus, if a hunter killed a savage beast, he was in danger of the vengeance its spirit might take on him (probably some particularly painful form of death), but if, immediately after the event, while the ghost still hovered near, he spoke to it, explaining that not he but his cruel spear had been responsible, and finally cast his weapon from him as an evil thing, the spirit would most likely take his word for it and plot vengeance on the spear instead. After certain sacrifices the victim's wrath had to be thus turned away, the bloody knife being sometimes solemnly thrown into the sea. Expert opinion does not seem to credit the intelligence of ghosts with having gone up much, for one approved method of laying a troublesome spirit is still said to be to dare it to enter a bottle and then cork it up before it has time to escape, a trick which depends entirely for its success on the ghost's childish desire to show off its supernatural powers of compression.

However, the most widespread form of magic has really not much to do with spirits at all. It is known as "sympathetic" magic, and consists in *representing* in some way whatever one is trying to bring about. Thus in times of drought Australian natives would light great bonfires, because the rising smoke looked like

the raintclouds they hoped to see, and no doubt the cave-paintings that show animals with large red hearts pierced through and through with well-directed arrows were intended to help the hunter to success and the wretched beasts to their deaths. Many savages are terrified of being drawn or photographed, because if a spell were cast over the picture, it would at once rebound on to themselves. Proper names can be misused in the same way, and in some tribes the true names of the members are secret and they are known only by substitutes or nicknames. Witches in the Middle Ages were supposed to pluck the forked root of the mandrake, name it after him they wished to destroy, and then prick and pinch it, with the proper incantations, while the human namesake writhed in agony.

Not all magic is black, however. It may be used for healing as well as hurting, and the beginnings of the physician's art are closely bound up with it. Some witch-doctors are worthy of their name: besides their charms, they use genuinely healing herbs, and real remedies like the cold-water, hot-water, and sweat cures and elementary massage, and by a mixture of good luck and good sense, plus considerable faith on the part of the patient, they often achieve excellent results.

§ 5

A special, and to us very curious, belief is found among many North American Indians and to some extent in Australia. It is that every tribe or clan is descended from some particular bird, beast, fish, or even plant, called its totem. Members of a group with the kangaroo totem will not eat or kill kangaroos (except occasionally with special rites at a ceremonial feast), but they think it perfectly right for other tribes to do so. They desire the increase and well-being of kangaroos, believing that their own prosperity depends on this. Thus in practice many tribes mutually protect each other's game or chief plant foods, providing sanctuaries or storehouses from which the district can be re-populated.

As for the kangaroo ancestor, or whatever he happened to be, there are often fantastic stories told of his mighty exploits, and it is difficult to say how far he is thought of as an actual animal and how far as a man, with power to change his shape, or even as a god. We must remember that particularly in the spirit-world such

boundaries were often by no means clear. And it all happened a very long white ago, in the Once-upon-a-time, when marvels required no explanations. Some tribes erect so-called totem poles near their houses to mount guard over them. These are quite literally family trees—that is, they are tree-trunks carved and painted with queer little figures, and large, often grotesque faces, one on top of the other, which are supposed to represent the generations of the tribe. At the very top is the totem creature itself.

Now, since the tribe is looked upon as a large family, all those of the same generation are in a sense brothers and sisters, and hence there are often special rules against a man's marrying any woman in his own totem group—perhaps a relic of the days when the group was so small that the only young women in it really were his own sisters. On the other hand, there is sometimes, at any rate, the theory that *all* the women in a group he may marry into are his wives, though in practice he generally selects only a convenient number of them. In such cases descent is traced through the mother whose (maternal) brother is often the official guardian of her children, the father having little or nothing to do with them. Any property there is is handed down along the female line.

Group marriage of this kind is not usual, but there are many tribes who consider it shameful to have only one wife. The Veddahs, a primitive people living in the interior of Ceylon, are said to be particularly faithful, and to have a proverb meaning "Death alone can part husband and wife." This state of affairs completely scandalised a chief from their more advanced neighbours, the Kandians. He said it was "just like the monkeys." The North American Indians, who were by nature rather cold and undemonstrative, mostly regarded their wives as more or less useful pieces of property. The men fought for the more attractive or industrious as some animals fight for their mates, and it was within anyone's rights to appropriate a wife or two from a weaker man. In North California wife-beating was considered bad form, but it was quite permissible to shoot the women one had grown tired of. The Eskimos would often lend wives to their friends, sometimes in exchange for others, and would always offer one to any guest they wished to honour. As an example of the way some of the lower tribes regard their women, we may cite the Fuegians, who, when food is scarce, select the oldest woman in the group and kill and eat her. When asked by a horrified missionary why they

did not rather eat their dogs, they shrugged their shoulders and said, "Dogs catch otters"—apparently a more useful function than any of which a woman was capable!

In many places the wives, at least of important men, willingly followed their lords to the grave, believing this to be their only chance of an after-life. When a Fijian chief died he thus "took with him" several of his favourite wives and a female servant or two. The servants were strangled and thrown into the grave first, and the more important bodies were lashed together and buried on top of them. The Patagonians, however, believe that horses are more useful to the dead than women, for it is a long ride to *Alhue Mapu*, whither they are bound. The ceremony is particularly curious. When the corpse has decayed enough for the bones to be fairly easily freed from the flesh, they are hung up on woven twigs or canes to bleach. One of the clan's most important women then takes them into a hut and fastens them in position with string so that they form the complete skeleton. While she is thus engaged, men with long poles and blackened faces patrol the hut, chanting monotonously to keep off evil spirits. Finally, the bones are packed up in a hide and taken on horseback to the family burial-place, which may be some distance away. Then the skeleton is dressed in ceremonial robes, decked out with beads and feathers, and lowered into a square pit, where others of his kin already lie, and round about the grave are ranged the bodies of his favourite horses, propped up on their feet and held in position by stakes.

We may notice here and in other cases how real love and reverence for the dead man may be combined with fear of his ghost. Special precautions had to be taken before the bones could be touched with safety, even though the object was to help the spirit on its way. We may suppose that the careful attentions accorded to corpses, particularly those of powerful chiefs, arise no less from anxiety to keep them safely in their graves than from a desire for their happiness in the next life. In some places the dead are untouchable or taboo (a word which includes both sacred awe and disgust). They are sealed up in their huts, which are never used again, so that sometimes more than half a village will consist of these silent houses of the dead, slowly falling into decay. Or the practice may be carried a step farther, and the old and infirm may be buried alive, either literally or by being shut up in their huts and left to starve.

We must remember that in non-Christian countries murder is not necessarily either a sin or a crime. The Fiji Islanders actually regard the killing of their ageing parents as a labour of love, almost a sacred duty, and from all accounts the parents quite agree with them. A missionary reports that during his first year on the Islands he only heard of one natural death, since anyone old or sick was either strangled or buried alive. These people thought so little of human life that whenever their chief launched a new canoe he would order a dozen or so of his men to be slaughtered aboard her to bring her good luck. They also made a practice of eating their enemies, and even fattened slaves specially for the market as we do pigs. One of their chiefs claimed the distinction of having during his life consumed nine hundred persons entirely unaided.

The inhabitants of Papua or New Guinea, near Australia, terrify their children with tales of ghosts and demons, but they admit that (like our own boggy-man) these dreadful beings have their uses in making young listeners obedient and preventing them from straying far from the village and getting lost or hurt. But at the same time they do believe both in spirits of the dead ("oboros"), who are sly and spiteful and would willingly harm the living, and in powerful sorcerers who can communicate with these spirits and to some extent control them. Most of their magicians, however, use other methods. They carry with them charms (the most universal being a piece of dried pigskin), by means of which they can kill or heal at pleasure. The natives are terrified of these men, and have such faith in them that if one threatens them with death they do really die unless he can be persuaded to cancel his evil charms with good ones. The magician, of course, takes good care to enrich himself by these transactions. When asked why he is punishing So-and-so with a fatal sickness, he will finally admit that the man has not given him presents generous enough, and the unhappy relatives have to bargain with him for the victim's life. After such an episode he is sure that one family at least will not forget him.

Naturally, men who are believed to have secret knowledge and special powers of this kind obtain a vast influence over an ignorant community. Occasionally, they are the official rulers, but more often they prefer the status of the privileged professional, who may indeed have the chief as well as the ordinary people under his thumb. There is wisdom in the choice, for on the whole a ruler

cannot go on being as exclusively bad as a private individual: sooner or later his outraged subjects will risk everything and depose or assassinate him. As a matter of fact, in places where there was a strong tradition with strict taboos, the poor ruler's life was often a most miserable one. He might not feed himself or put his foot to the ground, and in extreme cases his very life was required of him in a ritual sacrifice for the good of his people.

§ 6

We may now note a very important point. There were individuals appearing here and there in the early communities of men who had authority over the rest. At first, as we have shown, there was nothing official about them, and they were often heartily detested, but when and where society was better organised and its standards improved, the place of these medicine-men, or Shamans, as they are called in America, was gradually taken by priests, who held a much more honourable position, and who were expected to work for the good of the tribe, looking after the service of any gods it had, foretelling the future, and very often healing the sick. Of course, there was still a good deal of magic in their methods, but priests were unlike Shamans in holding a definite office with prescribed duties, which they either inherited or were elected to, instead of being more or less free-lances without obligations to the community. When a society attains to an established priesthood, it is very nearly civilised.

It is likely that the earliest trade was carried on practically without speech. Captain Cook described a curious mute exchange of this kind, which others have since confirmed. On a certain day one tribe would send representatives to the seashore with the goods of which they wished to dispose. They would spread their wares on the beach and retire to a safe distance. Meanwhile, the other party would be waiting in their canoes till the coast was clear, when they would come ashore, examine the goods, and put down in turn what they proposed to offer in exchange. They would then return to their boats, while the first party came back. If these were satisfied with the bargain they took up their share and departed; if not, they made signs that not enough had been offered, and retired again to wait for more; and this strange

haggling might continue for some time. It seems queer indeed that men so distrustful of one another that they dared not come within range of bow or spear should apparently never have considered the possibility of their being defrauded, though this would after all have been the easiest thing in the world.

One question that arises out of this description is how the tribes know on which day to come to the place of exchange. Sometimes warnings may be given by beacon-lights or the beating of drums—and as a matter of fact in some parts of Australia drum-rhythms do really constitute a long-distance language like our Morse code. But the market (of which this is an early version) readily becomes a regular institution, occurring at fixed intervals of from two to ten days, according to the local custom. Particularly among the Indian tribes of America we find the establishment of these "market weeks," which form a convenient method of measuring short intervals of time. There they are usually from four to six days, which is about the limit of the Indian counting capacity. Very few primitive tribes have names for more than the first four or five numerals (though the Eskimos can with difficulty count as far as ten); after that they simply use a word meaning "many." Sometimes, indeed, the language only provides for "one" and "two," and three is called "two-one," four is "two-two," and five "two-two-one." After six one gives up altogether. However, counting in words is not the only method, and with the aid of both fingers and toes and much concentration, some tribes can even reach twenty. American Indians without a written language often made use of a knotted string to record business transactions; but this method, though useful to the man who tied the knots, was not much help to anyone else, as it was impossible to tell what the knots represented—whether 5 beads, or 5 llamas, or 5 nuggets of silver. The Australians, who also used this method, got a stage nearer actual writing in the "message-sticks," carved with special signs, which they sent to other tribes as declarations of war.

In a community where no one can write or where there is in consequence nothing to read, education, if it can be said to exist at all, must be something very different indeed from Western education to-day. Apart from differences between men's and women's work, everyone is engaged in the same simple tasks, and the children very soon begin to imitate their elders and do their

small share. This sort of practical education requires no special apparatus of schools and teachers.

But there is also something else which is at least partly educational, though in a special and limited way. This is the "initiation ceremony," which is found in some form among almost all uncivilised peoples. It is the rite by which the youth on the threshold of manhood is received by the men of the tribe as one of themselves, with full tribal privileges and responsibilities. The ceremony varies a good deal in different places, but there is often some sort of physical ordeal, such as leaping to and fro across a fire or having several teeth knocked out, to prove the boy's courage and hardihood, and the proceedings are generally kept secret from the women and children, who are not allowed any part in them.

In Australia, where these ceremonies are particularly elaborate and important, the men make use of the "bull-roarer," a flat piece of wood or stone attached to a string, which is whirled round and round in the air, making a peculiar shrill sound. This warns off women and children from the sacred ground, and they are told it is the voice of the Great Spirit who only deigns to speak to the grown men of the tribe. It is a solemn moment when the young initiator is shown the secret hiding-place, and even allowed to handle the bull-roarer for himself. Any woman who saw it, even by accident, would probably be made to drink poison as a punishment.

Sometimes the boys leave their family hut and take up their quarters, at least for the time, in the bachelors' club-house (often the large building where the canoes are kept), where, partly by listening to the talk of the older men and joining in their hunting expeditions, and partly through special instruction, they collect most of the tribal knowledge and tradition. They are taught perhaps some simple charms, and the proper way of making offerings to the gods, what foods they must not eat, the local marriage customs, and the boundaries of the tribal territory. Also they may learn how they should behave to other members of the tribe and particularly how they should honour and provide for their parents, even if it means that their wives have to endure want, for as one Melanesian native put it: "Father and Mother same as food in the belly; when they die you feel hungry and empty." Morality is generally simple and practical—don't steal, don't tell lies, share what you have with anyone who is hungry, and give

help quickly and willingly when asked. The same Melanesian adds this advice: "You no like girl first, if you do, girl laugh at you."

Girls sometimes have a sort of initiation, but it is not so spectacular or mysterious. In some parts of British Central Africa girls are taken into the bush for a month by some older woman specially chosen for the work of instruction. There they learn various useful arts, pottery, cooking, and housebuilding, pounding corn, carrying water (in large pots balanced on the head), and the chief agricultural processes of the district. Elsewhere those whose parents can afford it are shut up in the "fattening house," a hut in which the victim remains perfectly idle for anything up to two years, growing plump and attractive for marriage! But perhaps this can hardly be classed as education.

We may now perhaps attempt to sum up this short review of pre-civilised peoples. The study of their living conditions is immensely important, not only for their own sakes, but for the light it throws indirectly on a stage of European development, of which we have practically no direct knowledge at all. Not all races go through this stage of well-established village life with certain institutions which, as we have seen, however they may vary in detail, have much in common all over the world. It seems to need long periods of isolation with an occasional fillip from some more advanced race, but if a backward country is conquered too completely by a civilised one, it may skip a stage and go on somewhere near the level of the invaders. This is what happened in the case of many of the peoples conquered by the Romans, including ourselves.

Nevertheless, left to themselves, races do seem to pass through this stage of what we might call irrational institutions, and traces of it are left far into their later history, even if they afterwards become wholly civilised. In other words, they have not yet really thought out why they do things. We may sometimes think we can find several probable motions, all tangled up, for an action, like preparing food for a corpse or elaborately tattooing special parts of the body, but for the doers it is mostly a matter of unquestioned tradition. Thus magic and religion, art and science grow up almost unconsciously. Particularly is this true of art, which is, as many believe, at first always a by-product of something else. The conscious artist, who is deliberately creating

something beautiful for his own and other people's satisfaction, belongs altogether to civilisation. Perhaps civilisation ultimately depends, not on the ability to write or the elaboration of tools, but on the power of at least a few men in the community to get outside tradition, think about it, and criticise it, and when necessary change it. We shall see how this works out in practice in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III

THE GROWTH OF CIVILISATION.

§ I

CIVILISATION is first and foremost a social process. It seems to require, not only the higher level of organisation of towns, as opposed to villages, but also constant communication with other peoples having a rather different way of life. We have seen that very backward peoples are mostly found on remote islands in the Pacific or the Indian Ocean, where they have lived so long practically undisturbed that their traditions have become fixed and crystallised. Some learn readily enough from their more civilised visitors; others seem to have a naturally low mentality and cannot change—witness certain Australian tribes who have never learned to make fire for themselves, but have to beg a brand from their neighbours when their own fires go out. We can easily imagine that the more intelligent and adaptable would have been caught up in one of the great movements of civilisation if they had happened to live within its reach, whereas the more stupid would have gone under and been either enslaved or completely wiped out.

Let us glance briefly at the original cultural impulses which lie buried in the dim pasts of the Old World and the New. As usual, we can only guess at their beginnings, but the written records of Egypt take us back to before 3000 B.C., and at that time there were already two highly developed centres of civilisation in the Old World, fundamentally alike yet each having its own particular inventions and discoveries, its own customs and observances, and its own speech. They were some distance apart, one in Asia and one in Africa, but were linked together by trade, and each formed



BABYLONIAN MAP OF THE EARLY WORLD.
(By permission of the Trustees, the British Museum.)

a constant stimulus to the other. On the Egyptian side of Suez were the cities of the Nile, Memphis and the rest; to the east, beyond the fertile land of Palestine, were the Mesopotamian cities, Erech and Ur and later Babylon, along the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Curiously enough, the two main centres of ancient American civilisation were located in a rather similar fashion, on each side of a fertile land bridge—that of Panama; to the north, Mexico, with its Maya and Aztec culture; to the south, Peru. A description of these civilisations belongs to a later chapter. Here we need only draw attention to certain important things they all had in common, but which the so-called pre-civilised village communities we have been considering lacked.

City life gives rise to a number of special problems which have to be solved somehow if it is to survive. First and most pressing is the feeding of a crowded population. Think for a moment of the business of feeding London to-day—of the world of wharves and warehouses, of the cargoes of frozen meat from New Zealand, the French mushrooms rushed over daily by air for the epicure, the crates of tropical fruit which crowd in so that the Londoner can buy his penny orange all the year round. The earliest cities, of course, were far smaller than our modern European capitals, but then in those days methods of transport and communication were primitive, and so, on the whole, was agriculture. To secure a constant supply, a very efficient business organisation in touch with agents in other centres was necessary, and also the use of a satisfactory money system. As the culture spread (for, as has been suggested already, civilisation is contagious), so further trade routes were established. Caravans trailed across the desert, bringing treasures from the East, and wooden ships ranged the seas. Men were no longer limited to the use of things that happened to be produced locally—there were new metals, new stuffs for clothes, new materials for artists to work on; above all, new ideas and inspirations.

As the city comes into being, moreover, advances in architecture are required, especially for the public buildings, which must be more imposing and more permanent than the mere domestic hut. Particularly on their temple architecture have the peoples of the earth expended both their wealth and their creative powers. For building on a grand scale, the most important thing is to find a

method of holding up the roof safely over a wide span. This can be done by means of beams supported on pillars—the obvious method for a wooden building, in which the pillars are naturally tree-trunks. A second and much more advanced method is by using the arch. Now, the true arch is so constructed that once its central keystone is in position, it holds itself up, and, moreover, the weight that is placed on it only wedges the blocks more firmly into position. The arch underlies all our own amazing cathedral architecture; even the dome of St. Paul's uses the same principle, and may be thought of as an arch that has been revolved in a circular path. Greek temples, on the other hand, were mostly built on the simpler pillar principle, with its rows of columns, and produce a quite different and more restrained effect.

But the true arch had been discovered and used long before Greek cities existed. It dates back at least to Ur, and shows the extraordinary intellectual and practical capacity of the Sumerians—as the earliest-known inhabitants of Mesopotamia are called. It is interesting to note that, though the Mexicans *wanted* to build arches, they never got beyond the "false" arch, which is made by building in each course of brickwork a little farther than the last, till they meet in the middle. The effect is that of two staircases seen from below, and the arch is only kept in position by building out massive walls of masonry on each side to weigh down the outer ends of the overhanging bricks which would otherwise topple over. Maya temples look very impressive from outside, but within are found to consist of rather meagre little vaults that look as though they had been hollowed out of the solid mass.

Water supply and drainage are further problems where men are living close together in considerable numbers, though not until the present century have men completely realised that in the building of a city drains are the *first* and not the last consideration affecting health. Probably the earliest sanitary arrangements were very crude, but it should be stated that on the island of Crete, in the Aegean Sea, there were not only drains, but even water-closets, as early as 1500 B.C., though the art of constructing them was subsequently lost for a time.

Among the greatest intellectual achievements of both the Old and New World groups are writing and the calendar—that is to say, they each had a system for measuring time based on their observation of the movements of the heavenly bodies, and also a

set of standardised symbols for representing words more or less according to their sounds, instead of drawing the objects that the words themselves represented, which is the method of primitive "picture languages." These two things are of tremendous importance.

As a matter of fact, a "pure" alphabet was not used until some time later, when some Semitic people invented a series of 22 symbols standing for 22 different consonant sounds (vowels were a much later invention), which, like the letters of our own alphabet, had no direct relation to the meaning of the word. Thus the letter "b" is written in the same way, and stands for the same sound, whether it occurs in "boy" or "table" or "Nabob." But the Egyptians, though they had quite a number of sound symbols of this kind, never wholly trusted to them nor discarded their pretty, but confusing, meaning-signs or "glyphs." Sometimes they even made things worse by writing a word twice over, once each way, as though we were to write EGG and then draw a picture of one to make quite sure. However, spelling is always conservative, and in this connection we English are the last people to be able to throw stones with impunity.

The Sumerians used the same sort of jumble of sound and meaning, but their writing was not as pictorial as the Egyptian, consisting instead of various arrangements of wedge-shaped (cuneiform) strokes. As for Maya writing, it is on what is called the "rebus" system, which is the kind of thing found in picture-writing competitions, or in the "Tube" advertisement that shows first a yew-tree, then a watering-can, then a honey-bee, and finally a seashell. In this system all syllables that sound alike are represented by the same symbol, which depicts *one* meaning the syllable sometimes has. It is extremely puzzling to read. On the other hand, these people, who evidently had a specially mathematical turn of mind, had worked out a very good system of figures, including even a zero.

To return to more active, less scholarly achievements, city life also brings with it advances in the art of war. Primitive man, as we have seen, went armed from the beginning, but at first his natural enemies were the animals, not others of his own kind. As the human population increased, one band would now and then drive away another which had encamped too near and was poaching on the ancient hunting-ground. But it was not until man began

to acquire property—not merely territorial property, but cattle and stores of food and so on—that there was much motive for systematic attacks. Then the mighty warrior began to be looked upon with awe and admiration. To have killed many men was a much-prized distinction; the hero collected and wore their scalps, or hung their sun-bleached skulls on posts outside his hut. Villages were surrounded by stockades, and even fortified to some extent. Weapons were carefully, often beautifully, made, and were the greatest treasures of their owners.

But the city is a different matter. It is obviously more worth capturing, for it represents far more wealth than a mere village. Early cities were almost always walled, and if possible built in some rather inaccessible place with natural barriers, such as cliffs and swamps, on several sides, on a site that afforded an uninterrupted view over a wide stretch of country. At first most or all of the able-bodied men would be reckoned as fighters, although they would naturally follow peaceful occupations in-between times. Indeed, one of the conditions of a really great civilisation seems to be hardihood, stern discipline, and an almost puritan attitude in its first, pioneer generations. But the army, like everything else, becomes professionalised, and is finally a whole-time job for part of the population instead of a part-time one for everybody. In parts of America the towns banded together, sharing an army between them, and these subdued the villages round about, claiming tribute from them in return for military protection. It was now not so much the bold raider who had surprised a village in its sleep and brought back half a dozen gory heads with him, who was thought worthy of honour, as the wise general, loved and trusted by his men, who was not only brave in the charge, but skilful in outwitting the enemy, and so saving the lives of his own soldiers. Thus war, like most other things, becomes more and more a matter of intelligent organisation, as we shall see very clearly when we are considering Roman methods.

§ 2

We have glanced at some of the differences between life as it still goes on in primitive village communities and life in the early cities. It will be well now to consider how those original cities and the outlook of their citizens differed from ours of to-day.

We must remember first of all how very little of the world was known. Even for the Greek historian Herodotus, who flourished about the middle of the fifth century B.C., and was one of the most travelled, and certainly one of the most inquisitive, men of his day, the world consisted of the land immediately encircling the Mediterranean, with its outer (unknown) coast rounded off with a vague sort of egg-shape, washed by the waves of an imaginary ocean—though to be sure he had some vague suspicion that there might be land to the east, beyond the Caspian Sea and the small north-western strip of India of which he was certain.

Yet at this time there was in existence a Chinese civilisation of considerable antiquity, 1,500 years at the very least, of which the Western mind was hardly at all aware. It shows us how extraordinarily isolated these patches of culture were—an isolation so complete that it is almost beyond the grasp of our modern imagination. Central Asia was uncharted, wild, and dangerous, inhabited only by savage tribes of Huns. Both East and West were sufficiently occupied with their own affairs, particularly with constant petty warfare, without setting out on long journeys into unknown regions which were perilous enough in actual fact, and which they pictured as full of the most fantastic horrors.

But if ignorance of the great world could be as profound as this, naturally there was ignorance nearer home as well. We know that Sumerian children went to school, because we have found some of the clay tablets on which they scratched their exercises. But imagine the awkwardness of having nothing better than clay tablets to write on—heavy, clumsy things, easily damaged, which had to be stored in huge earthenware pots. Reading and writing were, in such circumstances, not just pleasant pastimes but a laborious business restricted mainly to noting down business transactions and to the official records of the priests. The Egyptians did make a sort of paper from reeds, called papyrus, and they had professional scribes who did most of the necessary writing, but it was many centuries before the written word was used to circulate news, which had to spread slowly by word of mouth with all the inevitable additions and distortions of rumour.

Education and politics are closely connected. All the early Mediterranean civilisations were based on slavery and privilege, accepted as a perfectly natural and moral state of affairs. A people who could seriously believe, as the Greeks did, that slaves

were hardly human and in effect soulless, could hardly be expected to consider education of the masses. Sometimes, too, scholarship was even despised. The Greek State of Sparta has given us an adjective which stands for hard living and endurance. It had a magnificent system of physical training in which the best of the male children joined a class with others of their own age and left their homes for the strenuous life of the soldier in camp, under the leadership of picked men from the older groups. They ran and swam and wrestled, and lived on black broth and porridge, and the girls came out and ran with them or competed in spear-throwing and archery, for the Spartan women believed that their only purpose in life was to produce more Spartans, and they trained and hardened themselves for their sons' sakes. But these people cared nothing for books or poetry or splendid architecture or the problems of philosophy. They were men of action, and all these other things belonged to the soft Athenian way of living which they scorned. They treated their slaves worse than did any other Greek State, they had a peculiarly unpleasant sort of secret police, and the practical end of all their training, with its fine traditions of courage and loyalty and a standard of physical perfection which has scarcely ever been equalled, was simply war.

Even those great organisers, the Romans, had no proper educational system, though their statesmen were always complaining of the difficulties of administration caused by having an ignorant and illiterate populace. Rich men kept slaves or paid servants as secretaries, usually Greeks or Jews, often better educated than themselves. There was indeed a leisured class of scholars and writers, but it was Christianity, the one really democratic religion, that made the first effort towards organised education on a large scale, using written propaganda as well as the spoken word. For whereas other religions had been ruled by secret and exclusive priesthoods, jealous of their power, the Christians were a brotherhood whose aim was to proclaim the good news and share it with all who would hear. It cannot be said that they have always lived up to their ideal, and in fact the monasteries, in the days of their power, were sometimes rather prisons of learning than fountains where all the thirsty might drink. But the Church, on the whole, has shown itself willing and anxious to teach, even when the State has been apathetic. For proof we have only to look at

its close connection with our older universities and at the endowed schools all over our own country.

Another thing to remember is that money, in the sense of coinage, was not invented until comparatively late—about 700 or 800 B.C.—and was then only used in a small part of the civilised world, though, owing to its obvious convenience, it spread quickly. Ancient Egypt and Babylonia used precious metals as a medium of exchange, especially silver, but not in a standard form as we do. Merchants had to carry about with them a supply of heavy lumps of metal, which were weighed out in payment for goods. The shekels and talents we read about in the Bible were originally not coins, but simply units of weight like our ounces and hundredweights. As a matter of fact, the method was rather less inconvenient than it sounds, for the great traders of the early world, the Babylonians and Phoenicians, used mostly water transport, both sea-going ships and river barges, and a certain amount of extra weight and bulk matters much less by water than on land. It was the Lydians, a coastal tribe of Asia Minor, that first invented a genuine coinage. They used a mixture of gold and silver, called electrum, and the coins were struck with images of a lion, a griffon's head, or a seal (which only a seaside people would have thought of) according to their values. These Lydians, says Herodotus, were the first small traders, so they needed a coinage more than the merchants who did business on a grand scale—it was a nuisance to have to weigh out the exact sum for every trifling deal. We do not know whether it was official coin of the realm as ours is to-day, or whether some enterprising trader set up his own private mint and was followed by others. Whoever the pioneer was, he laid a very important stone in the edifice of civilisation.

Finance, however, does not start with coinage, and there were professional bankers of a sort long before this, making loans at an agreed rate of interest. The Semitic race (to which the Jews belong) has always displayed a special financial genius, and has furnished most of the bankers of the world. To this Jewish gift we owe a second tremendously important step forward, when the Rothschild brothers founded the first great international banking house, with branches in the most important capitals of Europe. Up to this there had had to be a constant shipping of gold from country to country in payment of debts, which meant great expense and considerable risk from

storms or piracy. But from then onward the finance of the world has become more and more a matter of that elusive thing we call "credit," the gold remains mostly safe in the vaults of the State banks, and business is done almost entirely on paper—one of the cheapest, lightest, and most vital commodities of the modern world. In fact, it seems as though the connection of money with the rare metals may soon disappear altogether, and paper be left supreme. If this does happen, it will be a good example of civilisation outgrowing a long-established and honourable tradition, and eventually casting it aside.

We have seen how the priesthood was in a sense the first profession, and how even before that the medicine-man or Shaman had considerable powers, which he sometimes abused. And priests, whatever the gods they served, have continued to play an enormous part, both for good and ill, in the history of mankind. It was the priests, for one thing, who formed the first leisured class. The religion of ancient Egypt gradually became more and more a preparation for a life after death, but the preparation was material and not spiritual. Men took most of their wealth with them to the grave, and what remained was handed over to the temple, so that no observance should be neglected which might help their souls in the next world, a map of which was sometimes painted on the coffin for their guidance. The Pyramids are the crowning example of this attitude of mind—a whole nation labouring during the lifetime of its ruler to provide adequately for his death. The temples were naturally very rich, and positions in them were much sought after, and were only allotted to people of the highest rank, preferably those of royal blood. For, as we shall see, the King was a god, and therefore his relations were also related to the god, and most fit to serve him. In Sumer, too, kings' daughters served in the temples, often bringing with them rich dowries which added still further to the treasures dedicated to the gods. Thus, there grew up a privileged class, aristocratic and carefully nurtured, living in comfort and security without having to take part in the ordinary toil of life, and able to devote itself to learning and meditation. As we shall see, it also had opportunities for exerting an important, though indirect influence on politics; but before discussing this, let us glance at the position of the King.

Kings, like priests, have generally been in some special relation

to the gods. Sometimes they have actually held the rôle of high-priest themselves, but more often the temple rites have been left in charge of professional priests, the King having other duties to perform. We have seen how primitive tribes often believe themselves to be descended from some more or less sacred non-human ancestor called a totem. The Egyptian myth, which says that the gods once ruled in person and that they married human beings, producing first some generations of demi-gods and heroes, and then Kings who, though human and mortal, were still in a sense divine, is only a more advanced expression of the same sort of attitude. An Egyptian king was the living image of a particular god, just as the statue in the temple was his inanimate image, and at one time it was thought so important to keep the royal blood pure that the Pharaohs were only allowed to marry their own sisters. Sumerian kings were not recognised until they had taken the hand of the image of the chief god, Bel-Marduk, who was supposed to confer on them the divine right to rule.

But it was still the priest who interpreted the commands of the gods, and the King had often to ask, and be governed by, his advice. Soothsaying was a priestly privilege and duty from the earliest times, continuing, though with less and less faith behind it, even through the Roman Empire. The famous Greek oracle at Delphi must have been in the charge of very intelligent men. Pilgrims used to come thither from all over the country, bringing gifts, and asking for help and advice. Where to-day we should take a case to court for the decision of judge and jury, Greek disputants would take this case to Delphi. There was a priestess who went into a trance and raved and moaned, but it was the priests who had to translate her wild utterances into more or less plain language, and although their pronouncements about the future were generally cautiously vague, their practical and what we may call legal advice was almost always sound and often in advance of the times. Sumerian kings regularly consulted similar oracles, giving the priestly aristocrats in charge of them good opportunities for advice, which, having the authority of the god behind it, was generally obeyed.

In Greece and Rome priests also consulted the will of the gods by observing signs and omens, such as the flight of birds or the condition of the heart or liver of an animal that had just been sacrificed. It seems odd to find such customs persisting among

such very mature and sensible people as the Romans, but probably they believed in them just about as much as we do in our good and bad "luck" when we pick up pins or throw salt over our left shoulders. At any rate, there is a moral story of the first Punic War (which Rome fought against Carthage), namely, that when the general was solemnly warned that the sacred chickens had refused to eat and that this was a bad omen and he must discontinue the war, he said, "Let them drink, then," and threw the precious poultry into the sea. Needless to say, he was miserably defeated.

A king can become so sacred that he is useless for practical purposes, though this has never happened in Europe. The Mikados of Japan formerly spent their lives shut up in the royal palace, while a lay ruler governed the country. In such cases the King actually loses power by his divinity. Alexander the Great, on the other hand, realised that it might be turned to great political advantage, and deliberately had himself proclaimed a god and called on his subjects to worship him. The later Roman emperors too arranged for a sort of limited worship of themselves, though there was not much of the supernatural about it, at any rate for the educated citizen. The Romans believed in humouring people so long as it did their own authority no harm, and if ignorant peasants and barbarians believed they were governed by a real god, no one would bother to disabuse them. But for the Roman citizens themselves, who were mostly rational, rather materialistic people, it was just a further way of honouring their sovereign, and they were even forbidden the sort of worship the common people indulged in, though the more popular emperors were deified in earnest after their deaths.

Our own Stuart kings brought with them from Scotland a real belief in their divine right to the throne as well as in their power to heal scrofula, or King's Evil, by touching the sufferer. However, their beliefs did not save them from disaster. As a matter of fact, the idea that the "King can do no wrong" is quite foreign to the ancient world, where, as we have seen, the gods, through the mouths of their priests, could appoint or depose a ruler, reward or punish him, according to his deserts.

One of the main conditions for the progress or even maintenance of civilisation is a fairly stable form of government giving reason-

able security of life, liberty, and possessions. Naturally, at first this too was mostly in the hands of the priests—witness the priestly laws of the Hebrews recorded in the Old Testament. But priests are naturally most interested in sins against their religion, not in crime as such, which may be a rather different thing. One of the major events in the story of human progress is undoubtedly the Legal Code of the Babylonian emperor Hammurabi, which contains some 285 laws, and incidentally gives us a remarkable insight into the life of the time. Hammurabi did not invent all his laws, for some old Sumerian originals have been discovered, but he collected and selected, stated in clear language the general character of each offence and its proper punishment, published the code throughout his empire, and saw that it was obeyed—an immense achievement for one man.

The penalties seem rather severe for an enlightened age such as this must have been, but it is suggested that they were already out of date, and were thought of simply as the maximum sentence for each offence, the prisoner often getting off more lightly in practice. Among the punishments mentioned are imprisonment (which was not recognised as a penalty by the Romans, being used only for persons awaiting trial), smearing the head with hot tar, branding, crucifying, and drowning. A woman whose husband could prove her a really careless and uneconomical housewife could be sentenced to drowning, which certainly seems rather harsh to us. Women suspected of witchcraft or adultery were tried by ordeal by being thrown into a river, sometimes bound. If the river cast them up, however, they were not necessarily allowed to go free. Stealing was generally punishable by death, but after all it was not so long ago in England that one could be hanged for stealing a sheep.

We saw how lightly human life was regarded by many primitive peoples. Murder seems to us one of the most terrible of crimes, and one which the average person is least likely to be tempted to commit. But in the early days one was much more likely to have to kill in self-defence, and army service generally meant real warfare and hand-to-hand fighting. Human sacrifice, too, though a relic of more barbarous days, survived quite a long time, and was always a feature of the wilder civilisations in Central and South America. The story of Abraham and Isaac and the ram is a symbol of the Hebrews' change from human to animal victims.

and we can see a gradual rebellion among the Greeks, who, on the rare occasions when they did sacrifice a man, chose a prisoner already condemned to death and mercifully drugged him first.

But the Romans, although they were too sophisticated to suppose the gods wanted human sacrifice, had a streak of hardness, sometimes amounting to brutality, in their make-up. After the sack of Jerusalem, which admittedly had made a very stubborn resistance and caused them a lot of trouble, they crucified hundreds of Jews, and saved most of the rest for the "games," which meant fighting, armed only with a sort of pitchfork, against fully armed professional gladiators, or being thrown into the arena with hungry lions. The early Christians were treated in the same way. The last 2,000 years have shown a fairly steady advance, largely, of course, influenced by Christianity, in the respect paid to human life, which, except in times of war, is very well protected to-day. Further than this, it is not only guarded against violence, but against disease, through the tremendous advances in medical science. Infant mortality has been enormously reduced, many contagious diseases like leprosy, cholera, and the Black Death have been practically wiped out in Europe, and other less terrible epidemics are controlled so that they do little damage. The present age looks towards health as did the Chinese, who employed doctors, not to cure them of illnesses, but to keep them in perfect condition. Soon may it attain it!

Let us attempt to summarise our observations on the growth of civilisation. We have watched man appearing on the earth, an isolated dot here and there, moving blindly in search of the next meal, and aware of scarcely anything but his immediate surroundings. We have seen the groups very slowly growing, and acquiring some elementary idea of organising their lives and providing for the future. Some begin to settle down, choosing mostly fertile country along the banks of rivers. At this stage everything happens at a snail's pace; human history is like a film that begins in the slowest of slow motion, increasing speed so gradually that we scarcely notice it, until we become aware, somewhere in the last reel, of the fact that it has already long outstripped normality, and that every moment it is rushing by at a more breakneck speed.

But, to return to the story, we have noticed a sort of concentration of activity at certain points on the earth's surface; the

groups are bigger, more excited, but better disciplined, more determined in keeping off enemies, and show more co-operation among themselves. The first growing points are on the borders of Africa and Asia, spreading north and west into Southern Europe. Then something happens in China, and the spark burns up there, too, and some 2,000 years later it kindles in Mexico.

But even then most of the earth was untouched, much of it, perhaps, still uninhabited, and the few cities where the knowledge and culture of the world was stored might be swept down upon by barbarian hordes and utterly demolished. There might be deliberate destruction, as there was when an early Chinese emperor decreed that all books published before his reign, except certain indispensable manuals of practical knowledge, should be burnt, so that all learning might seem to date from his lifetime; or unavoidable calamity like the fire that destroyed the great library at Alexandria, and in which hundreds of unique manuscripts were lost. Much had to be found out laboriously again and again; some things perhaps were lost for ever.

We must stress these differences between the ancient and modern world, because if we look back only at the high spots, it may seem that we have not after all come so very far in the last 2,000 years. But when we turn to the rest of the world, which had not yet learned to write; lived in mud huts or straw shelters, had never seen an iron weapon, and spent most of its time hunting, fighting, eating, drinking, and sleeping, we realise what a tremendous thing has happened in the modern linking up of the nations, so that the whole world is at once made free of each new discovery and advance.

What has it all meant in terms of the life of the average man? For a long time he probably lost nearly as much as he gained, for civilisation is apt to mean tyranny at the start, and slaves not only had no share of the good things, but by contrast their lot seemed even more miserable. But then, slaves were often prisoners of war, who in a less civilised community would as likely as not have been killed and eaten, a fate which some might consider even less desirable. And even slavery became more tolerable in time. In Greece there were quite good opportunities for buying freedom, and even the unfreed were treated as ordinary human beings if they happened to have a decent master who did not dislike them.

But civilisation definitely begins at the top. It depends originally

on powerful and brilliant individuals who rise above the group and, once in power, rule strongly and sternly. When the people are hopelessly ignorant and superstitious, it is much easier to govern them with an iron hand than by appeals to their reason, and civilisation does require at all costs an *efficient* government. There must be rules and penalties, because no one man can be allowed freedom of action at the expense of his neighbours. We have our police force and our civil and commercial law, and most of us are thankful for them, because, with reasonable limits, they allow us to live in peace and security. But real human justice that treats all men alike was not dreamed of in the ancient world, which was too close still to the old primitive state in which morality applied only within the tribe itself, and the best way to treat any other tribe was to kill as many of its members as possible.

Having once reached the reasonable, ordered state in which every man has his own place and his citizen's rights, humanity is made free of one of civilisation's greatest boons, variety of occupation. This too only happens slowly, for there is an economic, as well as a personal, slavery, and once caught in it there is perhaps even less chance in one lifetime of getting free again. Progress may go on so fast in one direction that it is impossible for everything else to keep pace. This happened during the Industrial Revolution in England, and seems to be happening still. But once the adjustment of work and wages and leisure is made, modern civilisation offers a range of pleasure and interest such as could not have been imagined by anyone living a century, far less a thousand years, ago. It is still surprisingly new. After all, there are old people even in England to-day who have never once left their native villages or seen the sea or a railway train. Yet even they, one supposes, have heard a wireless set, and surely all of them must have met a motor-car! It is when we look back over a few centuries, to the days when every letter had to be sent by special messenger and when rowing and sailing were the only known methods of propelling a ship over the waves, that we realise, with something of a start, how complete the change has been.

And now, however far we go and whatever direction we take, we know that nothing can be lost—that is, unless the whole of humanity perishes. The records are stored in thousands of places

all over the globe. The nations are no longer scattered and ignorant of each other. From henceforward there will be a world history and a world civilisation.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT CIVILISATIONS OF THE WORLD

INTRODUCTORY

IN the sections of this chapter we shall consider how man became civilised, and how he lived under the great civilisations that the world has known in the past. Our story will not be one of continual advancement. The history of civilisation is that of man climbing a ladder, slipping down a few rungs, and climbing again. Man's values and ideals change, so that an advance in his development in one civilisation may be cancelled out in the next. Even with material things the same rule applies. Inventions have been born twice over in man's history, with a period of forgetfulness between.

Yet for all the false steps and set-backs on the ladder of civilisation, man has managed to advance. What is to follow is an outline of his journey.

Primitive man spent his days hunting, killing animals for food, clothing himself with their skins, and living in caves. Hundreds of thousands of years of development from the ape-man stage had made him into a thinking human being. But many thousands more years were still to pass before he was to reach that great milestone marked Civilisation. In this intervening period he learned many important things. Men in the warmer regions of the world—the lands about the Mediterranean, for instance—began to learn domestic arts, such as pottery and basket-making. They learnt how to sow seed and reap its harvests. They began to exploit Nature without understanding much about her. So, as has always been the case since, ignorance bred superstition. Pagan religion, priests, and superstitious customs grew up in this period. That curious little design the Swastika, which serves to this day as an emblem of good luck, and has recently found a new significance as the emblem of a special political philosophy, can be traced back

through thousands and thousands of years to the days of this remote culture.

This period has been called that of the "Heliolithic culture", a name derived from the sun-worship which its people are believed to have practised. It is said that its customs and beliefs were carried across a belt stretching eastward from the Mediterranean to Mexico and Peru, by way of India and the Pacific Islands. Prehistoric stone monuments that are very similar have certainly been found in these widely removed places. That at Stonehenge is one of them. The ideas of sacrifice and fertility became associated at this time in men's minds, and it was in such temples as these that the grim rites were carried out. It is natural that the fear of the unknown should have been strong in the minds of men just awakening to Nature's powers, inevitable that there should arise a priesthood of men wiser or more cunning than their fellows to guide their confused minds into certain definite channels, distorted and horrible though they may appear to us. But the smoke of sacrificial altars and the cries of their victims impress themselves on the modern mind. To this morbid pass has the bold primitive hunter come. It seems a dear price to pay for a place at the foot of the ladder.

If the believers in the Heliolithic culture are right, some of its members must have travelled over the temperate and subtropical parts of the earth, spreading its customs and ideas. But more important than they are those who stayed at home or stopped on the way and formed communities in the fertile river valleys where the fruits of the earth may most easily be gathered. For with these people who built cities, appointed rulers, and lived for generations in the same houses, civilisation proper begins.

§ I

EGYPT

Of all the world's rivers the Nile seems to have been designed most aptly to serve the needs of man. Not only did it create the land of Egypt by its alluvial deposits among the surrounding desert, but it showed the people who came to live there by practical example how to irrigate their soil.

The floods caused by the rainfall in the Abyssinian mountains taught the people to organise themselves for the building of dykes

and canals to carry the water annually afforded by this god-like river through their fields. It did more than that. It helped them to invent something that has ever since been one of the principal aids to civilisation—the calendar. They achieved this by studying the rise and fall of the Nile in relation to the changes of the moon, and were ultimately able to tell in advance the date when the flood would occur. And—another great innovation—astronomy thus became a science.

Little wonder that such a perfect country saw the birth of our first great civilisation. Ancient Egypt's history covers a period of 4,000 years. If we think for a moment of the length of such a period, and contrast it with the comparatively short length of our own history, we shall see Egypt and her achievements in truer perspective.

How that history became an open book for the modern world makes in itself a romantic story; and that story hinges on another important Egyptian invention. We take writing as much for granted as we do the calendar. Yet it also had to be invented, and it was the Egyptians who invented it. Their writing compared to ours is a series of small pictures. But it served as a system of recording events on paper—or rather papyrus—though after the fall of Egypt the hieroglyphics, as they are called, remained for many centuries a complete mystery to the world.

One day in 1799 an officer of Napoleon's army in Egypt found by the side of the Rosetta River a large black stone. On the stone were three inscriptions, two in differing Egyptian styles, and one in Greek. On the assumption that the same meaning was common to all three, the last was used as a basis for efforts to decipher the unknown scripts, and for many years an Englishman, Thomas Young, and a Frenchman, Champollion, brooded over the inscriptions. Their patient study was at last rewarded. The "Rosetta stone", now in the British Museum, became a key to the history of thousands of years. Together with the relics that the tombs have yielded up, it has given the modern world a very complete picture of a very complete civilisation.

The average Egyptian did not spend his life displaying his profile against a decorative background. The very formal nature of his art should not blind us to the fact that he lived his life among institutions that have descended from his day into modern times. The son of a moneyed man would grow up among an affectionate

family. As a baby he would play with toy models of animals very like those of to-day. When old enough he would be sent to an elementary school, and later to a temple school, where he would learn to read and write and to do sums. If he misbehaved he was beaten. When he was not studying he went swimming or practised gymnastics. His religious training was very thorough, particularly if he was intended to enter the service of the temples. He was encouraged to work hard and also to enjoy his games. He was loyal to his king, respectful to his parents, and kind to animals. When he grew up he got married, and no doubt spent a good deal of his time grumbling about his taxes. And he believed that after death he would live again and that his soul was immortal.

Such was the man who developed beside the Nile during those four thousand years. He possesses all the principal requirements of a civilised being—morality, conscience, toleration, cleanliness, civic spirit, artistic appreciation, and so on. He has climbed a long way up the ladder, but he has taken twice as long as England's whole history to do so. Let us now examine his institutions and customs in greater detail.

The most popular symbol of Egypt is the pyramid; and it is the pyramid that best illustrates the country's social order. When the curtain rises on Egyptian history we find the god-king and priesthood already established. They form the apex. Divinity did not merely hedge an Egyptian king. The Pharaohs *were* divine; the first, according to tradition, wholly, and the later ones at least of divine origin. The last wholly divine king was Horus. From him all successive Pharaohs were supposed to be descended. It was, of course, unthinkable that they should marry any other than a royal wife. Some preferred not to go beyond their own family. Some married their sisters, and there are several cases of kings marrying their predecessors' widows. Kingship, in short, appears in Egypt in its most exalted form. From the gods Pharaoh inherited Egypt and all that was in it. He was the absolute monarch *in excelsis*. The Egyptians were a very religious people, and freely granted their king that worship which he never doubted was his right. But that same national religious intensity also added to the power of the priests. Not only were they the learned class in Egypt and as such highly respected, but, being in constant communication with the gods, they influenced Pharaoh himself.

So we see that "the power behind the throne" is as old as civilisation.

The religion that played such an important part in Egypt throughout her history was a profoundly interesting one. It was based on the belief in a creator of the heavens and the earth. So great, however, was this god that ordinary humans were very remote from him. Men therefore worshipped a number of lesser gods who were more in touch with the ways of men and the world, and who themselves had human weaknesses. An especially attractive present and some well-chosen compliments were considered of worth by those who approached them.

From the commencement of Egypt's history every city had its own god. And of all the gods worshipped by the Egyptians, Osiris was the greatest. It is with him that the idea of immortality, so important in Egyptian religion, is most closely identified. This idea had its origin in Nature's cycle—in fertility and harvest. Osiris was, in the first place, a god of the Nile and the vegetation which it fostered. When the Nile waters fell and the harvest was over, Osiris died. With the coming of new life to the land, Osiris lived again. Thus the belief in the resurrection of the dead was born, and Osiris became king of the after-world and judge of the dead. The blessed who entered his realm lived a pleasant, leisured existence in a fertile land among their friends and loved ones.

The goddess Isis was the wife and sister of Osiris, and Horus, the falcon-god, was his son. These and many others were the good gods who were likely to help those who sought their aid. But they had their enemies in certain devils who possessed evil powers. The warfare between the two forces was perpetual, and was the subject of many legends. Set, the bad brother of Osiris, and the chief force for evil, was specially troublesome to both Osiris and Isis.

Animal-worship was also widespread. It is thought that the creatures venerated may have been regarded as incarnations of gods and goddesses thus disguised in order to go unrecognised among men. At any rate, such animals as the Bull, the Ram, the Dog, the Cat, the Lion, the Lynx, the Wolf; birds such as the Phoenix, the Vulture, the Hawk, the white Ibis, and the Swallow, and various kinds of reptiles were considered sacred.

The worship of Osiris and Isis and belief in immortality, which as we shall see were to continue into the later civilisations of Greece

and Rome, caused men to think about preserving the body out of which the other body of the hereafter was somehow to emerge. Relatives of dead people began having their bodies embalmed, and this process gradually became a very perfect, complicated, and expensive one.

As has always been the case since, an important and imposing life meant an important and imposing death. And as we are still dealing with the apex of our social pyramid, we shall describe how the great were prepared for their journey to the Other World. (The rites accorded to poor people were simple and cheap.)

The most expensive form of embalming (costing the equivalent of about £240) was as follows. First, the brain was removed through the nose by means of drugs and an iron instrument. An incision was made in the left side of the body, the intestines extracted, and after the abdomen had been washed with palm-wine, it was filled with costly unguents and spices, such as myrrh and cassia, and then sewn up. The intestines were cleansed, treated with spices, and placed in what have since been called Canopic Jars. The body was then steeped for seventy days in natron (native carbonate of soda; the "nitre" of the Bible), after which it was bandaged in prepared linen by the "swathers." This bandaging was done very skilfully and required large quantities of linen.

Amulets of gold or precious stone were placed between the bandages to protect particular parts of the body. Chief of these would be the scarab, or beetle, symbol of resurrection. Another very common one was the eye of Horus, or Utchat, which was also a symbol of Rā, the sun-god. A very old legend was current about this eye. Horus was the god of day and light, while Set, the god of night, the wicked brother of Osiris, stood for all that was dark and evil. The right eye of Horus was the sun, and Set managed one day to capture it. The god Thot, who represented the mind of the creator, persuaded the two enemies to come to an agreement whereby Horus (the day) and Set (the night) would rule for certain periods without molesting each other. But Set continued to attack the left eye of Horus (the moon), biting a piece of it off each day until he had eaten it all. Thot, however, remedied matters by placing a new moon in the sky each month. Thus were explained the succession of day and night and the changes of the moon.

Other favourite amulets were the Tet, symbolising the backbone of Osiris and standing for strength; the Heart, which protected that organ; the Pillow, symbol of the raising up and protection of the head; the Vulture, which ensured the care of Isis; the Papyrus Sceptre, symbol of youth and vigour; the Two Fingers by which Horus helped his father Osiris up the ladder to heaven; the Serpent's Head, protection against snakebite in life and worms in death; the Steps of the Throne of Osiris, and the Menat, symbol of virility. These are a few of the principal amulets. Examples can be seen in any museum with an Egyptian section. They are often very beautifully made of precious metals and stones, such as gold, carnelian, and lapis lazuli.

When the embalming and swathing were finished (in the case of a woman her lips, eyes, and cheeks might have been painted as in life before bandaging) the mummy was ready for its case. This word "mummy" is not an Egyptian word at all, but comes from the Persian word for pitch, a material used for a cheaper form of embalming. In this process the body was filled with pitch and then soaked for some days in a tank of natron. Poorer people were kept in natron for seventy days, or simply dried in the sun. Alexander the Great, on the other hand, was embalmed in honey.

The rather gruesome details of mummification should not be allowed to obscure the fact that the Egyptians had the greatest reverence for the human body. The Greek historian Diodorus tells how the cutter of the incision in the body would be cursed and stoned for his act of violence. As the Egyptian civilisation advanced, the burial rites became more elaborate, but always they were based on respect and affection for the departed and interest in their journey to, and existence in, the realm of the blessed. The Egyptians placed their dead in brightly painted coffins and surrounded them with homely objects. The mummy room of a museum is a place of colour and loving craftsmanship. We cannot walk through the Egyptian rooms of, for instance, the British Museum without feeling that these dwellers by the fruitful Nile drew much of the sting from death. Here are the mummies of a young girl with a wreath on her head and a comb placed handy; and of a musician whose cymbals have been thoughtfully laid on his body for use in the Other World. The dead were well protected against boredom and loneliness. Even the animals which

they so respected during the old life would be part of the new, for in the same room of the Museum are carefully made mummies of a cat, a kitten, a dog, a hawk, a beetle, and a fish. Many of these relics indicate a child-like strain in the Egyptian which can be very appealing.

The wealthier a man was, the more luxurious his equipment for the journey between the two worlds, and the larger his tomb to hold that equipment. These funerary customs not only bequeathed to us a wonderful legacy of Egyptian craftsmanship; to them are also due the existence of such works as the famous collection of texts known as the Book of the Dead and those works which described the way to the Other World. This was a very real place to the Egyptians, and it was natural that "guides" to it should have been prepared. But the most imposing monuments of all, not only to Egyptian religion but to Egyptian civilisation as a whole, are the royal tombs.

The vast Pyramids at Gizeh were built in the Fourth Dynasty, that is, about 3700 B.C. And one most important point that they illustrate very clearly is that there must at that time have been great power in the land and widespread subservience to that power. For consider: the Great Pyramid (we shall explain later how it developed) consists of 2,300,000 stone blocks, each weighing on an average two and a half tons. There were no heavy lorries or steam cranes in those days. These huge blocks were pushed and pulled into position by over a hundred thousand human beings, who laboured for more than thirty years to build the royal tomb. Not only was the King's power great enough to enforce this enormous service, but the country must have been very rich to allow of so many men being engaged in unproductive work for so long a time. The social picture thus presented is interesting. Democracy and constitutional government seem a long way off.

Again, the actual erection of such a huge structure proves how far man had advanced in creative achievement and organisation. It proves that 6,000 years ago the Egyptians had ships that could carry these huge blocks of stone across the Nile; that they had saws and drills to cut them, and that their architects could plan such huge buildings so expertly that they exist to this day to prove their prowess.

The scene of those great labours must have been a remarkable one. Under the burning African sun a colossal monument of

stone rose slowly out of the desert. The causeway alone, along which the stones were dragged; took ten years to build. And another twenty were to pass before the last stone was placed on the top by the toiling slaves who had made its erection possible. The Pyramids must be associated in our minds mainly with the super-monarchs whose pride called them into being and the lowliest of their subjects who cruelly laboured at their word. But what of the classes in between?

There were those in Egypt who neither thought in terms of giant pyramids nor worked in gangs to build them. Let us leave the fascinating subject of the tombs for a little and see how society had formed into classes between these extremes of autocracy and slavery. Let us join in a typical crowd watching the erection of the latest Pyramid. These people, possessing in varying degrees money and leisure, are watching the labours of the largest class of all, the slaves. It occurs to neither worker nor spectator to question the rightness of the gulf between them. The difference between the poor of Egypt and the poor of later times is that the former did not have "ideas in their heads." They could not have liked their lot, and no doubt said so loudly and often. But it had been their bad luck to be born into that state, and in that state they would die. They never knew that the social structure was not divinely appointed and unchangeable. Universal brotherhood was not yet even an ideal.

Our pyramid-gazing crowd would doubtless have contained one or two of the free class of artisans taking a day off to see how the building was getting on. These people were the first organised craftsmen, and to them is largely due the development of Egyptian art. We shall find these people taking a sober delight in creative handiwork throughout every civilisation right down to our own, when the coming of machinery dealt it an all but mortal blow. A vast undertaking like the building of a Pyramid would also certainly attract some merchants, themselves enterprising people. A nobleman landowner and a treasury official would serve both to lend distinction to the gathering and to complete the comparatively simple social order of the Old Kingdom (3rd-6th Dynasties—2980-2475 B.C.). In the Middle Kingdom (11th and 12th Dynasties—2160-1788 B.C.), we find the middle classes have developed. There are "new rich" tradesmen and artisans whose children are educated for gentler callings than those of their fathers. A wealthy

goldsmith might make his son one of the scribes whose scholarship was held in great respect. The process still goes on to-day. With the coming of the Empire the middle classes penetrated more and more into the Government service, while the military and the priesthood grew more powerful. Not only were the priests the most learned people in Egypt, doing the work of our professional classes to-day, but they made a very paying business of the burial of the dead. The temples had their own professional embalmers, their weavers, carpenters, lapidaries, metal-workers, jewellers, and confectioeners to make the linen, coffins, amulets, sweetmeats, and other necessities for the elaborate Egyptian funerals.

The Egyptian artists saw to it that we should have a good idea of what the people of their country looked like. The people of the earliest times wore the loincloth or a short kilt. This for long was worn by all from Pharaoh downwards. But as Egypt prospered the kilt gradually lengthened, until in Empire times dress was quite elaborate. An ankle-length gown was worn with a full-sleeved tunic. Curled wigs were worn by both men and women, and sandals with long curling tips shod the once bare feet. The nobility and upper classes in general were clean-shaven, but wore pointed, projecting false beards for certain ceremonial occasions. If an Egyptian lady could be transported to a West End hotel lounge to-day she would see nothing strange in the painted fingernails of the women, for she and her friends used to follow the same custom. Rouge and eye-paint were also used by Egyptian ladies. The custom had a functional basis, for the climate made necessary some sort of protection for the skin.

Necklaces, bracelets, and rings were worn by both sexes, and we have plenty of evidence as to the extremely high standard of workmanship that the Egyptians attained in making such articles. The progress down the river in a pleasure boat of a picnic party of upper-class Egyptians in their dresses of fine linen, jewellery, and their "war-paint," must have been a brave sight. The actual meal might not have impressed us so much, could we have seen it, for they had fewer prejudices about polite eating in those days. They simply lay on the floor on cushions and pulled the food about with their fingers. As for the food itself, it was varied and rich. Many kinds of meat, fowl, vegetables, cakes, fruit, sweets, and wines made up the fare of the wealthy. The poor ate bread, cheese, vegetables, onions, and salt. The most favoured drink was beer.

The nobleman lived in a two-storied villa with a spacious garden. There would be a lake with fish, and vines, arbours, lotus flowers, and fruit trees. There was nothing fussy about his interior decoration. Chairs, cushions, and stools were placed sparsely about the room, and an occasional coloured mat hung on the walls.

The peasant lived in a mud hut with a roof of palm leaves held together by more mud.

We are now at the base of our social pyramid. We have descended with perhaps rather wide jumps from the top to the bottom, but we have managed to glimpse something of the country as it was in its greatest times, when our northern lands had not emerged from barbarism. The gorgeous palaces of Egypt dissolved, but they left many a wrack behind. The glories of Tutankhamen's tomb dazzled a post-war world, yet they did not represent Egyptian art at its finest. And even their best artistic achievements do not represent the most important of the achievements of this people. Egypt began with a primitive race being taught how to make the land fertile by a friendly river. That people grew into an adult nation with a complex social organisation of kings, priests, noblemen, artists, writers, craftsmen, architects, engineers, and farmers. The institutions that these people represent were Egypt's greatest legacy to civilisation. The contents of her tombs, wonderful though they are, her ships, stone buildings, textiles, and other inventions, are less important than the foundations that she laid of religion, statecraft, and science.

Egypt was a land of peace. The first great nation in the world, she was also the least "nationalistic." She was content with peace and progress within her own borders, and did not lust after foreign territory. The Egyptians made the best of their earthly existence, and hoped for their reward in the Other World. It would be pleasant to know that they won it.

§ 2

MESOPOTAMIA

So far we have been concerned solely with the Egyptian civilisation. But there was another which existed more or less at the same time, though for the sake of clarity in our narrative it has not as yet been mentioned.

Again we begin with rivers and their fertile surroundings. This time we are concerned with no less than the traditional location of the Garden of Eden—the rich country lying between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. Herodotus, the ancient Greek historian, described it thus: "Of all the countries that we know, there is none which is so fruitful in grain . . . in grain it is so fruitful as to yield commonly two hundred-fold, and when the production is the greatest, even three hundred-fold. The blade of the wheat-plant and barley-plant is often four fingers in breadth. As for the millet and the sesame, I shall not say to what height they grow, though within my own knowledge; for I am not ignorant that what I have already written concerning the fruitfulness of Babylonia must seem incredible to those who have never visited the country."

No wonder such an attractive land became a coveted prize for a succession of conquering races. The valley in time became a centre of an early civilisation as important in many ways as that of Egypt.

It is believed that the first people to settle in the valley were the Sumerians, who came from the north. (The name is derived from the great reeds which they found growing in the valley.) One very interesting thing that these Sumerians learned to do was to write in what is called "cuneiform" script. "Cuneiform" means wedge-shaped; and the name well describes their writing. Unlike the Egyptians, they did not write on papyrus-paper. Nature, luckily for posterity, provided them with a more lasting medium in the clay which everywhere abounded. In the Babylonian room of the British Museum are many little pieces of pottery covered with decorative arrangements of signs. These, however, were not meant as ornaments. They are letters, reports, records of accounts, and weather forecasts. Finely shaped cylinders, also covered with Sumerian script, are historical records of important national events. This writing is a stage nearer our own than are the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The later alphabetical writing developed, in fact, from both these two early scripts.

Two of the earliest stories that most of us learn as children were first scratched in Babylonian clay thousands of years ago. The legends of the Creation and the Flood existed on tablets before Hebrew times, though they were not discovered until the nineteenth century. These tablets describe how, in the beginning, there was

only a watery mass and the gods Apsû and Tiâmat. Later the descendants of these two formed a company of gods whose ways displeased them. The first four tablets are concerned with the plotting and warring of these gods, until at the end of the fourth tablet we are told of the killing of Tiâmat by Marduk, hero of the gods, who cut her in two halves, one of which became the firmament and the other the earth. The remaining three tablets deal with the setting up of the stars and the division of the year into months; and the creation of man from the blood of Kingu, one of the rebellious gods.

The Sumerians seem to have settled down to till and irrigate their fields and build their towns, much as the Egyptians did. We do not know much about this early period. When records begin there are already cities and temples. The clay that served as writing material became brick for building when dried in the sun. As in Egypt, the chief building in the town was the temple. And as time passed, the number of these tower-temples grew, and with them the power of their priests. The biblical Tower of Babel was one of those commanding temples which were so different from the flat Egyptian ones. And just as the Sumerian temples exceeded in height those of Egypt, so their priests exceeded them in power. In Egypt the priest acknowledged Pharaoh the god-king. In Sumeria he was supreme.

For perhaps four thousand years the Sumerians lived in their city-states, untroubled by invaders anxious to take their fertile land away from them. They went about their domestic and agricultural duties in their woollen clothes and with shaven heads, bartering wares and obeying the priests.

But in the west were a nomad, barbaric race called the Semites. From their arid desert country in Arabia they looked enviously at the fertile land of the Sumerians, and for long attempted to take it. They succeeded only after Sargon, the leader of the Akkadian tribe, rallied the Semites and conquered the Sumerians. Thus began the great Semitic ascendancy in Mesopotamia. The invaders assimilated the Sumerian culture, and a vigorous Sumerian-Akkadian empire grew up. This in time waned, and another Semitic tribe from the desert invaded the country. These were the Amorites, from whom arose, after some hundred years of fighting, the great ruler Hammurabi (c. 2000 B.C.). Hammurabi made Babylon his chief city, and under his rule the famous Baby-

lonian empire grew and prospered. He was a wise and energetic king, and is specially important in the history of civilisation as the compiler of the first code of laws. These were inscribed on a basalt stele, or column, a cast of which is in the British Museum. There were about two hundred and eighty laws inscribed on the column, and this was set up in the temple of Marduk in Babylon for all to see. But Hammurabi's great reign came to an end, and Babylonia was conquered, first by the Hittites and then by the Semitic Assyrians, who had a great city of their own in Nineveh. The Assyrians were succeeded by the Chaldeans, also Semitic, whose king, Nebuchadnezzar II, restored much of Babylon's glory. In 538 B.C. the Persian Cyrus conquered the Chaldeans. And in 330 Alexander the Great conquered the Persians.

Such, in briefest outline, is the history of conquest in this desirable land. But these turbulent peoples were not always fighting. The arts of peace prospered and the Babylonian and Assyrian gifts to civilisation were valuable ones.

The wealthy Babylonians lived a pampered life in a city whose luxury has become proverbial. To Babylon and Nineveh came pearls, cotton, and timber from the Persian Gulf; cinnamon, ivory, and ebony from Ceylon; gold and jewels from India. Masefield's quinquere of Nineveh, rowing home with its cargo of ivory, apes, and peacocks, sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine, evokes the colour and luxury of this period of civilisation. Herodotus has told us what the Babylonians looked like: their dress was "a linen tunic reaching to the feet, and above it another tunic made in wool, besides which they have a short white cloak thrown round them, and shoes of a peculiar fashion not unlike those worn by the Boeotians. They have long hair, wear turbans on their heads, and anoint their whole body with perfumes. Everyone carries a seal, and a walking-stick carved at the top into the form of an apple, a rose, a lily, an eagle, or something similar; for it is not their habit to use a stick without an ornament."

Such an ancient dandy would live in a richly furnished and spacious house, surrounded by fine carpets, curtains, jewels, and well-trained slave-servants. He would amuse himself by boating on the Euphrates, which was to him what the Nile was to the Egyptians, or entertaining his friends to a musical evening.

He lived in a great and beautiful city. It was built of brick,

and extended on both sides of the Euphrates. It was surrounded by walls of great height, having a hundred gates of brass. One great temple of Bel was a tower of eight stories. And when Nebuchadnezzar founded the second Babylonian empire, the city had a new glory in a series of flowered terraces rising one above the other. These were the hanging gardens of Babylon, which became one of the wonders of the world.

Nineveh also was a great city of palaces, temples, and parks. Both have long since disappeared.

Like the Egyptians, the Babylonians studied the science of astronomy, but they also believed firmly in astrology, which had its birth in Babylonia. Portents were read in the skies. The stars were the means whereby the gods warned the people of coming events. The temples, here as in Egypt the homes of learning, closely guarded their astronomical lore, which was by no means entirely superstitious. They knew the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, catalogued the stars at some length, grouped the signs of the zodiac, and had a lunar calendar.

Their medicine, however, was pure mumbo-jumbo. The Egyptians' doctors were sane and practical, but in Babylonia it was a question of diagnosing which particular evil spirit was causing the trouble and then exorcising it with mystic rites. Once the spirit was exorcised, the patient wore amulets inscribed with forbidding pictures and magic words designed to scare away the demon should he think of returning. Sorcerer-doctors and quack drawers-up of bogus horoscopes were popular in Babylonia. On the other hand, the Babylonians were not excelled as mathematicians by the Egyptians.

We saw how the Egyptians day-dreamed eternally about the Other World. The Babylonians preferred to use their time more practically by enjoying themselves in this world and letting the after-life take care of itself. For a joyous life beyond the grave they never hoped. If the gods were kind to them here and now, that was as much as they desired. When we look at the sculptured portraits of these Semitic people, with their heavy features, heavy beards, and heavy clothes, and compare them with the small-featured, lightly-clad, graceful Egyptians, the former do seem to walk more heavily on the earth, and we are not surprised at their more worldly outlook. But in one important particular the two peoples are much the same. We find again in the Babylonian

social structure the rule of the priest-king at one end of the scale, and slavery at the other. The power of priest and king varied in relation to each other during the history of Babylonia and Assyria, but the rule was still despotic. Whether pyramid or palace, it was the slaves who toiled to erect it. Into the slave-markets of the big cities poured prisoners of war, condemned criminals, insolvent debtors, and children sold by their parents. There was plenty of work and plenty of slaves. The prices at which they were knocked down were quite cheap. Once the purchaser had paid his money and pocketed his clay bill of sale, he was at liberty to do with his bargain as he liked. But as one does not usually ill-treat one's own property, the slaves were probably not molested except perhaps as punishment for attempting to escape.

So we see that in both Egypt and Babylonia the social structure supported itself on a groaning base of forced labour. And still the system was unquestioned even by those who suffered most from it.

It is time to speak of the Jews. We have seen how various Semitic peoples grew strong and powerful in Mesopotamia and how they built great cities in which they lived prosperous lives. The Babylonians built Babylon, the Assyrians rivalled them with Nineveh, and the Phœnicians, another Semitic people, were supreme on the sea. The race, the Jews, whose name was destined to mean much more to future civilisation, were in their own time merely a poor and harassed relative of these imposing peoples. But the history, laws, and legends of these wandering Hebrews lived long after the wonderful cities of their kinsmen had vanished. They became known to every Christian through the Old Testament.

The Hebrews never seemed to have luck on their side. They worked as slaves in Egypt, wandered for fifty years in the wilderness under their leader Moses, and suffered many defeats from the Philistines, Moabites, and other tribes in their efforts to take the pleasant land of Canaan which their God had promised them. They had a short period of prosperity when the Phœnicians, for commercial reasons, of course, became friendly with them; and David's son Solomon became a rich king in Jerusalem, though his wealth was never as great as that of the Babylonian and Assyrian rulers. Solomon died (975 B.C.), and the Hebrews divided into the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah. In 721 B.C. the people of Israel were carried off into captivity by the Assyrians. In 609 B.C. the

King of Judah was killed in battle with the Egyptians. His people were ruled first from Egypt and later from Babylon. And when the Hebrews attempted rebellion, they were taken captive to Babylon, and Jerusalem was destroyed.

We cannot deal with the future experiences of the Hebrews, or Jews, here. What is important from the point of view of man's outlook is their beliefs rather than their history.

This troubled people clung together during their trials, because they had great faith in certain ideas that were different from those of other peoples. These ideas were proclaimed in their literature—their Bible. They believed in one God and one only. He was spiritual, invisible, the Lord of Righteousness, who had chosen the Jews to set up Jerusalem as the capital of one united world people under one God—the God of Abraham. The Prophets denounced the sins of king and priest to the people, and foretold vengeance from on high. And so we have here a new influence in the world. No longer is the social order unquestioned. The old unthinking loyalties are threatened and a new morality appears.

This was the Jews' great gift to civilisation. Art and science, so far, owed little to them. But the value of their moral and spiritual legacy cannot be over-estimated.

If one of the early Jews of Abraham's time had sailed across the Mediterranean to the island of Crete, he might have been abashed at the splendid, sumptuously dressed people he found there; and the islanders themselves would no doubt have felt vastly superior to their rather uncouth visitor. Yet though these Minoans (as they are called) of Crete reached a degree of luxury in their way of living higher than that attained by the Egyptians or Babylonians, their civilisation was quite forgotten when the Jewish beliefs were spreading ever more widely.

The Minoans were not worried and harried like the Jews. Life in Crete was peaceful, sunny, and secluded. They were able to give all their attention to making daily life as pleasant a business as they could. And how well they succeeded has only recently been revealed to the modern world.

The Minoan lady of 2000 B.C. would not have looked very out of place in a drawing-room of 1907. Her corseted waist would have been as neat as those of the Edwardian ladies, and her

flounced dress of very similar cut to theirs. Possibly its material would be finer and its decoration more artistic.

The dress of the women was not the only surprising thing about ancient Crete. If there is one thing that we of the modern world think of as peculiar to our own times, it is the institution of the bath. But the palace of Minos at Cnossos in Crete was fitted with running water and bathrooms in the year 2000 B.C. Such was the degree of comfort which thousands of years of peace enabled the Minoans to achieve.

Crete was the centre of what is called the *Ægean* civilisation. The culture which developed there developed also in the other *Ægean* islands. But it was in Crete, the largest and most fertile of them all, that it came most fully to flower.

We know that there was coming and going between Egypt and Crete. Egyptian influence has been found in the work of her artists. And Spengler suggested that Egyptian craftsmen fled to Crete during the revolutionary period in their own country (1780–1580 B.C.). This may or may not have been the case. What we do know is that the arts and crafts of the Minoans, as revealed in the recently excavated Palace of Cnossos, were of an astonishingly high standard.

Bullfights, boxing matches, corsets, bathrooms—all were to be found at Crete about four thousand years ago. The palace of Minos (the King was called Minos just as the Egyptian king was called Pharaoh) was the scene of great entertainments and religious festivals. The bull crops up continually in Minoan life. It figures superbly in their art, and was involved in their religion. And everyone knows the legend which the Greeks told of the Minotaur, the monster which was half bull and half man, and to which young Athenians were sacrificed, in the Labyrinth at Cnossos.

The Minoan ceremonies, in which bulls were used, seem to have been part circus, part Spanish bullfight, and part rodeo. Acrobatics seem to have played a leading part. Cowboys and cowgirls performed with charging bulls the most dangerous tricks, which must have been very thrilling to the people in the grandstands. Bulls were caught and overthrown just as in the rodeos of to-day. Somersaults were turned over their backs. And they were killed by a dagger-thrust in much the same way as the Spanish bullfighter dispatches his bull.

All this was bound up in some way with the Minoan religion. The bull was an object of worship, and the ceremonial spectacles of which it was the centre took place in the palace, which was also the temple. For Minos was priest-king.

The Greeks told another story about the Minoans. If there were any truth in it, it would bring them even more surprisingly near to our own times. They said that a very skilful artificer called Dædalus fashioned wings for flight, but, the wearer flying too near the sun, its heat melted the waxen attachments of the wings, so that he fell into the sea.

The picture that we have of the Minoans is of an artistic, energetic people, developing their arts through the peaceful ages, and flirting with the danger of the bull-shows. No other ancient people lived quite such a refined existence; and if Sir Arthur Evans's explanation of the design on the "Ring of Nestor" is correct, they hoped, like the Egyptians, to continue that existence in an after-life. Much that we should like to know about these fascinating people is unfortunately hidden from us. Their writing has not yet been deciphered.

For century after century the Minoans lived out their sheltered lives, surrounded by the blue Mediterranean. But suddenly—about 1400 B.C.—the peace of Crete was rudely broken. Cnossos was destroyed. Nature and man seem to have shared in the stamping out of this wonderful civilisation, for the palace was sacked, and there was also an earthquake. Who were the ruthless invaders? Perhaps they were a race from the north—the barbaric people who were called Greeks.

§ 3

GREECE

Before we discuss how these Greeks came to set up what was in some ways the greatest civilisation the world has known, it would be well to see who they were and where they came from.

In Egypt, in Mesopotamia, and the Ægean Islands, the peoples took some thousands of years to improve their way of life. While this process was going on, nomad tribes were wandering about in Europe and Central Asia. These people were very restless and would never stay settled for any length of time. They would

arrive at a particular place with their cattle and wagons, set up their tents, and plant wheat. While the crop was growing they would probably build mud huts and while away their time playing games and building a big house for the chief of the tribe. In this house they would gather to listen to the bard singing and reciting sagas. These recitals took the place of books, for these Aryans, as they were called, could not write. And the language they used was the common ancestor of all European languages in use to-day, with the exception of Finnish, Hungarian, and the Basque dialects of Spain. These Aryans spread westwards from the Caspian Sea all over Europe and down to Northern India, sowing their crops, reaping them, and moving on again.

We are concerned at the moment with only one of these people—the Hellenes. These barbaric shepherds pushed down into the Balkan Peninsula and came into contact with civilisation. They destroyed the Ægean cities, including probably Cnossos, but from the ashes of the earlier civilisation another far greater and more famous was destined to rise, phoenix-like. For it was the ancestors of these barbaric Hellenes who founded the Greece whose intellectual and artistic glories are among the wonders of mankind.

The earliest Greece emerges from a mist of legend. We have mentioned the bards who sang to the Aryan tribes. The primitive Greeks had a bard called Homer. This blind poet (bards were sometimes blinded to prevent them from leaving their tribe) used to sing of the sacking of Troy, in Asia Minor, by the Greeks, and the long and adventurous voyage back from Troy of the sailor Odysseus. Those two great epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, existed long before they were committed to paper about the eighth century B.C., when the Greeks had learned to write.

How much of the Greek legends is true need not concern us. There is more in their record of unquestioned achievement than can be adequately dealt with in a survey of this kind.

One of the most important and lasting of their institutions was that of the city-state. Other peoples, such as the Egyptians and Sumerians, had city-states. But they in time merged into empires. The Greek city-states remained separate throughout the centuries that Greece was independent. The nature of the country helped them to do this, for Greece is divided up by mountains into many small isolated plains. In those plains and on islands grew up

societies unlike anything the world had yet seen. The despotic rule of kingly priests and divine kings accepted without question in Egypt and Mesopotamia is not found in Greece. In those Greek cities whose importance to civilisation is out of all proportion to their size (they were quite small), the voice of democracy—government by the people—is heard for the first time. Not democracy as we know it, for there were slaves in Greece, and not everyone who lived in Athens was a "citizen." The citizens who ordered public affairs might be but a small proportion of their city's population. But the important thing is that here we have in command a body of ordinary men, not one royal or priestly autocrat. The original Hellenes had had a system of patriarchal rule. Their leaders were neither royal nor divine. The spirit of equality which kept these early people united in a brotherhood lived in the great Greek democracies centuries later.

There was another very important difference between the Greek civilisation and those which preceded it. In Egypt and Babylon, learning was nurtured in secret in the temples. In Greece the intellectual life flourished in the streets and market-places. Her people opened a window in an almost intellectually empty world to let in the cold, fresh air of reason to clarify and stimulate men's minds. A tolerant and balanced mentality, freedom of intellect and moderation in all things were among the qualities that kept alive the Greek spirit. Moderation is the keynote of Greek character and Greek achievement. Exaggeration and bigness for its own sake was not at all sought after. The simplicity and firm strength of a modern skyscraper would no doubt please an ancient Greek. But he put the same qualities into smaller things and was satisfied. Mere size did not interest him. If an article performed the function for which it was intended, and reflected, by its combination of beauty and utility, credit on the craftsman who had made it, that was enough. By the same token, the possession of wealth was held in less regard than the possession of intellect. The eager, enquiring mentality which we think of as typically Greek was shared by men who were much poorer and much less informed in actual knowledge than the average Englishman to-day. The Greek craftsman had a keen sense of the value of liberty and leisure. He worked at his job with the same joy in creation as a poet wrestling with his verse. He was as much an artist as the poet or sculptor. He liked to be able to lay his work down and stroll to the market-

place to discuss things with his friends when he felt like it. Work and wages were not so closely bound up with each other as they are in our day. The right use of leisure, which is only now beginning once more to exercise those who realise that a great deal of the work done to-day is unnecessary, was appreciated by the Greeks. If there was an exceptionally big public work to be done, the people left their daily jobs and lent a hand. Women and children helped to build the walls of Athens.

But we are running ahead a little. It was some time before life in Greece reached this stage of reasoned and smoothly-working democracy (though it should be remembered that her life was short—a few centuries to Egypt's four thousand years).

There is not space here fully to tell how the original patriarchal government developed into government by a noble class which had acquired more land than the majority; nor how the power passed into the hands of "tyrants" after the drawing up of new laws by Draco and Solon. Briefly, it meant that the people of Athens, desiring a greater share in government, asked in 621 B.C. for a code of laws. This was drawn up by Draco, who went about his work with such enthusiasm that, when he had finished, the Athenians, so far from being free, were bound more than ever by a code which made every offence a capital one. Things were rectified when a true reformer was found in Solon (B.C. 594), who swept aside all Draco's death penalties except that for murder, and without dispossessing the wealthy, set up a system of citizen-government based on a sliding scale of property. But Solon went abroad after making these laws, and the Tyrants took advantage of the disorder that followed. They ruled from 650-500 B.C. The name tyrant, by which they were known, in its modern sense implies that they were harsh despots, whereas they were frequently good rulers, and were sometimes supported by the poor. It was not, however, until Cleisthenes reformed the Constitution in 507 that Athens became a true democracy in the Greek sense of the word. The assembly of the people, whom he divided into ten tribes or wards, became the supreme power in the State. Internal strife ceased, and the great days of Athens drew nearer.

Before Athens entered on her greatest phase a very important event happened, namely, the battle of Marathon. But we shall



GREEK HORSEMEN ON THE PARTHENON FRIEZE.
(From a cast in the British Museum, by permission of the Trustees.)

discuss it later. It is more than time that we saw how the Greeks lived in the splendid period which followed the defeat of Persia. The great statesman Pericles had arisen, and, fostered by him, the flame of Greek genius flared up in a brief radiance which still dazzles those who regard it.

These Greeks, who were in some respects more civilised than we are, lived much more simply. Electric fires, comfortable beds, talkie palaces, and the wireless may be part of civilisation, but they are not essential to it. The Greeks did without all these things and were none the worse for it.

Their dress was of the simplest kind. We know what it was like from sculptures and vase-paintings. The undergarment, called the *chiton*, and the outer cloak, called the *himation*, persisted with few additions or changes throughout the centuries. They were graceful and simple, and were worn by both men and women. Ostentation in dress, as in anything else, was frowned upon in Greece. Not that there was ever much opportunity for such display, for Greece was always a poor country. Thin clothes were worn in summer and thick in winter. Hats were rarely worn by the men except in bad weather. Women would draw their himations over their heads. Men went barefoot at home and the lower classes outdoors also. Young Spartans, however, were forbidden to wear shoes on any occasion. This was one of the points in their proverbially severe training. When footgear was worn in Athens, it would be either leather sandals or boots. Men carried sticks, and women sometimes shielded themselves from the sun with sunshades.

Greek children played with rattles and dolls in their infancy, and when they grew older they ran about bowling hoops and getting in people's way just like boys and girls of to-day. They cracked whips, and flew kites, played with balls, and swung in swings. The "yo-yo" craze of a year or two ago seems very remote now. Its origin is remoter still. One would not have suspected that it went back as far as ancient Greece. Yet the Greek child—and his parents—played with that same little device of wheel and string.

The streets into which the young Greek city-dweller went out when he was old enough to go to school were not by any means magnificent. We should not think of Greek cities in terms of the noble Parthenon which dominated Athens. Such a glorious building naturally attracts the eye away from what lies beneath it.

And the streets below the Acropolis were mean streets—narrow, unpaved, not too clean. Many of the illuminating Greek ideas which have since lighted generations of men along the path of civilisation were conceived in oddly murky surroundings. The houses which lined the streets were very plain buildings, even those which were rebuilt in Athens after the Persians burnt the city. The more important of them would have an uncovered colonnade—a kind of living-room which would probably contain an altar to Zeus, the chief Greek god. There would also be a roofed-in central hall from which other rooms opened out. The male and female slave-servants would sleep in separate rooms. In a two-storied house the women would sleep upstairs. Windows were closed with shutters—there were no glass window-panes in Greece. The decoration of the rooms was very modest, and more was thought of conversation at meals than of the meals themselves, which also were quite plain. Bread, meat, vegetables, and wine satisfied both the hunger of these hardy people and their ideals of moderation and simplicity.

No doubt their domestic life would offend many of us to-day. For they let things slide. They threw their refuse into the streets and left it to the rain to wash it away. They could not be bothered with sanitary arrangements. One reminds oneself of these and other defects in the Greeks when one is tempted to idealise them unduly. Yet such failings were defects of their qualities. And what small defects, what great qualities! A people for whom there is so much to be said may surely be forgiven a little homely squalor.

Such were the surroundings among which the Greek boy, whom we left on his way to school, grew up. Education in Greece differed, especially the systems of Athens and Sparta. In the former city it was left to individuals; in the latter it was in the hands of the State.

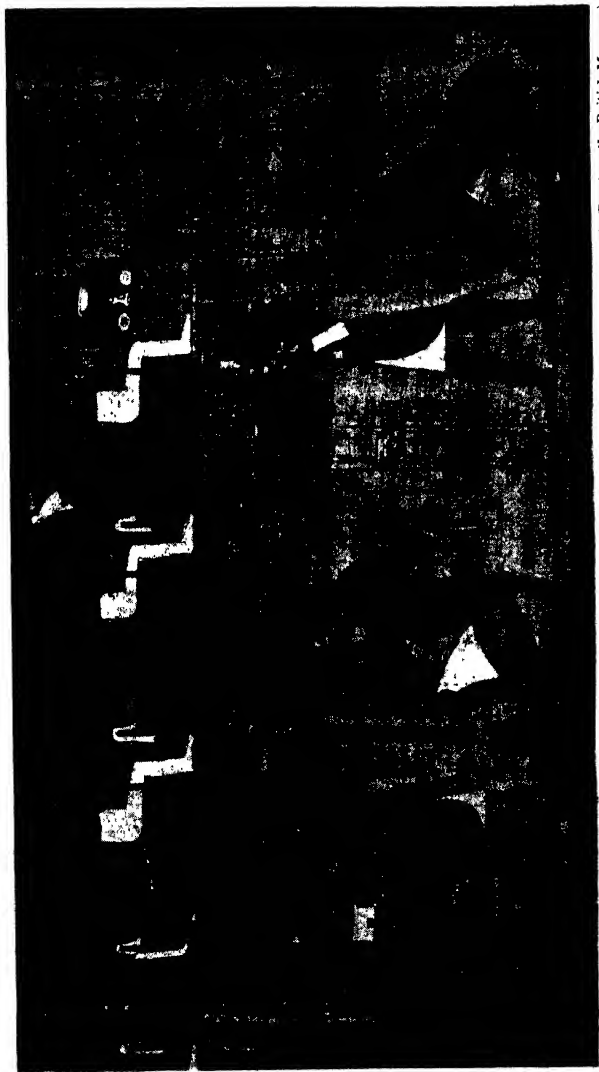
At the age of seven the young Athenian was taken to school by a trusted household slave called a *pedagogue*. This slave was supposed to see that the boy reached school safely and did not get into mischief, and to carry his books. Frequently this pedagogue would stay in school during the lessons and escort the boy home again. The parents meant well, but the pedagogues sometimes did their charges more harm than good. They were always ignorant and sometimes a bad moral influence.

At school the boy learned during the early years grammar, writing, and arithmetic. His principal reading-book was Homer, from which he was made to learn long passages by heart; and he was bidden to take the morals in the works of the poets to heart too. At the age of twelve he began to learn to play a musical instrument, such as the lyre or the flute. An important part of the Greek curriculum was gymnastics, and in the wrestling-school the boys learnt to run, box, jump and wrestle, and to carry themselves with dignity and grace. The gymnastic training was continued in the gymnasium when at the age of sixteen the boy became an *ephebus* and prepared to take his oath of citizenship. He did this when eighteen.

The system at Sparta was more rigorous. It had to be, for the Spartans had always to keep in subjection a conquered population of "Helots" which greatly outnumbered them. The Spartan boys—and girls too—were therefore put through a very severe course of training. There was no time for the arts. A Spartan was a warrior first, last, and all the time. At the age of seven he left home and went to live with boys of his own age. They were divided up into companies according to age, and there began the military way of living which they were to follow all their lives. Boys were trained to treat bodily pain, heat, cold, hunger, and thirst with indifference. Girls were thoroughly trained in athletics. A hard body and a mind devoted to the interest of the State were the first requirements of a good Spartan. The Muses must soon have fled from the chilly atmosphere of this barrack-state, for no work of art ever came out of Sparta. But its people succeeded too well in what they did set out to achieve, for not only did they keep many times their number of slaves well under heel, but they waged a thirty years' war with Athens and crushed her in the end.

The young Athenian left school with ideas rather different from those of a young Briton of to-day. Our schools do not as a rule foster an extreme artistic sensitiveness in their products. But they do instil a distaste for cruelty and a chivalrous habit of mind towards women. Our young Greek might not have been very upset at the sight of a sweated slave girl, but he would have winced at the sight of an ugly or vulgar building. The young man of to-day does not usually stand by and see a woman ill-treated. He will, however, more often than not regard an offensive piece of architecture with indifference, if not with actual approval.

THE EARLY WORLD



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LEARNING : EGYPTIAN WRITINGS ON THE PAPYRUS OF ANI.

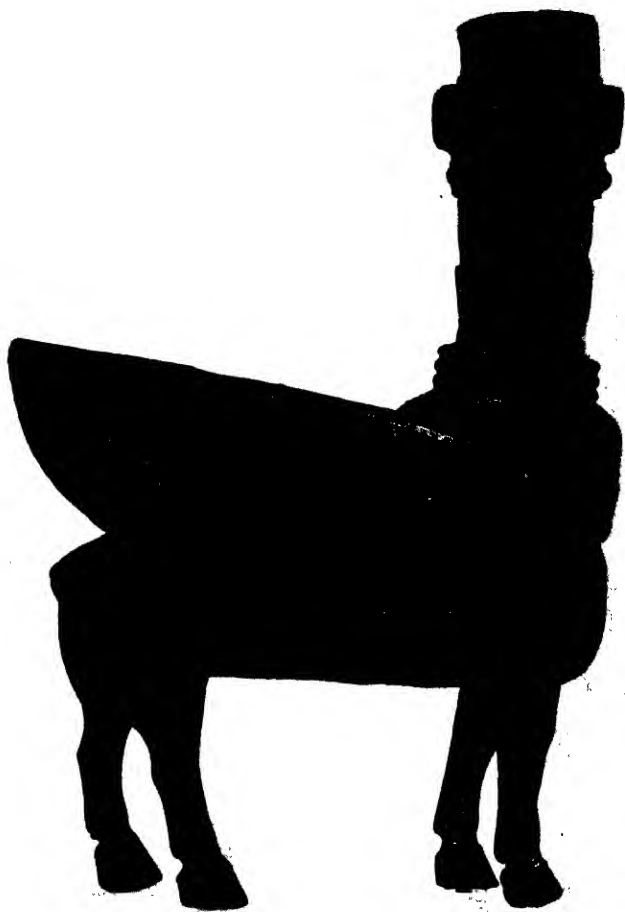
THE EARLY WORLD



(By permission the Trustees, the British Museum.)

MAGIC: ASSYRIAN WINGED BEING FERTILISING A PALM.

THE EARLY WORLD



(By permission the Trustees, the British Museum.)

RELIGION : ASSYRIAN WINGED HUMAN-HEADED BULL.

THE EARLY WORLD



(From a terra-cotta in the British Museum, by permission the Trustees.)

SPORT : A ROMAN CHARIOT RACE.

But both would meet to-day on one common ground. Athletics were very important in Greece. The modern world holds its "Olympic Games" every four years just as the Greeks did two thousand years ago. They held them, however, in honour of the god Zeus, who lived on Mount Olympus. These contests were one of the things that helped to forge a link between the Greek cities which were too much addicted to wrangling with each other. (One interesting difference between sport in Greece and sport in our own country to-day is that, whereas the Games of the ancients were connected with their religion, games with us *are* a religion.)

The athletic cult in Greece served other purposes. The development of a fine physique and the acquiring of a graceful style in performing the various feats satisfied the sense of beauty. Again, the history of Greece is a history of wars. And wars in those days were not fought by men in trenches firing at their hidden and distant enemies with guns. A Greek had to be prepared to come literally to grips with his enemy. His life might depend on his physical strength. Athletics in Greece, in fact, were bound up with every phase of existence, whether artistic, educational, political, or religious. A Greek would not understand why a gulf should yawn for instance between a "hearty" and an "aesthete" in an English University. He would find himself in neither camp. Athletics did not dull his artistic sense, but were part of it.

But here again we must beware of idealisation. It would be pleasant to be able to say that the pure athletic ideal persisted throughout Greek history. Alas, the Games that began as innocent competitions in honour of Zeus took on, after a brilliant period in the fifth century, some of the ills of professionalism that mar so many sports to-day. People began to crowd to enjoy sport at second-hand by seeing a favourite athlete perform when they might have been taking exercise themselves—again, just as they do to-day. But our great third-hand newspaper-reading public did not of course exist in those days. And our keen interest in "records" was not shared by the Greeks. They did not bother to note such things down.

The importance of the Olympic Games to the Greeks is proved by the fact that in the year 776 B.C. they began to use the event as a division of time by which to reckon the date. There were other festivals in other places, but the Olympic Games came first.

During the five days that they lasted—five crowded days of

contests, banquets, and sacrifices, the people flocked to the Stadium to cheer the athletes just as the crowds to-day flock to Wimbledon. But there was one important difference. The crowd that turned up early in the morning to get good seats contained no women. They were not allowed in. They had, however, a festival of their own at Olympia where girls competed amongst themselves.

An Olympic victor received a very simple prize—a wreath of wild olive. But with it went great fame and honour. After the contests were decided a writer might read his latest poem to the crowd or a painter show them one of his portraits. This was an innovation by Herodotus, who in the fifth century read out some of the history from which we have quoted in this survey. The custom is an illuminating example of the all-round nature of the Greeks' interests. It is difficult to imagine even Mr. H. G. Wells getting much of a hearing for an excerpt from his latest work at the finish of a Wembley cup final.

The same people who hailed the prowess of a wrestler at the Games listened with rapt interest in the theatre to the tragedies of the great playwrights Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and laughed with Aristophanes when he derided their most sacred institutions. The Greeks were the first great dramatists, and the theatre, which was a large open-air amphitheatre, became an important part of Greek life. The newest play was an important event and its writer an important person—how important those people watching the masked actors on the stage could not have known. After more than two thousand years the works of the Greek dramatists still astound us by their beauty and nobility.

A lot of talk about the theatre must have gone on at the drinking parties which Athenians liked to give in their homes. They called them *symposia*, and the conversation at one of these which was given by the philosopher Plato (428–347 B.C.) one evening in Athens has provided us with a great literary classic. To such parties went the men whose names have such a noble ring to-day. They were simple enough. Some music, food and wine, and plenty of the eager searching discussion on which the Greek intellect thrived were all that was necessary. They began with melodious airs from some girl flute-player or songs sung to the accompaniment of the lyre, and with ceremonial drinking. They ended in different ways. Not everyone in Athens was a

philosopher, and drinking parties were often just drinking parties—not so much a feast of intellect as a common orgy.

The ideal symposium at which we picture the great philosophers and artists gathered in friendly discussion amid modest surroundings illustrates the greatest qualities of Greece—her wisdom, her intellect, her communal spirit, and her simplicity. If we look closer into the picture we shall see a slave standing unregarded. She may not be unhappy, but she is a slave; and the wise and good men in the same room are indifferent to her. The Greeks had great artists, great philosophers, great politicians. Nevertheless, they not only tolerated slavery, but saw nothing very shameful in it. That Athenians were "kind" to their slaves must not blind us to the fact that they did not attempt to do away with a detestable institution, and also that they had by law great power over them, even if they usually refrained from exerting that power. An Athenian was not allowed to kill a slave, but anything short of that was quite permissible. He could starve, flog, and brand him. He could split up families of slaves (slaves married, but their unions were not legally recognised) and sell them to different owners. It is true that many slaves earned money and bought their freedom (though even then they did not become citizens) and a few were deeply attached to their kind masters. Yet if we say that the Athenians treated their slaves humanely, is that not to suggest that they regarded them in much the same light as we humane Britons regard dumb animals? If they befriended their slaves, they did not free them as a class from their bondage.

The slaves count as a black mark against Greece. But what a great and proud record goes down on the credit side! The debt that Western man owes to those simple pagans is enormous. Aristotle, Plato, Socrates pointed the way to Truth and Freedom. We judge their social system from the height of what we think is our superior one. But it was Greece which assured the existence of our modern civilisation. It owes its life to her. And how that came about we shall explain by telling the story, which we have postponed till now, of the vital war between the Greeks and the Persians.

While the Greeks had been thinking and acting according to quite new ideas about the freedom of man, a great Empire based on the old system of despotic rule had arisen in the East. The

Persians had taken over immense and rich territories. Cyrus had taken Babylon; the great Phoenician ports of Tyre and Sidon had been made tributary, and the Greek colonies in Asia Minor had been subdued. When Darius I became King of Persia in 521 B.C. his Empire was very much greater than any the world had so far seen.

The Greek cities in Asia Minor did not take kindly to Persian domination, and in 500 B.C. they rebelled. The home country sent its colonies support, and for six years the fight for independence was carried on. But in vain. The Persians subdued the revolt, and decided to carry the war into Europe and punish these arrogant Greeks on their own ground. Their democratic City-States affronted Darius's ideas of Asiatic despotism, and he decided to crush them once and for all. The Phoenicians, who had suffered from Greece's growing power on the sea, offered Darius their fleet. He sent envoys to Greece demanding "earth and water" as tokens of submission, and obtained them from the Greek islands and some of the lesser States on the mainland. Athens and Sparta, however, both defied the Persians, and Darius determined to teach them a lesson. In 490 B.C. 100,000 Persian soldiers landed at Marathon to the north of Athens. When the Athenians heard this they sent their small army of 10,000 to engage the Persians, and at the same time implored their rival, Sparta, to come to their aid against the common enemy. One Pheidippides was chosen to carry the message, and within two days he reached Sparta after running some 140 miles. (According to Herodotus, he even had time to talk on the way with the god Pan, who seems to have put some rather ill-timed questions as to why the Athenians were neglecting him after all he had done for them.)

The Spartans responded to the runner's plea for help against the threat of barbarian enslavement, but before they arrived at Marathon the Greeks had gained a famous victory against great odds. The Spartans looked at the bodies of the barbarians of whom they had heard so much, congratulated the Athenians, and returned home.

Greece had preserved her freedom. But Persia had not finished with her yet. Darius did not live long after Marathon, but his son Xerxes spent years preparing a huge army to re-invade Greece. Ten years after his father's defeat he was ready. One of the greatest and most strangely mixed armies that the world

has ever seen—perhaps a million men from some forty nations or tribes—crossed the Hellespont by a bridge of boats, resolved finally to stamp out Greek independence and submit Europe to barbarism. The Asiatic hordes streamed down towards Athens from the north, while their great fleet approached her from the sea.

The first battle was at the narrow Pass of Thermopylæ, where the Spartan leader Leonidas and a small force were killed to a man after an heroic fight against hopeless odds. The Athenians fled from their beloved city, and were shipped over to the island of Salamis. Athens was occupied and burnt, and all seemed lost. It was too much to hope that the Greek fleet could defeat one three times its size, but it went bravely forth to engage the Persian ships in one last desperate bid for freedom. The miracle happened. The Greeks found that they could outwit the Persians by their greatly superior seamanship. They routed the "barbarians" and the battle of Salamis was won. Xerxes retreated from Greece, and after one more defeat at Plataea in 479 B.C. the Persians abandoned all hope of European conquest. The Greeks had saved the Western world for freedom against Oriental despotism. Marathon and Salamis were destined to go down into history as two of the most glorious and vitally important of victories, and Athens, as we have seen, entered upon the most splendid phase of her existence.

This is not a history. The Persian war has only been dealt with in some detail because of its effect on the course of civilisation. We cannot tell here of the defeat of Athens by Sparta, of the gaining of a vast empire by that prodigy among generals, Alexander the Great, nor of its fall after his death. The outward glory of Greece departed, but the Greek spirit lived on. Its influence moved westward, which is the same thing as saying that civilisation moved westward. Its new stronghold was a town in Italy. Our story now becomes the story of Rome.

§ 4

ROME

Rome began by being a stopping-place at a ford across the river Tiber. It was a good position, and a town soon grew up there, occupied by an Aryan people who spoke Latin. In time this town included the villages on the seven hills by the river, and later on it ruled most of the Western world.

At first Rome was governed by a darker people, probably from Asia Minor, called the Etruscans. We do not know much about these Etruscans, but we do know that they were a cultured people and that the Latins were comparatively uncivilised. The Etruscan rulers were eventually deposed and Rome became a republic. The war with the Etruscans continued, however, until the Romans were helped from outside. In 474 B.C. the Greeks from Syracuse in Sicily (the Greek colonies of Sicily and Southern Italy were called Magna Græcia) vanquished the Etruscan fleet; and about the same time the Nordic Gauls swooped down from the north and dealt them a blow which knocked them out of history.

The Gauls sacked Rome, but if we are to believe the well-known legend, the Capitol was saved by the alarm set up by the cackling of some geese. A truce was made with the Gauls, and Rome began to establish herself as the chief city in Central Italy. Her career of conquest began; but we are not principally concerned here with her expansion, and her three Punic wars with her dangerous rival, Carthage. While her soldiers are away conquering half the world, we shall see what sort of city Rome developed into and how its people lived.

Rome in its early days resembled one of the young Greek republics with its two classes, nobles and ordinary people. In Rome the two classes were called "patricians" and "plebeians." There was a king at the head, then a "senate"—a body nominated from the ranks of the patricians—then the plebeian citizens. Slaves, as in Greece, counted for nothing. About 500 B.C. the place of the king was taken by two "consuls." The plebeians voted for the consuls and the consuls chose the patrician senators. And the consuls and senate ran the city together.

In Athens the people had clamoured for, and at last obtained, a fairer share in the government as between the aristocracy and themselves. A similar struggle went on in Rome. It began about 500 B.C., and it was not until 286 B.C. that the political rights of Patricians and Plebeians were made equal. By 266 Rome had conquered all Italy. The first Punic war against Carthage began two years later and lasted till 241. The second, during which the great Carthaginian Hannibal crossed the Alps into Italy, lasted from 218-202 B.C. And the third, short and decisive, began in 149 B.C. and ended with the destruction of Carthage in 146 B.C. In this same year Greece was made a Roman province.

There is much that we can admire in the Romans of the period of about a century before and during the first of these wars. It is true that their democracy, as in Greece, was a democracy of freemen only, and left all lower people out of account. But among the freemen there was a good deal of public spirit, not much material inequality (they were mostly fairly prosperous farmers), and a lot of practical common sense. The Romans did not go ravaging through the countryside subduing cities and then looting them. They were wiser than that. They did something quite new instead. They made the conquered people Roman citizens. They helped them to run their cities more efficiently, and built them fine roads. In this they showed a kind of genius. The Romans knew how to colonise and how to establish law and order. A Roman was superior to a Greek in that respect. Greece was ruled in the end by Rome, but it was the Greeks who gave Rome her culture. They stayed at home and travelled in their minds and imaginations. The result has been that their value to civilisation is greater than that of the Romans. A fine structure is a credit to its builders for so long as it lasts. The Romans built up an impressive empire, but when it collapsed, there was not a great deal left. The Greek gifts to mankind were not so perishable. And it is at least to the credit of the Romans that they did value the artistic and intellectual works of Greece, even though they probably looked down on her people as temperamental and quarrelsome. Perhaps it was because the Romans had less imagination than the Greeks that they treated their slaves so much more badly. Just how dreadful the lot of those slaves could be we shall see later. Meanwhile, let us take up our story of the Roman people again at the stage of the Punic wars and see the effect that they had on their history.

Such wars were fought by farmers who considered it an honour to be allowed to take part in them. But when they returned they found that they had paid dearly for the privilege. After Carthage had fallen, its people, unlike those that had previously been conquered by the Romans, were made slaves, and people with influence in Rome divided up the rich lands between them. The farmers home from the wars found that they not only had to start work afresh on weed-covered land, but that they could not compete with the rich landowners who had in the meantime been running large estates by slave-labour. Their lot was indeed hard. As good Romans they had "done their bit" for their country. And like

many soldiers in later times they looked in vain for their reward when they returned. So they left their dead farms and went to the city to hang about the streets and scowl at the rich and elegant people who had ruined them.

Thus the class divisions of Rome became extreme. The rich became richer and the poor sank more deeply into despair. They had no work, and soon ceased to want it. The lands that were theirs by law had been taken by the powerful rich. The privileges for which they had struggled for so long existed in theory only. If they could not get justice they would take what they *could* get, namely, the bribes and alms flung to them by their oppressors. The last traces of self-respect departed when they began to associate with and even to marry the slaves who had largely been the cause of their troubles.

By the end of the Punic wars Rome was a sorry republic. The Senate had once been composed of good public-spirited statesmen. It was now a conspiracy of selfish tyrants. Those two noble brothers, the Gracchi, moved by the old principles of justice and freedom, championed the poor and tried to restore their rights. They were murdered for their pains.

We must content ourselves with the bare mention of certain facts in Rome's later history, such as the passing of power into the hands of the military leaders of paid armies; Marius and Sulla and their bloody conflicts; and the slave revolt of Spartacus (73 B.C.) which ended luridly with the crucifixion on the Appian Way of thousands of rebels. The republic passed away and the emperors of an ever-growing empire took command.

Rome became more famous than any city had ever been. A visitor would have stared in amazement at its splendid buildings. This, he would have said to himself, is indeed the great centre of a great empire. And so it was—outwardly. But the rot had long ago set in. That magnificent façade hid much that was ugly. Let us follow our visitor to a place that he would be sure to visit—the Colosseum—and see what sort of entertainment was popular in later Rome. A people's play can be as revealing as a people's work.

We have mentioned the revolt of Spartacus. The factor that made these rebellious slaves so hard to quell was the presence at their head of gladiators. These were slaves who were trained to take part in mortal combat as a public amusement. And it was to



A ROMAN GLADIATOR.

(From a bronze in the British Museum, by permission of the Trustees.)

places like the Colosseum that the Roman people, from the emperor downwards, crowded to see the bloody sport.

At first, the killing of one slave by another was only enjoyed on such occasions as funeral obsequies. Later the contests livened the banquets of the rich, and ultimately they became a favourite public amusement in every town of importance in the Empire.

These gladiators were either prisoners of war, or condemned criminals. They were trained in schools, and so severe was their treatment that special care was taken to see that they did not kill themselves. Sometimes they would be joined in the arena by a noble amateur who would take his part in the slaughter for the sheer love of the thing. The most notable performer of this type was the emperor Commodus.

Dreadful as his existence was, the gladiator no doubt received some satisfaction from seeing his name plastered on the walls and being treated rather as an actor or film-star is to-day. Quite a fuss was made of a favourite gladiator, but though ladies flattered him and poets sang his praises, the figure of death was never far away.

The shows to which the crowds flocked in their thousands had something of the ceremonial and the festive atmosphere of the bull-fight of to-day. First, there was a procession round the arena, and we can imagine the packed ranks of the audience craning their necks to get a good look at the gladiators. Next a sham fight took place. And then began what all the hot and excited people had been waiting so long to see—the actual fighting.

There were different types of contests at different times. Some gladiators were equipped with shield, helmet, and sword, but no tunic. The "Thracians" had more clothing, but their only weapons were a scimitar and a small shield. A favourite contest was between a heavily armed gladiator and an opponent clad only in a loincloth, but armed with a net and trident. He would try to catch the other in the net, and then, if the audience desired it, kill him with the trident. The people expressed their desire for a killing by answering the uplifted finger of the beaten fighter (in this way he appealed for mercy) by turning down their thumbs. If they felt like sparing his life, they waved their handkerchiefs.

Another form of amusement which drew the crowds was the throwing of criminals—and, in later times, Christians—to wild beasts. The unhappy victims would either be driven into the

arena armed with purely nominal weapons, or else be simply tied to a stake to be eaten at the animal's pleasure. The number and variety of animals shown and baited in Rome on special occasions such as a particularly ostentatious "triumph" of a soldier home from victories abroad is astonishing. Even the big American three-ring circus of to-day is nothing to the animal shows that were held in the Colosseum or in the huge Circus Maximus with its audience of between 100,000 and 200,000 sadistic spectators. A dozen or so lions in the ring together impress us to-day, but they would have produced only yawns from people used to seeing exhibitions such as that arranged by Cæsar, in which 400 lions and 40 elephants were shown together. The uproar made by such a collection must have been truly impressive. The great soldier Pompey did even better than this. The animals that appeared at his games included 17 elephants, 400 leopards and panthers, and no less than 600 lions.

The animals would be either merely shown to the public, or baited by trainers, or made to fight each other. A very satisfactory slaughter took place during the celebrations when the Colosseum was opened in A.D. 80. No less than 9,000 animals, tame and wild, were killed. Even the pleasure-loving Romans of the Empire must have felt sated for the time being after these games, and perhaps they turned to the milder circus tricks of the kind popular to-day. Lions were trained to catch and retrieve hares, and—surprising feat—elephants wrote in Greek!

Some of the loudest yells must have been heard in the Circus Maximus when the ever-popular chariot races were going on. The crowds that packed the building for these events would surely have found our Derby dull, for as the sport stank to heaven with dishonesty and corruption, anything was likely to happen during a race. Drivers were bribed, horses were poisoned, and the day might end in a fierce riot, with considerable loss of life. Like our jockeys, the charioteers wore different colours, which indicated the company to which they belonged. These companies made contracts with the magistrates responsible for the games, and there was great rivalry between their respective supporters.

In the days of the Republic, before the people became so hungry for sensation, the races were short and soon over. But with the coming of the Empire twenty-four races were on the programme. One spent the day at the Circus.

The number of chariots and of the horses which drew them varied. Usually two or four horses were used for each chariot, but crack drivers sometimes drove as many as ten. The reins were fastened round the driver's body, and he carried a knife with which to cut himself loose in case he had a spill. When the race actually began amid the clamorous excitement of the crowd the drivers were ready to commit any devilment that might help them to win. As they thundered down one side of the "spine" (the wall which ran most of the way down the arena) and up the other, a skilful driver would try to drive a competing chariot into the wall or the rounding-posts at its end. And if he did succeed in sending his rival crashing into the wall, the satisfaction of the audience, which had been hoping for something of the kind, was complete. Racing held no more delightful thrill.

How different this noisy, chattering crowd, pushing their way out of the circus at the end of their day of free and unelevating pleasure, is from those hard-working farmers of the early republic who counted it a privilege to be allowed to fight for Rome! Freedom and justice were the ends for which they had striven. Bread and circuses satisfied their descendants. It was the Emperor Aurelian (270-275) who first gave the Romans a dole of bread, free or at a nominal price, which with the games satisfied their demand for "*panem et circenses*." Cicero had worked in vain to save something of the fine traditions of republican Rome from the tide of militarism which in the end swamped it. The emperors and their legions maintained the outward show of imperial splendour at the expense of millions of demoralised slaves and paupers whom they drugged with brutalising pleasures. The magnificent structure that was Rome was crumbling at the heart and must at last crash to pieces. But before it does so let us continue our survey of the people and their surroundings.

What did they look like, people such as those we left streaming homewards from the Circus? The most important article of their dress was the *toga*, which was the proud uniform of a Roman citizen. This is the ample gown which we see in so many sculptures and paintings. It was worn by both men and women, and was usually made of white woollen material. Purple was the mark of royalty or exalted rank. Under it was a belted tunic which was worn indoors when the toga was taken off.

During the Republic the toga was always worn, but under the Empire people began to leave it off, for it was a cumbersome garment, and use it only for special occasions. The lower classes wore the *sagum*, a mantle made of a square piece of cloth and fastened at the right shoulder. Trousers were worn by neither Greeks nor Romans, and were considered as fit only for barbarians. Greek styles were adopted by Roman ladies after they stopped wearing the toga, and in Empire times silk gowns were worn. Hats were not the usual wear in cold or rainy weather, but rather the toga pulled up slantwise over the head. Boots and shoes with straps which encircled the ankle were worn outdoors, and sandals and slippers at home.

One of the signs of Greek influence in Rome was the custom of shaving, which superseded the beards of the early Romans. The razors which were used were made of bronze. The Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 117-138), however, grew a beard to hide some facial disfigurement, and this again started the fashion of wearing beards. Men's hair was cut quite short, but fashionable ladies of the Empire took a great deal of trouble with their coiffures. The changes were rung on curls, plaits, etc., with a variety and resource that anticipated the excesses of much later times. Wigs were by no means unknown. And the dark Roman ladies were just as easily able to become blondes by taking thought as their modern sisters, for hair-dyes had their place in the Roman feminine toilet. But such aids to beauty were risky things, for they caused baldness as well as bloneness. Complexions, too, were no more likely to be natural to Roman ladies of fashion than they are to those of to-day. Cosmetics of that day were doubtless not so efficient as modern ones, but the art with which they were used was complete.

If London were to be destroyed and Brighton preserved, future generations would still have a good idea of the homes of people of our day who were in comfortable circumstances. In the same way Pompeii has preserved to us the type of house dwelt in by well-to-do Romans. Some of the features that we found in Greek houses were adopted by the Romans. There was the same open court at the back with fountain, flower-beds, and statues. From this opened off the kitchen, dining-room, bath, and slave apartments. Upstairs were the sleeping apartments. In the front of the houses were the hall (the *atrium*), with its storerooms and its "wings" (*alæ*)—rooms which in important houses contained

family sculptures—and a large study where the business of the house was attended to. The ceiling of the atrium was designed to catch soft rain-water for washing in.

The houses of the rich were often very magnificent, with their great halls, their sculpture, their mosaic pavements, and frescoes. But that does not mean that they were necessarily as comfortable as much lowlier houses of to-day.

The poor, of course, had neither comfort nor anything else. A single-roomed hovel or a room in one of the large crazy tenement houses often housed big families. These tenement houses were called *insulæ*, or islands. Badly built, they passed away when the more magnificent structures remained. But we must not forget that they were as much a part of Rome as the show places whose ruins can still be seen. Our visitor to imperial Rome would have gaped at the parks, at the great *Thermæ*, buildings that contained not only the famous Roman baths, but libraries, lounges, gymnasiums, and sheltered walks besides, and at the triumphal arches. He would have admired the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill, greatest of the hundreds of Roman temples, with its shrines to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. Walking down from the hill he would come to the Forum—the "Trafalgar Square" of Rome—with its statues, columns, and temples; and perhaps he would listen to a speech from the *Rostra*, the platform from which the people were harangued by the orators. It was all very splendid if one averted one's eyes from the *insulæ*, just as the empire of a hundred or so millions which existed in the time of Augustus was impressive if one did not think too much of the slaves who accounted for about half of its population.

The slave system in Greece was bad enough. But how much worse was it in Rome! What can we say of a social order in which not only all manual workers were slaves, but some "professional" people too? A rich Roman—a soldier or official—did not see anything strange in the fact of his children's teacher or his doctor being a slave. A rich man's secretary was a slave, and of course every craftsman, servant, and labourer. By the time of the Empire the middle class had practically disappeared. The system was degrading to both the ruler and the ruled. The slaves became apathetic and hopeless, their masters egotistical and cruel. The Roman writer Suetonius has recorded the extremes to which the treatment of slaves by vicious despots like Nero could

go. But we need not feel too virtuous about this. Our own time has known instances of the insane, fantastic cruelty that can be provoked in a civilised European by a feeling of absolute power over helpless people.

A wealthy Roman's town house had many slaves. Their duties were those of servants to-day and much more besides. They sang and danced to entertain their betters. They formed a retinue for them out of doors. They acted as porters to the house, and were sometimes chained to the doorway. They ran errands. Secretaries, librarians, artists, agents, tutors—all such members of a great mansion's staff were slaves. And the actors in the theatre, the gladiators in the circus—they were usually slaves too.

A master's power over his slaves was at first absolute. It extended to life and death. They could be punished by whippings, or by being sent to work in mills or quarries. Here and on the farms they were chained together day and night. And any "slacking" was cured by the whip-lash.

There was a brighter side to all this. Affection often existed between the slave and his master; and a slave could earn his freedom. As a freedman he still had certain obligations to perform for his master and, if he neglected them, he might lose his newly gained freedom. The property of an intestate freedman went to his former master, and the latter received one-half of the property by will.

² The Emperor Hadrian took away from the masters the power to kill their slaves, and abolished underground prisons. Other emperors improved their conditions in various ways, and with the coming of Christianity hope and courage were to lighten the darkness which surrounded the lives of millions.

Roman life, then, based itself on this foundation of slavery. And the soldiers who governed affairs had not the imagination to see that such a foundation must in the end give way. Rome created millions of under-dogs who did not very much care who kicked them. When the Northern invaders at last came, the army got no support from the common people. Barbarian master or Roman—it did not matter to a slave who thought his lot about as bad as it could be. The decayed shell of Rome crumbled inwards under the blows from without. A more intelligent people would have foreseen this and taken steps to prevent it.

In theory the power of a Roman father was hardly less great

over his family than over his slaves. *Paterfamilias* who writes to the papers to-day about the independence of modern daughters might perhaps envy the Roman head of the family his awful authority. The family was a great institution in Rome. The head of it had it in his power to order the goings and comings of his wife and children, and their wives and their children, to a surprising degree. He could dispose of their property, decide whether a new-born child should live or die, and even had the power of death over the other members of his family. In practice this did not mean that a son was struck dead for a piece of breakfast-table impudence. Murders in the family were probably not more common than they are to-day. And the laws themselves were modified later. But they must always have made for a wholesome respect for parental authority.

This did not, however, prevent Roman children from enjoying themselves in much the same way as children of to-day. The young Greeks played with tops and hoops and balls. These were also popular in Rome. Boys played marbles with nuts and pebbles. Hide and seek and blind man's buff were found just as exciting then as they are in the twentieth century. And we know from the paintings at Pompeii that walking on stilts was another of the joys of Roman childhood. No doubt the children of the most military of empires played at "Romans and Barbarians" in the way that young Britons of the years 1914-18 played at "British and Germans."

The family played a large part in education. Parents and private persons, not the State, were supposed to see that Roman boys grew up to be good citizens and good soldiers: a system, we can see now, directly opposite to that which we found in Sparta. Patriotism, obedience, respect for family, civic spirit were among the chief aims of a child's schooling. The mother would instil the rudiments of the three R's in early childhood, and would teach her daughters to spin, weave, and sew. The father would see that his son was introduced to the manly sports of riding, boxing, and swimming. And he would also teach him how to defend himself with weapons.

They would then be sent to a small private school run by a tutor who, needless to say, was usually a slave. Up till about 200 B.C., the tuition in such schools was scarcely more advanced than that which was given in the home. But later, Greek culture began to creep into the schools. Greek teachers were engaged, and

the old ideals of perfect physical and mental balance were set up. Like the Greek boys, the young Romans were taught Homer. They learned to speak Greek, and the custom of sending a boy to school in charge of a pedagogue was continued in Rome. His later education included the study of rhetoric, music, and higher mathematics. But for a long time there was widespread grumbling at all these new-fangled ideas about education. There were many who thought that the old simple and very practical Roman schooling was best.

At seventeen a well-bred boy put on the *toga virilis* and became a man. He was taken to the Forum with his family and presented to the public, after which his name was added to the list of citizens which was in the *Tabularium* on the Capitol. There were no universities or military colleges in those days. Youths of the upper class who were to enter the army would apprentice themselves to a well-known general just as a budding politician might train for a time with a famous statesman. Boys born into lower walks of life went straight from school to work, as they do to-day.

The Roman boys had to be in school very early. In fact, most Romans were early risers. The courts of justice, for instance, opened at seven in the summer, though nine was the hour in the winter. "Family prayers," otherwise the morning sacrifice to the gods, began the day. Breakfast was a simple meal. Baked bread dipped in wine, some olives, or a piece of cheese made up this early form of the Continental breakfast. Important people then received callers come to pay their respects. Those with axes to grind would be the most punctual and polite. This ceremony was called the *salutatio*. Lunch, the *prandium*, was taken early—usually about eleven o'clock. This meal again was quite simple, some cold meats and fruits being added to foods similar to those taken at breakfast. After lunch Rome died. Everyone took a post-prandial nap. They paid dearly for this day in the year A.D. 470. Alaric the Goth, knowing that in Rome after lunch the sun blazed down on empty streets, chose that moment to capture the city.

The signal to the Roman to rouse himself from his slumbers was given by the bell, which was rung when the public baths opened. Romans blinked open their eyes, yawned, stretched themselves, and prepared to stroll down to those great buildings which were at once clubs and places of recreation and baths. Admission to the *thermae* was very cheap. Almost anyone could take his daily bath

surrounded by the greatest luxury. (The modern parallel is, no doubt, the more than palatial picture-palace, the veritable cathedral where, for a small sum, the film-fan worships his gods.)

After the bath men and women met to gossip in the gardens and galleries, or exercise themselves in the gymnasium.

The great public *thermæ* were magnificent examples of the architecture which is one of Rome's great gifts to the world. There were many private baths too. "High-up" Romans insisted on building them wherever they might find themselves. The soldiers who were forced to exist in the cold and damp of backward Britain—a god-forsaken place compared with their own sunny and civilised Rome—found consolation in their baths. We still have some of them to-day among the relics of the time when the Romans lorded it over our ancestors.

After the bath the Roman, his body and mind refreshed by physical and social pleasures, preferred to take his dinner—the principal meal of the day. In later times this developed into an elaborate function. The diners reclined on couches at what in earlier times was a square table and was later superseded by the modish round one. A guest table would have a couch at each of three sides, the fourth being left open to facilitate serving.

There was nothing haphazard about a Roman dinner-party. Etiquette prescribed, not only where the family and guests should recline, but also *how* they should recline; for instance, they had to lie on the left arm with their feet in a certain direction. The sumptuousness of the couches and the other furnishings of the dining-room depended on the means of the host; but some Roman dining-rooms were very sumptuous indeed.

Important banquets ran to many courses and lasted hours. Rich food of all kinds was served with a great variety of sauces and seasonings. The most exotic dishes of all appeared at those notorious banquets given by the more disreputable of the emperors. Nightingales' tongues and pearls dissolved in wine were among the delicacies that graced their tables. It would all have seemed very vulgar to one of our "moderate" Greeks. At any time more was thought of food in Rome than the conversation that accompanied it. The fun of a Greek symposium consisted in the striking of intellectual sparks between live minds. Roman pleasures did not take that form. Even when they stopped short at the refinements of vice and the colourful orgies which imperial imaginations devised

for such occasions, they seldom took flight in the realms of mental speculation, but remained very near the earth.

So much for social life at home. But the Romans, even those who were not in the armies which were continually tramping about collecting new colonies almost by force of habit, travelled widely. A high-born youth was sent abroad to complete his education. Greece was much favoured for this purpose. And invalids were being recommended sea-voyages to Egypt as long ago as Roman times. It comes as a slight shock, so hard is it to conceive of the vast stretches of time covered by the ancient civilisations, that the Pyramids to a Roman tourist were not a great deal less ancient than they are to us. He stared up at buildings which were thousands of years old—very much older than Westminster Abbey is to-day.

Roman tourists to Egypt and Greece had to put up with a good deal more discomfort than modern followers in their footsteps. Inns were bad and ships were worse. Wealthy and important people had their own villas scattered about at varying distances from Rome, and could in any case always be put up for the night by some local dignitary at the place where they might stop. Some also had their own private yachts. But lesser people were forced to sleep in taverns that offered every discomfort. Ships, too, were poky and unreliable. The compass was not to reach Europe for a long time yet. The roads themselves, if, as was likely, they were Roman roads, would be good. For the Romans were great road-makers.

Horses, carriages, litters, and sedan chairs supplied the principal means of transit. The two last-named were not so suitable for long distances. In the city itself, however, the great were carried about in litters borne by slaves and attended by an impressive array of servants. Those of the emperors would of course be the most elaborate processions of all.

We have walked round Rome with our hypothetical visitor and have gained some slight idea of what the place was like. Our impression must be slightly chaotic—a kaleidoscope of insulæ and palaces, slaves and emperors, schools and circuses—but we have seen enough to realise how different the Roman State was from anything that had gone before. Compared with Greece it was as a

great sprawling adolescent is to a wise but not necessarily big (in the physical sense) man: an adolescent with more brawn than brain. But in the system of government which Rome evolved in the days of the republic we see for the first time a central authority controlling a wide area in a manner comparable to present democratic control. And the social problems which Rome failed so conspicuously to solve are the problems of the modern, not the ancient, world. But Rome kept the great mass of her people in ignorance and superstition. To the poor Roman of later times the State was no more than something that squeezed him unmercifully for taxes. Roman voters never comprised the whole population, and even the votes that were cast were "cooked" by expert rogues. And any who lived far away from Rome were prevented by distance from voting.

We have seen what Rome became under the Empire. The countries that came under Roman rule undoubtedly benefited from it. The Romans established peace, law, and order in these countries—for a time. They became prosperous and educated—up to a point. Intellectually, Rome was never to be compared with Greece. As we have said, she admired Greece's works and disseminated them, but this did not prevent Romans from treating Greek scholars as beings inferior to themselves. There was in Rome probably a good deal of that attitude of combined awe for their gifts and contempt for their ways taken up so frequently by the more practical people of our own time towards "these writer fellows."

The Romans were not interested in science; and the literary works of the "Augustan age" (the emperor Augustus reigned from 27 B.C. to A.D. 14, and was the patron of the finest period of Roman literature) were a comparatively weak offshoot of the sturdy main Greek stem. In architecture, however, she did give much to the world. The arch and the dome were developed by her to an extent that was quite new. The great baths, the triumphal arches, the gracefully stepping aqueducts, the vast amphitheatres—all were impressive proofs of the Roman architectural genius. In Rome architecture became something very big and very grand. Painters and sculptors produced a great deal of fine work, and mosaics reached new heights of excellence.

Such works were part of the rich façade that proclaimed Rome's greatness to the world. But we know on what shaky foundations

the Empire was really based. In the end it collapsed. But nearly 500 years before that happened a man had been born in Judea during the reign of Augustus, who was not only to bring consolation and hope to Rome's downtrodden millions, but was to be of the greatest importance in the future development of mankind. But before we discuss the rise of the barbarians in the north and Christianity in the east, let us see how civilisation had progressed in more remote lands while Greece and Rome were growing.

§ 5

INDIA

We have seen how the Aryan peoples spread over Europe and how in Italy and Greece they built up two of the greatest civilisations in the world—civilisations out of which our own has to a large extent developed.

When we come to those people who went farther afield than the Hellenes and entered Northern India, it is a somewhat different story. In that country, largely shut off from the rest of the world by a great barrier of mountains, a civilisation developed comparatively undisturbed through the centuries. In this isolation the people were able to form those customs and habits of mind which we speak of as Oriental and which are so alien from our own natures that we firmly believe with the poet that "East is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet."

People were talking about "colour" as a virtue or otherwise some 4,000 years ago. The Aryan who came down into India from the north-west round about 2000 B.C. was very conscious of his fair complexion, and prided himself on it not a little. He had a high contempt for the dark aborigines whom he found inhabiting India. He did not like their colour, their features, or their customs. Godless blackskins, he called them, and drove them away from the plains into the mountains and forests. The descendants of these badly treated peoples exist to-day. The hillmen of Assam are still a backward, primitive lot, as warlike in disposition as they are short in stature. Four thousand years have not made much difference in them. For a long time one of the most troublesome of the non-Aryan tribes was the people known as the Bhils, who live in the Vindhya Hills. They made themselves a

great nuisance before the British came, and numbers of them were periodically slaughtered by the then Government. They have since been tamed by the British. The notorious "dog-faced" cannibals, who made the Andaman Islands such very unhealthy places to visit and who have always been considered as among the very lowest types of humanity, were other descendants of the Indian aborigines. On the other hand, the brave Gurkhas are also a non-Aryan tribe. And some of the original peoples had developed cultures before the Aryans arrived. To-day the many millions who make up the lower castes in India are of a mixed Aryan and non-Aryan stock.

The Aryans themselves, after they had subdued the aborigines, settled down to raise crops and build up villages and towns. They made articles of copper and gold, and were competent artisans as well as farmers. They spoke the Aryan language known as Vedic, which later gave place to Sanskrit, a tongue allied to most of the languages of modern Europe.

The gods which the Aryans worshipped they called the *devas*—"the shining ones." They were mostly personifications of the powers of Nature, to whom they offered food and the fermented drink *soma*, made from the *soma* plant. Among these gods were Vishnu, a solar god; Dyaus and Varuna, gods of the sky; Ushas, one of the gods of the morning; Indra, Rudra, and Marut, storm gods; Parjanva (Rain), Vayu (Wind), and Apas (Water). Prithivi was the Earth and Agni Fire. The rivers of the Punjab were also gods. The Indus was Sindhu, and the Sutlej Sutrudi. Soma itself was worshipped as a deity. The gods were wise, wonderful, good, and generous to the deserving, while punishing the wicked.

The India of this Aryan period is known as Vedic India, from the four sacred works, in which these gods are praised, called the *Vedas*. The oldest of these is a collection of hymns numbering over a thousand, called the *Rigveda*. The *Vedas* are the oldest of Indian, indeed, of Indo-European, literary works, and have been the chief religious authority of Hindus for thousands of years.

To the *Vedas* (*Veda* means "knowledge" or "wisdom") were attached prose works which explained the ceremonial of the Vedic religion. These were called *Brahmanas*. And the priests who were entrusted with the ceremonial were called *Brahmins*. These

people became the highest class in India, and not priests only, but poets, philosophers, and scientists as well.

The religious life of a Brahmin began when he was about seven years old, at which age he was invested with the sacred thread. This triple thread was to the Brahmin what the Garter is to an English nobleman. After spending his youth in learning the Vedas by heart, the Brahmin married, reared a family and became practised in the ways of the world. The third stage of his life was spent in retirement in the desert or the forest. And in the fourth stage he was supposed to withdraw even farther from the world. He could eat only that which was given to him voluntarily. Contemplation and prayer, not the needs of the body, ruled his existence.

The Brahmins came to be dissatisfied with the worship of many gods representing the powers of Nature. They argued that these powers must have had a common source, and so they conceived the idea of one god who alone was to be worshipped. This god had three manifestations—Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer and Reproducer. Siva and Vishnu, being less abstract than Brahma, which was the soul pervading the Universe, became the most popular Hindu gods. It was believed that Vishnu had had ten incarnations; that is, he had visited the earth from heaven ten times. Thus developed the dream-like religion which was to become distorted in practice into many nightmarish shapes. Brahmanism held that the individual soul was of the same nature as the world-soul with which it is reunited after being purified by means of the transmigration of souls. This doctrine held that man's worldly soul, while united with his body, is in a state of trial, and must be subjected to penance and sacrifice. The purified soul is absorbed in Brahma. Others after death are united to the body of a lower animal, or even a plant, and the period of trial begins again. Such, broadly, was the doctrine which was to play so large a part in Hindu religion.

None of India's institutions is stranger to the Westerner than her caste system. We are all ready to talk with a large vagueness about it.* In the twinkling of an eye we have ascribed to it all India's troubles. It is a popular controversial counter, the value of which, however, is not always known to the user. In view of this, it might be well to look into the origins and history of this old-established system.

We know that Aryans came down into India over a thousand—perhaps two thousand—years before our era, and that they became the rulers of the aborigines. But just how and when the caste system began we cannot tell.

Some think that the Pariahs, the "outcastes," were originally the conquered people with whom the Aryans did not want to merge. On the other hand, it has been suggested that the constant conditions of living in India over a long period resulted in a more defined and elaborate system of classes there than in the more changing West. We can only conjecture about these things. It is probable that the first castes were four in number; in order of importance they were: the Brahmins—the priestly class; the Kshatriyas—the warriors; the Vaisyas—the merchants; the Sudras—the workers in the fields. And those who lost caste through some offence or other were the Pariahs—the outcastes.

There was a fable about the origin of the castes which said that when Brahma peopled the earth with inhabitants, the Brahmins sprang from his head, the Kshatriyas from his arms and shoulders, the Vaisyas from his belly, and the Sudras from his feet.

To us of the modern Western civilisation, which, for all its imperfections, does offer opportunity to talent, the Indian caste system, with its rigid barriers of birth, is alien indeed. Field-m Marshals' batons are not found in corporals' knapsacks in India. There is no parallel there to the log cabin that leads to the White House. An Indian was born into his caste, and in his caste he died. If one were a Brahmin, one did not suffer from such a soul-destroying system. But the lower beings lived in fetters all their lives.

When the Greek Megasthenes visited India as long ago as the third century B.C., he recorded in his diary that "it is not permitted to contract marriage with a person of another caste, nor to change from one profession or trade to another, nor for the same person to undertake more than one, except he is of the caste of philosophers, when permission is given on account of his dignity."

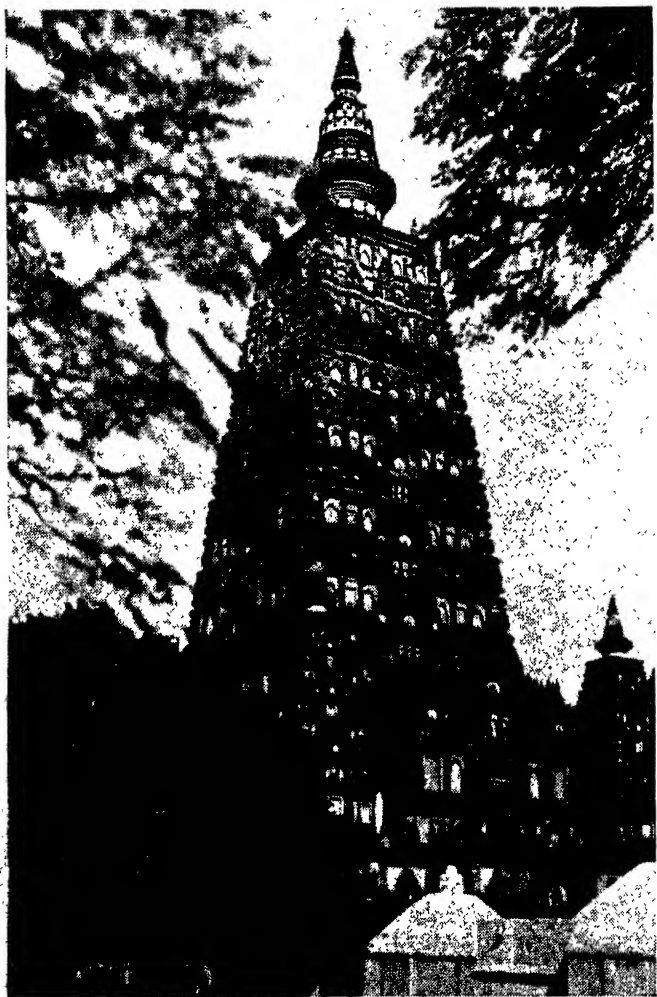
This, of course, is only part of the story. The society that developed from the first four divisions we have named was made up of countless subdivisions, each with its own rulers and shut off from each other; and we shall see that the customs noted down by Megasthenes by no means complete the list.

The Brahmin in these earliest times already exists in a powerful

odour of sanctity. As in Egypt and Babylon, the priesthood enjoyed the dual power given by education and holiness. After what we have learned of the more Westerly ancient civilisations, we are not surprised to know that Brahmins considered themselves more as equals of the King than subjects. Their goods could not be claimed by royalty. And if anybody was unwise enough to take a Brahmin to law, he found that both witness and judge were forced to support the Brahmin. The Brahmins have remained at the head of Indian society for thousands of years. And in this we have something new in our survey of civilisations. The societies of Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome all passed away in turn. But the final chapter of the Indian story still remains to be written. Caste is still very much a law of nature to the Indian. His society to-day is divided into at least three thousand of these racial, occupational, and geographical divisions. Such an ancient and widespread institution will take a deal of uprooting.

Members of one caste may not marry with those from another and, as a rule, they may not eat with them. They may not touch food that has been cooked by someone of a lower caste. Some castes are considered to pollute those of higher castes by their touch. Even the shadow of an untouchable falling on a high-caste person can make the latter unclean. And some castes are required always to keep at a certain distance from people of higher castes. A Brahmin will not wash near a Sudra's house. If he is a doctor forced to feel the pulse of a Sudra patient, he will first wrap a piece of silk round the unclean wrist. A high-caste Indian regards the touch of a European, be he never so eminent, as unclean.

That great factor, the sense of man's equality and freedom that affected the development of Greece and the Roman republic, is absent from India. Her people formed themselves through the centuries into exclusive groups that only became more distinct with time. An Indian moved, and moves, only within the barrier that is his caste. From his earliest days he is conscious that his destiny is bounded by it. The most trivial of daily actions can be ordered by the system. That modern progress which we are told is breaking down barriers of class and convention certainly makes little headway in India. Despite the price that she has to pay—despite the inconvenience involved by adherence to such an antique system at this stage of man's development, India still thinks and lives in terms of caste. It makes for isolation and unrest among the



A LOVELY WORK OF INDIAN CRAFTSMEN: THE ORNATE TEMPLE OF BUDH GAYA.
(Courtesy High Commissioner for India.)

isolated; for castes naturally are not given to loving one another.

Certainly mediæval India produced many lovely works of the Indian craftsmen, whose perfection was largely due to the caste system with its ruling that the son should follow his father in working at the caste-craft. But such things can be bought too dearly.

Brahminism had taken firm root in India when, in the sixth century before our era, a man arose whose teachings perhaps have at the present day more followers than those of any other religion—a man to whom all the members of all the castes were equal. His name was Siddhartha Gautama, but the world knows him as Buddha, “the enlightened one.”

Gautama came of a noble family. He was born not far away from the mighty Himalayas, in the north of Bengal. His family was the ruling family of his small State, and Gautama grew up in comfort to be a handsome youth. When he was nineteen he married his beautiful cousin, and for another ten years lived a happy life. He was a good hunter and clever at all manly sports. But he began to tire of this easy existence. Was this all there was in life? Surely he was in the world to do something more than enjoy himself. No longer could he be satisfied with the pleasant round of games and domestic joys. He felt that he should be doing greater things, but what those things were he did not know.

One day, his mind still filled with this vague discontent, he left the palace to go driving in his chariot. As he was being carried along, his brooding eye fell on the figure of an old bent man. He pointed out the spent, tottering creature to his driver, Channa, who only remarked that there were many such people in this world, and old age was the fate of everyone. Saddened by the sight, Gautama drove back home more uneasy in his mind than ever. A short time passed, and again he went driving. This time he came upon a wreck of a man dreadfully eaten away by disease. “That is life,” said Channa. “The world is full of sufferers.” The next thing that the worried Gautama saw was even more horrible. He was being driven to bathe in the river, when in a ditch by the road he saw a rotting body. The young man who had lived such a sheltered life had never seen such a thing before. “Such is life,” said Channa to his horrified master. “To the grave must we all come.”

Gautama now sank into deep depression. Who could be happy

in a world of pain, disease, and death? And while he was still weighed down with the sense of the world's woe, he saw a fourth sight. This was a wandering holy man—an ascetic to whom bodily pain and privation were nothing and the truth of life everything. A gleam of light came to Gautama's darkened soul. He would do as these holy men. He would join them in their search for the secret of existence. Not a palace, but the woods and the caves and the fields would in future be his home.

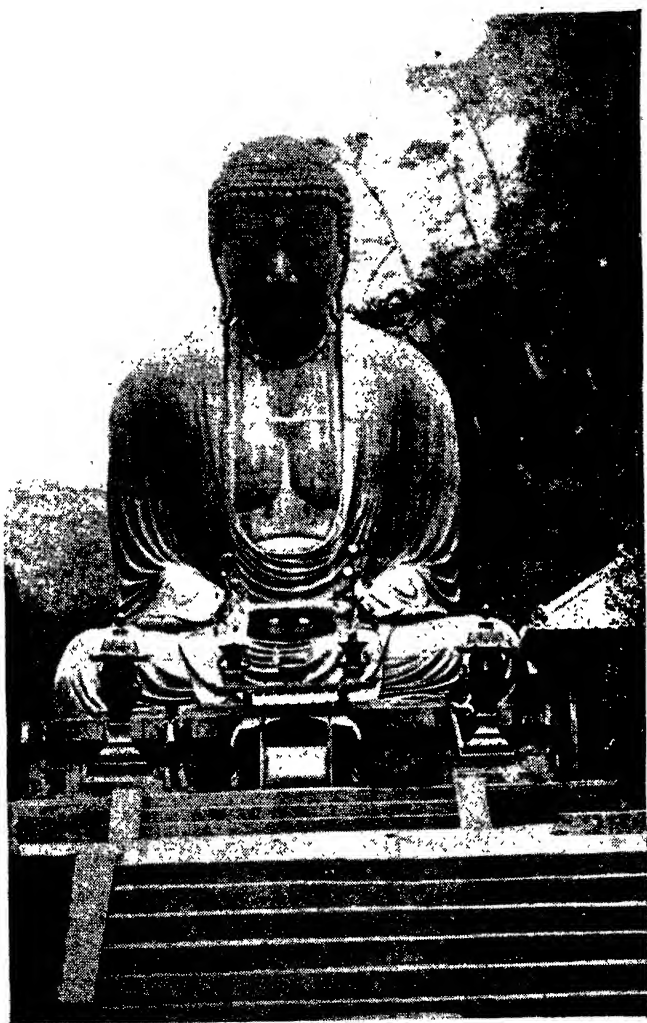
As if to test his courage the news now came that his wife had borne him a son. But Gautama only told the faithful Channa to get things ready for going away, and then went in and looked at his only child sleeping in its mother's arms. Fearing to waken the mother, he did not permit himself even to embrace his son. He gazed down at him for a long time, and then went out to find Channa and the horses. Together they rode away into the night.

Gautama must have thought long and deeply during that quiet moonlight ride. By morning they had crossed the boundary of his people's State. They stopped beside a river, and Gautama dismounted. He cut off his long hair, and gave his jewels and his horse to Channa to take back to his father. He exchanged his fine clothes for the rags of a poor man who was passing by. Then, alone, with nothing to remind him of his former princely state, he walked on towards the hills.

At that time a number of hermits were living in the Vindhya Mountains. These were wise men who led an extremely simple life in caves, teaching their wisdom to those who came seeking it. Hither at length came Gautama. He learned from the hermits that if he desired quiet for the soul he must first punish his body. Only by such asceticism—by sleeplessness and fasting—would wisdom come. Gautama tried it. With five disciples he went off into the jungle and submitted himself to extreme penances. But he doubted their worth, for truth seemed no nearer.

One day, weary with mental turmoil and physical hardships, he fell down unconscious. When he recovered he saw clearly that knowledge would not come by such means. In future his thinking would be aided by a healthy body.

His disciples were outraged at his decision, which went counter to all the religious ideas of the time. They deserted him, and again he wandered companionless. Deep in thought, he came to a fig-tree by a river. All day and all night he sat there. And at last



A STATUE OF BUDDHA.
(Copyright H. V. Capsey, Ludgate Circus House.)

his doubts were stilled and his way was clear. He got up from beneath the tree and went to Benares, to find his five disciples. For days he talked to them of his new beliefs. He gradually convinced them, and at last they said that here was the one through whom wisdom was to come again to man, the Enlightened, the Buddha.

Now the religion that Buddha and his missionaries taught to an ever-growing army of converts was very different from Brahminism and the religions of the Egyptians and the Mesopotamian peoples. It was quite simple. No priests or temples were necessary to it. It concerned the conduct of man's daily life, not ritual and sacrifice. Buddhism condemned all selfish desires for bodily pleasures, for material well-being, and even for personal immortality. Self-control, kindness to all men, and reverence for the life of all living creatures were the three main duties. When complete selflessness was achieved, then Nirvana, interpreted by some as the soul's extinction and by others as the abolition of all the sins and pains of selfishness from a finally serene soul, was reached. Buddha's eight-fold "Aryan Path" set down eight main principles to be observed in living according to his teaching. Truth was set up above its enemy superstition, and justice, unselfish service, and freedom from jealousy, ambition, and self-righteousness, were among its aims.

Here, surely, we have in the sixth century B.C. a noble, a truly civilised mind. His teaching is in striking accord with modern principles. But we are still far from conforming to the enlightened rules of conduct which he laid down so long ago.

Buddhism was addressed to all, from the lowest to the highest, unlike Brahminism, which was essentially an upper-caste religion. The missionaries went out into the world to spread the faith, and Buddha himself, during his travels as a preacher, went home to convert his son whom he had left as a baby, and his wife, who became a Buddhist nun.

After his death a highly coloured mass of legend grew up round his name. As the imaginary miracles and wonders accumulated, so his teaching became distorted. And he himself was worshipped as a god. But for long much of the original message remained, and many lives were rendered beautiful by it.

One of the foremost upholders of Buddhism was a king who himself was a great man. This was King Asoka (264-227 B.C.),

ruler of the country stretching from Afghanistan almost down to what is now known as Madras. Asoka was a very enlightened monarch. He detested war and its senseless horrors, and perceived the great merits of Buddha's teaching. He resolved that he would conquer by religion, not the sword.

He had inscriptions set up throughout his dominions setting forth the main Buddhist doctrines. To-day some forty of these inscriptions still exist on pillars, rocks, etc., in India. He cleared the religion of much of the alien stuff that had been added to it. He made it the State religion, and founded a State Department to direct its propagation. He ordered that it should be made known to everyone from beggars to Brahmins. He founded many Buddhist houses, and himself became a full member of the Order. He built hospitals, dug wells, and planted trees for shade. He encouraged education for women. He saw to the welfare of the aborigines. The Brahmin custom of slaughtering animals for sacrifice was detestable to him, and he made stringent laws against it. But he did not suffer from the failing that affects so many people with similar feelings towards animals, that is, comparative indifference to the welfare of their fellow-men. Asoka worked hard to teach his people to be kind to their servants and slaves. He was acutely conscious of his duties as a king, counting his own welfare as bound up with the welfare of his subjects. "I am ready," he said, "to do the people's business in all places. . . . I have commanded that immediate report must be made to me at any hour and in any place, because I never feel full satisfaction in my efforts and dispatch of business. For the welfare of all folk is what I must work for—and the root of that, again, is the effort and the dispatch of business." His life was ruled by the "Law of Duty," which, he said, consisted in "little impiety, many good deeds, compassion, liberality, truthfulness, and purity." Again, "Father and mother must be obeyed; similarly respect for living creatures must be enforced; truth must be spoken. . . . The teacher must be revered by the pupil, and proper courtesy must be shown to relations." And although he was such an ardent Buddhist, he insisted on toleration of all other creeds.

This tolerant, cultured, and humane ruler must surely be one of the greatest kings of all time. In him and his master, Buddha, ancient India gives to civilisation two of its finest figures.

After Asoka's death Brahminism again reared its fanatical head

and India became more than ever a fevered world of gods and sacrifice. Buddhism, after holding its own for some centuries with the older religions, lost the ground it had gained. But though India rejected it, it spread to China, Japan, Tibet, Burma, and other countries. To-day Buddhism is still one of the most widespread faiths of the world: some think that it can claim more adherents than any other religion.

Asoka's grandfather had been the emperor with whom India's history begins. Chandragupta, the first of the Maurya dynasty, had been an Indian member of Alexander the Great's camp in the Punjab. (Alexander invaded India 327-325 B.C.) Chandragupta tried to persuade Alexander to continue his conquest of India, but the latter's troops refused to go any farther with their leader into unknown lands. Chandragupta, however, managed to set up an empire in North India (about 322 B.C.) which was extended by Asoka.

The Greeks left their mark on early Indian art. The early Buddhist statues show Greek influence, as do the early coins and temple carvings. But later Hindu art has nothing Greek about it.

Megasthenes, the Greek whom we have mentioned, was ambassador to Chandragupta's court from Seleucus, King of Syria. His account of what he saw in India was the chief authority on its subject from about 300 B.C. to A.D. 1700. He was impressed with the courage and honesty of the Indians, and found them skilful, industrious, and remarkably truthful. He mentions the weather forecasts of the Brahmins, and remarks that "the philosopher who errs in his predictions observes silence for the rest of his life." The prophets of our age are not so conscientious!

By the time of the Gupta period (A.D. 320-480) Hindu culture was enjoying a golden age. Under the patronage of the cultured and tolerant Gupta kings poetry (particularly that of Kalidasa), architecture, sculpture, and painting were developed to a remarkably high degree. But the Scythians, who had been invading India in increasing numbers for centuries, put an end to this dynasty in the fifth century.

And here we must leave India. Her history continued down through the centuries and is still continuing. But she never produced in later years any greater mind than Buddha's, any finer

monarch than Asoka, nor any better art than that of the Gupta period. She has given to civilisation some of its most polished and wonderful products. It is a pity that, because of her social system, they must represent so much human misery.

§ 6

CHINA

Of all the great civilisations of the world the one about whose origins we know least is the most extensive and long-lived. The Chinese comprise about a quarter of mankind. Their empire once stretched farther than any other. When the pall of the Dark Ages lay over the West, the East was lit with the brilliance of China's civilisation. In China more people have been governed for a longer time by the same system than is the case with any other State in the world's history.

Yet much remains to be discovered about the beginnings of this remarkable people. There is much theory and little knowledge about her remote past. But whatever their exact racial origins, we know that they first developed their civilisation, like the Egyptians and the Sumerians, in a fertile land beside a great river. This river was the Hwang Ho or Yellow River. Here they settled down and tilled and irrigated the soil, grew crops, and conquered and assimilated their barbarian neighbours.

The great land whose story began in this way and which is the China of to-day, covers an enormous area, and embraces many varieties of fauna, flora, climate, and mankind. As the Chinese have always displayed a remarkable reverence and affection for the natural beauties of their country, it is fitting that some sort of sketch of it should be drawn. The term "China" embraces Mongolia, Tibet, and Eastern Turkestan, in addition to the "Eighteen Provinces" which make up China Proper. In the north-east of this latter country is the great fertile plain where Chinese civilisation began; in the south are ranges of mountains—those mountains which the Chinese have always loved and respected. Great mountains also rise to the north-west and the south-west, where is the Tibetan border. The boundary on the south and south-east is the sea. In the north is the ancient capital, Peking (now Peiping). Another great city, Canton, is in the south.

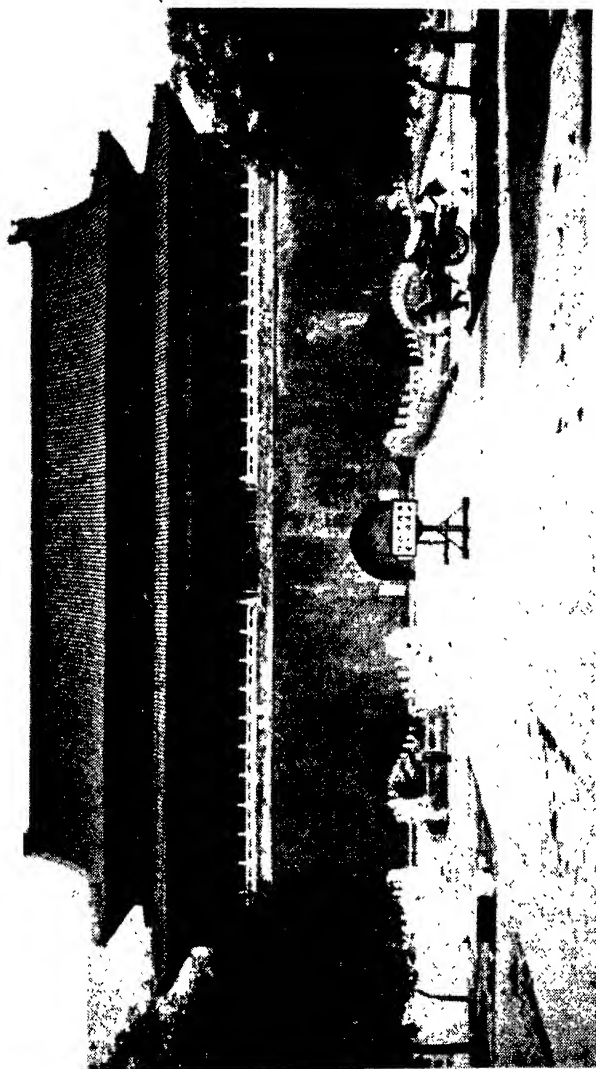
North China is the land of the Yellow River; South China is the land of the Yangtze-kiang.

"China" as a name for their country has never been used by the Chinese themselves. It was probably first used by the barbarians who came in contact with the most powerful of the feudal States—the Ch'in, with which we shall meet presently. To her people China is "the Middle Kingdom," and has in the past been known by such names as "Beneath the Sky," which implied that China constituted the whole civilised world; and the "Heavenly Dynasty" or Celestial Empire—all of which indicate a proper pride on the part of the Chinese in the high quality of her civilisation.

Besides her two great rivers there is the smaller Chu Kiang—the Canton or Pearl River—and a great system of canals. Through the centuries the waterways of China have been her principal means of transport. The Grand or Imperial Canal, which joins the Yellow River to the Yangtze, was rebuilt some 700 years ago, but existed for many centuries before that. It crosses the vast fertile plain in the north-east, and is 700 miles long. Great and ancient dykes rise frequently by the sides of the rivers and canals. They stand for centuries of warfare against inundation—for a staggering sum of human toil. Yet victory is still not complete. We still read from time to time in the newspapers of those floods which rise and drown such a large number of Chinese that the imagination is numbed. The figures of the death-rolls are so large that they cease to have much meaning. And is not a Chinese in any case a strange, remote creature? As children we were told of his queer habits; of how he read his books back to front, kept his hat on when we took ours off, and wore white as mourning instead of black. We learnt about his curious food and his amusing way of eating it. And later on we smiled a little contemptuously at the hash he made of modern warfare. We lost patience at his occasional un-English behaviour in the face of the enemy. It was difficult to feel all the concern that one knew one ought to about the disasters that overtook such incomprehensible and remarkably backward people.

The ancestors of these same Chinese, on whom we thus looked down from the height of our progressive Western culture, were highly civilised when ours were savages.

When the envoys of the industrial West descended violently on China in the nineteenth century to open her up to trade, they were



ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT PEKING.

regarded by her, along with all foreigners ignorant of China's ancient culture, as barbarians. And what name, after all, could better apply to those French and English soldiers who in 1860 deliberately looted and destroyed the Summer Palace at Peking?

More knowledge of the merits of China's civilisation and less prejudice in regard to her superficial customs might have prevented such an act. Within the limits of this survey we shall try to indicate some of the main features of this civilisation which still exists at a time when those of Egypt and Greece and Rome have long since passed away.

Chinese history starts very dubiously, so far as historical accuracy is concerned, with the Hsia dynasty, which was probably founded round about 2000 B.C. Then came the Shang, which dates from about the sixteenth century B.C. and ended about 1125 B.C., when it was conquered by the Chou dynasty. These dynasties were ruled by kings, or "Wangs" (their subjects spoke of Wên Wang and Wu Wang as the Romans were to talk of Julius Cæsar and Tiberius Cæsar), some of whom were strong and some weak. The early monarchs of the long-lived Chou dynasty which lasted until the third century B.C. extended the boundaries of the State and developed its culture. The later ones were weaker, and as their power declined so their vassals became more and more unruly, until China consisted of a number of warring feudal States with the king as a mere figurehead. In time one powerful State—the Ch'in—conquered the rest, and founded the Chinese empire, which lasted from 220 B.C. to A.D. 1911.

The continual fighting in feudal China did not prevent the development of a high degree of civilisation. In fact, the fighting itself, though sufficiently bloody and ferocious, was carried on according to a code of etiquette. Politeness, generosity, and chivalry were often displayed towards one another by the opposing soldiers. The battle was a confused *mêlée* of boasts, generousities, homages, insults, devotions, curses, blessings, and sorceries.¹

In the days of the empire, when such feudal graces had departed from warfare, the soldier's profession had no honour in China. It was the scholar who was accorded the greatest respect—a state of affairs exactly contrary, we may note, to that which we found existing in later Rome. In the fifth century B.C. the Chinese

philosopher Mo Ti denounced war as "unbrotherly and murderous." For many centuries the Chinese has been a lover of peace. A fine painting of a well-loved landscape or the literary work of a revered scholar has always meant more to him than an ingenious instrument for killing another human being—even the shining masterpieces of the modern manufacturer of armaments. It is a point to remember when the conduct in the field of the Chinese soldier of to-day is criticised.

The victories of peace in feudal China were more renowned than those of war. In the ancient square cities, with their sacred walls (they were square because that was the shape the earth was believed to be), fine articles were being fashioned out of bronze and jade, silks were being woven, physicians were curing ailments with herbs and minerals and other medicines, philosophers were brooding, and poets were setting down their works, not on paper—though the Chinese were to be the first to make that important commodity—but on tablets of bamboo.

The first written characters were like the Egyptian hieroglyphics, little pictures of familiar things—animals, men, children, mountains, and so on. Here is one: ☉ = the sun.

Then such pictures were combined to express an idea. ☾ meant the moon. When this was added to the sun, thus, ☿, the idea "bright" was conveyed. In time the forms became modified. The sun ☉ became 日; the moon ☾ became 月; a hill, originally 屾 is, in its modern form, 山. A combined picture and phonetic system was evolved, by which characters could be added to without limit, new combinations being made as the need for them arose. Six classes of characters—the "six writings"—including the original symbols illustrated above, and the combinations, inversions, etc., of the later "idea" and "sound" symbols, developed. There are also six styles of writing them, only two of which are usually learned. New characters can be formed to convey new ideas, but a combination of existing terms is usually made to serve instead. A modern invention such as a lift, for instance, becomes in Chinese a "rise-descend-machine."

Although colloquial speech is divided up into various local dialects, which can render those who speak them unintelligible to each other, the written form of the characters whose sounds can thus be so different in different places is always the same. The

characters are rightly regarded by the Chinese as being things of elegance and beauty. They take pride in writing them well. And it takes ten years of hard work to master Chinese writing. Indeed, a profound respect for everything having to do with writing and scholarship is one of their most deeply rooted characteristics. There was even a God of Literature who was said to dwell in the constellation of Ursa Major, and scholars foregathered in his temple.

The Chinese have had many gods. From the earliest times such things as mountains, rivers, fields, the walls of the city, the soil, the grain, fire, the sky, clouds, rain, wind, and thunder have had sacred significance. In the principal city of each district was an altar to the local God of the Soil, where ceremonies were performed at appointed times during the year. Of the mountains, five were especially sacred—those which stood for the centre, north, south, east, and west—and of these T'ai Shan, the mountain of the east, which was believed to influence man's birth, life, and after-life, was the greatest divinity. The Emperor made sacrifices to it, and at one time used it as a means of communication with Heaven. The peasants of feudal times lived in wretched little mud huts—but they were very sacred places. The hearth, the door, the well were objects of reverence. A god dwelt even in the sweepings of the floor. For centuries the kitchen god has dwelt in the Chinese home. A love for his home is felt by every inhabitant of China.

Above all other gods is a being who controls the universe, who is the personification of Providence; and through the universe run the dual principles of *Yin* and *Yang*, of earth and heaven, moon and sun, darkness and light, evil and good, female and male. Evil spirits are *yin*; the gods are *yang*. A cloud of superstition hangs over the daily life of a Chinese. He is constantly on guard against evil spirits. Things that are *yang* are good weapons against them. So are charms, amulets, and a mirror tied to one's forehead, in which the spirit will see his evil face and flee in terror.

The most widespread form of worship for thousands of years in China has been that accorded to ancestors. This cult is bound up with the greatest Chinese institution, the family, and with the teachings of the most venerated Chinese teacher, Confucius. And nothing has done more to preserve that vast unity which for over twenty centuries was the Chinese Empire.

When we looked at India in the course of this survey we saw millions fast-bound in the fetters of caste. A completely opposite state of affairs has obtained in China. Here the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, divinely charged with his great office, has been the father of a great, virtually equal family of subjects. The aristocracy of Imperial China was an aristocracy of learning. Anyone who emerged successfully from the extremely exacting (within their limits) Civil Service examinations could enter this aristocracy. In China education took the place of family prestige in other civilisations. The fact that red blood and not blue flowed through a scholar's veins did not matter in the least. He took his place at the head of society just the same.

This democratic principle was extended into politics. Theoretically the office of Emperor could be transferred only by Heaven. But the people had a way of getting rid of a bad ruler. They waited until the next natural disturbance occurred, such as a flood (for which they would not have to wait very long), and saw in this Heaven's disapproval of its son. His removal would then legitimately follow.

Abuses by the Emperor's officials were checked by a body of censors who protected the interests of the people by keeping a sharp eye on the work of the ministries, and exposing any shortcomings. Not only would a censor report such things to the Emperor, but would even dare to criticise the latter's own conduct should he think fit.

This truly democratic spirit in China was in surprising contrast to the outwardly autocratic form of Government, for in theory the Emperor was the supreme authority, though accessible to his people in the way that the Holy Father in the Vatican is to-day. When the Earl Macartney was sent to China in 1792 as Ambassador of the King of England, he was left under no illusions as to the exalted status of the Emperor of China as the greatest representative of civilisation on earth. He knew beforehand about the adoration, or Kotow, that was required from all, even foreign potentates, when brought into the presence of the Emperor, and he had a scheme to circumvent it.

The Embassy's first taste of the haughty Chinese spirit came when the following legend was written large in Chinese characters on the carriages and yachts in which the suite travelled after arriving in China: **AMBASSADOR BEARING TRIBUTE FROM THE**

COUNTRY OF ENGLAND. But His Excellency was a true diplomat. Not wishing to make trouble at such an early stage, he pretended not to know the meaning of this rather humiliating label. The party made its way peacefully to Peking, where the more important problem of the Kotow would arise. When they reached the city a note to the Emperor's first minister was drawn up with regard to the vexed Kotow—the nine prostrations with the forehead touching the floor. The Ambassador's suggestion was that very English thing—a compromise. He did not refuse to perform the required ceremony, but pointed out that he would “suffer heavily if his conduct, on this occasion, could be construed as in any wise unbecoming the great and exalted rank which his master, whom he represented, held among the independent sovereigns of the world; that this danger could be easily avoided, and the satisfaction be general on all sides, by his Imperial Majesty's order that one of the officers of his court, equal with the Ambassador in rank, should perform before his Britannic Majesty's picture at large, in his royal robes . . . the same ceremonies which should be performed by the Ambassador before the throne of his Imperial Majesty.” The mandarins who were to take this message to the court tried to persuade the Englishmen to abandon this proposed startling breach of ancient court etiquette. On finding that the loyal subjects of George III remained firm, they asked to be told what manner of obeisance the Ambassador was used to making to his own sovereign. They were informed that he bent on one knee; and was willing to do the same before the Emperor. The mandarins departed to submit this suggestion at the court, and while an answer was being awaited there was much talk among the Chinese about the courage of these few foreigners, who, at the mercy of a foreign monarch, dared to offer conditions to him. The answer when it came was polite and quite agreeable to the proposal. Thenceforward things went smoothly. At the subsequent audience the English embassy was treated with especial courtesy by the Emperor, while lesser envoys, after making their Kotows, were quickly dismissed.

This was by no means the first time that an Emperor in the Middle Kingdom had displayed tolerance and politeness to incomers with strange ideas. As far back as A.D. 635 Christianity had been courteously welcomed. A missionary from Persia was received by the Emperor Tai-tsung, who granted permission for a

monastery to be built. Nor were any obstacles raised in the path of Mohammedanism. What is believed to be the oldest mosque in the world is in China.

We have said that the greatest institution in the State over which these Emperors reigned was the family. The family was, in fact, inseparably bound up with the political and social elements of the Empire. From the earliest times this feature has been prominent. But later came Confucius (551-479 B.C.) to establish a code of family conduct which was to last 2,000 years. The teachings of Confucius were concerned with conduct and ethics in this life. Things beyond this life did not interest him. There was nothing prophetic or miraculous about his message. In a time of political chaos he preached a return to the methods of the ancient rulers. Becoming a high official himself in his native State of Lu, in the province of Shantung, he was able to practise his theories about justice and right government with the greatest success. His ideal society was based on "five relationships": those between prince and minister, father and son, older and younger brother, husband and wife, and friend and friend. Filial piety and ancestral rites were of the first importance. It was necessary that there should be sons to perform the honours to ancestors, for on such ceremonies the prosperity of both ancestors and their living descendants depended. And on the subject of filial behaviour to parents the ancient *Book of Rites*, which has been an authority on such matters for many centuries, says: "When his parents are in error, the son, with a humble spirit, pleasing countenance, and gentle tones, must point it out to them. If they do not receive his reproof he must strive more and more to be dutiful and respectful to them till they are pleased, and then he must again point out their error. But if he does not succeed in pleasing them, it is better that he should continue to reiterate reproof than permit them to do injury to the whole department, village, or neighbourhood. And if the parents, irritated and displeased, chastise their son till the blood flows from him, even then he must not dare to harbour the least resentment; but on the contrary should treat them with increased respect and dutifulness."

The phrase, "injury to the whole department," is an illustration of the astonishing sense of responsibility not only within the Chinese family, but throughout every group or community. A Chinese is always conscious that he is responsible for his acts to *

someone else. If one member of a village community commits a crime, his neighbours may all find themselves severely punished on the ground that they have not done their duty in exerting a moral influence over the wrong-doer. Four generations of a family were once all put to death because one member committed the very heinous crime of violating the grave of the corpse of a person with Imperial connections and robbing it. This sense of mutual responsibility extended from the poorest worker in the field up to the Emperor himself, who was responsible for his acts to Heaven. It has meant that many innocent people have suffered, but it has been responsible for the remarkable law-abiding spirit that exists in China. There are drawbacks, too, in the family system. It has tended to fix China's eyes on the glories of the past instead of on the possibilities of the future. It largely explains that lack, since the end of the Sung dynasty in A.D. 1279, of what we in the West call "progress." It has resulted in much injustice to women. A defect of Confucius was that he was content to leave women on a plane inferior to men. It is sons who perpetuate the family, who see that the ancestral rites are continued. Daughters are unimportant. Amongst the more than usually poverty-stricken, they were sometimes killed off at birth. A daughter must yield to her husband's parents. The institution of the mother-in-law is much more in China than a music-hall joke. A husband's parents have sometimes driven his poor wife to suicide. A husband may divorce his wife, but a wife may not divorce her husband. If she is so very unfortunate as not to bear him a son, she may have to put up with the presence of a concubine in the house.

China's high birth-rate and low standard of living are the result of the family cult. The unit of her society has been the group, not the individual. Individualism has been pressed down and smoothed out into that uniformity which has been present to a greater extent in Chinese civilisation than in any other.

But this family state has lasted—the system has worked. And when we accuse China of being stagnant when in the West science was opening up new worlds, we must not forget her earlier achievements. During the second and first centuries B.C. under the great conquering monarch of the Han, Wu Ti, China was an Empire of vast extent, commercially prosperous, and with a thriving culture. Government was in the hands of the wisest, ablest, and most virtuous men that the Emperor could find. Public

works were engaged in. The number of schools was increased. Competitive Civil Service examinations began. Culture had been stimulated by contact with Rome—the only other State in the world that could compare with China. Sculptures showed Western influence, glass and the grape had been imported, and the calendar was altered according to Western ideas.

Writers began to use silk instead of bamboo tablets, and then—the usually accepted date is A.D. 105—paper was made in China for the first time in the history of the world. Literature took a big step forward, and painting was developed. During the seventh to tenth centuries, while Europe was painfully groping its way out of the chaos and darkness that had come upon it with the fall of Rome, China was united and prosperous under the brilliant T'ang dynasty. She followed up her discovery of paper with the invention of printing—from wooden blocks. Her literature flourished exceedingly, and her greatest poetry was written. The Buddhist religion, which had entered upon that popularity which it can still claim, inspired the remarkable painters of this period. Paintings of the loveliest grace and spirituality were produced. Art in the West at the time of the T'ang and Sung (A.D. 960–1279) period was represented by formal gloomy Byzantine mosaics. China's artists were painting pictures of soaring mountains and rushing streams with superb breadth and marvellous technical skill. They painted a spray of peach blossom or a bird in flight, and gave it a poetic, timeless quality. The Chinese love and reverence for Nature is reflected exquisitely in their art.

Recreation had its place in the gracious, ordered life of these dynasties. The Emperor and the ladies and gentlemen of his court often rode out to play polo. Football was popular. One game has been chronicled at which the winning side received silver bowls, wine, fruit, and flowers, while the captain of the losing team was flogged. Boxing, which was a combination of both boxing in our sense of the word and wrestling, was practised. Under later dynasties these sports gave place to less strenuous ones such as kite-flying, keeping a shuttlecock in the air with the feet, and various forms of gambling.

The T'ang and Sung dynasties passed. In the thirteenth century came the invading Mongols. China, under the great Kublai Khan, was only a part of the huge Mongol Empire. The new city of Peking arose at Kublai's bidding to astonish visitors with

its splendour. Three Venetians, a young man called Marco Polo and his father and uncle, had made the long journey to China and had been kindly received by Kublai. Marco travelled about China for seventeen years, and put it all into a book when he got home. It was a book of such richness and colour that all Europe was fascinated by the idea of this wonderful Chinese Empire newly revealed in all its splendour. Had it not been for Marco Polo's work on China, Columbus might not have reached America! But of that more later.

After less than a century of Mongol rule the Chinese Ming dynasty began and lasted till 1644. Porcelain was now developed more than at any previous time. The next dynasty, the Manchu, was another foreign one. It did not come to an end until the formation of the Republic in 1912.

During these later dynasties China's social structure and outlook did not change. She may be said to have been backward, unprogressive. Or she may be said to have remained a civilisation rather than a nation; to have avoided division on nationalist and religious questions; to have preserved those larger families, the gilds, after similar bodies had gone down before Capitalism in Europe; to have avoided the ugliness of early industrialism; and to have preserved a way of life based on the observance of simple virtues, which made for freedom and contentment. But such a rude shaking-up as industrialised Europe gave this ordered system which had worked for 2,000 years had far-reaching results. Western mechanisation invaded China as it did every other part of the world. But her case has been different from that of Japan. The latter country, whose civilisation was originally imported from China, and which was in a state of feudalism in the nineteenth century, swallowed her humiliation at the forcing open of her doors to European trade, performed a lightning quick-change act, and became a Westernised industrial power whose efficiency is now worrying her teachers.

China, more stolid and immensely larger than Japan, underwent no such sudden change. She has had time to watch and ponder the events in Europe since 1914. She must continue to work towards mechanisation and leave behind the old form of her society. But out of the present chaos may rise a new China with a culture combining the best that the West can offer with the finest elements of her own ancient and wise system. There

is nothing decadent about this excellent people. They may yet bring their pleasant country to a new flowering as impressive as any she has shown the world in her long past.

§ 7

THE COMING OF CHRISTIANITY

Having now obtained some idea of how civilised peoples in the Far East had been living and thinking, we can go back to Rome and resume our story of Western civilisation at the point where its most famous figure emerges.

Jesus was born in the village of Bethlehem in Syria, during the reign of Augustus. (The probable date is 4 B.C. A mistake of four years was made when His birthday was used some five hundred years later as a basis for reckoning time.) He was the son of a Jewish carpenter, and how He spent His life during boyhood and early manhood we do not know. He first appears in history at the age of thirty, a prophet outwardly like the many Jewish prophets who had preceded Him, but with a message profoundly different. The Jews, as we saw, were the first to proclaim the one invisible God. But they also believed that they were God's chosen people; that Abraham had entered into an agreement with God to make them leaders among men.

Jesus would have none of this. On His walks over the hot and dusty roads of Judea He preached that God had no favourites, whether Jews or any others. The righteous who entered the Kingdom of Heaven would not be divided up into rich and poor of different races, but would be the equal sons of one Father. Patriotism, social divisions, even the institution of the family were all struck at by this teaching. The institutions that had been built up through thousands of years were now challenged by this poverty-stricken young man. There were not many kingdoms but one kingdom. It was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter that kingdom. All men were brothers, who should love one another. And to serve God's will was the only service.

Nothing like this frankly revolutionary teaching had been heard before. A new way of life was demanded, in which birth, position,

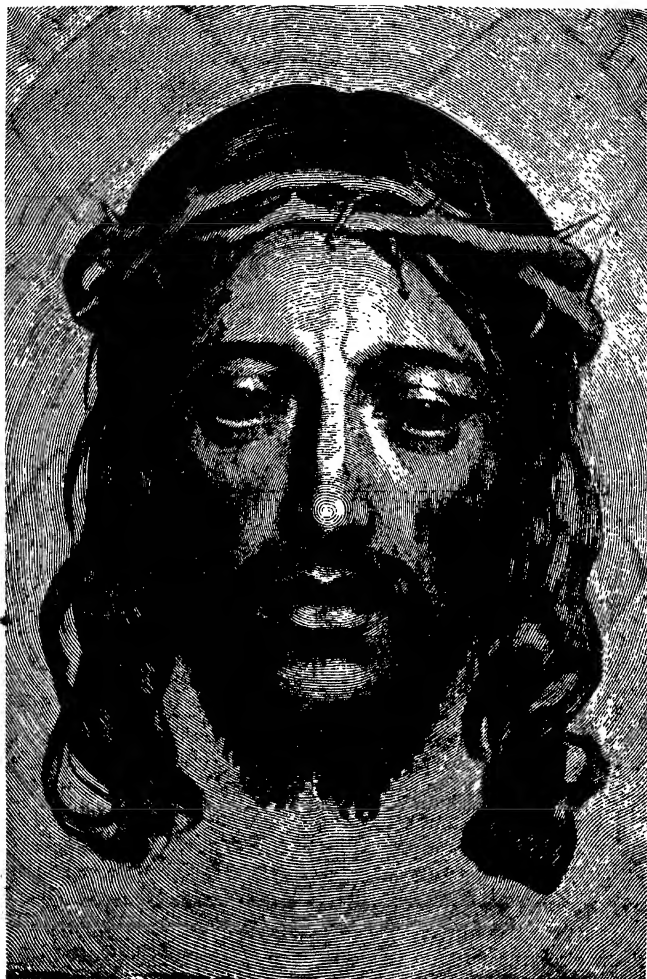
and riches would count for nothing. Such a doctrine, delivered with wonderful eloquence and earnestness by a person in as humble circumstances as themselves, attracted the poorer Jews. But the priests were nervous and angry. They knew that there could not be room for both Jesus and themselves.

Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea and Samaria, was approached by the priests, and told that Jesus intended to set up a kingdom of His own in Judea against the Roman Government. It is unnecessary here to go into Pilate's unwillingness to harm Jesus, his hesitations, and his ultimate delivering of Him to the executioners. Jesus, in any case, was a nuisance, and serious trouble might arise so long as He was at large. So He was put to death in the usual way, that is, by being nailed to a wooden cross. Two thieves were crucified along with Him. They took much longer to die than Jesus, whose energy was no doubt always more nervous than physical.

The career of Jesus as a preacher had lasted only three years. During that short space of time in an out-of-the-way part of the world He had set in motion a process that was to alter the heart and face of mankind.

Once the stone had been flung into the pool, the waves spread out inevitably ever wider and wider. The Romans had not heard the last of Jesus when they clothed Him in purple and crowned Him with thorns and hung Him up on a cross to die. The darkness came down on Golgotha and its three almost deserted crosses, but the light of a richer humanity was from that moment to gather increasing strength.

It was not long before the Romans began to notice these new disciples of the Jewish Messiah, these Christians, in the streets. They were very poor people, and preached meekness and humility and brotherly love. But withal they were strong in their insistence on the falseness of all other gods but theirs, and refused to worship the image of Cæsar. Such a doctrine was bound to appeal more to the slaves, who took hope from these consoling words, than to those in authority. But the Christians were at first allowed to grow into communities without much interference. They spread throughout the Roman empire, teaching the words of Jesus and the theology that St. Paul, a Jewish rabbi who a few years after the Prophet's death had been converted to His teachings, had built round them. They converted many of the barbarians who



CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

(From the engraving in single line by Claude Mellan, by permission of the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

were to prove, in the long run, a less subversive menace to Rome than the quietly revolutionary Christians.

At last, however, Roman authority decided to put down this ever-growing body of passive resistance in the empire. The Emperor Decius was the first to order a systematic suppression of the Christians, but it was natural that the absolute monarch Diocletian should be the most rigorous in his persecution. At first he was lenient, and "urged in the strongest terms the danger as well as cruelty of shedding the blood of those deluded fanatics." But the danger of an "independent people" being "permitted to subsist and multiply in the heart of the provinces" was pointed out to him. "The Christians," his advisers told him, "renouncing the gods and the institutions of Rome, had constituted a distinct republic, which might yet be suppressed before it had acquired any military force; but which was already governed by its own laws and magistrates, was possessed of a public treasure, and was intimately connected in all its parts by the frequent assemblies of the bishops, to whose decrees their numerous and opulent congregations yielded an implicit obedience." This was in the year 303. A most sweeping edict against the Christians was published. It was "scarcely exhibited to the public view, in the most conspicuous place of Nicodemia, before it was torn down by the hands of a Christian, who expressed, at the same time, by the bitterest invective, his contempt as well as abhorrence for such impious and tyrannical governors. His offence, according to the mildest laws, amounted to treason, and deserved death. And, if it be true that he was a person of rank and education, those circumstances could serve only to aggravate his guilt. He was burnt, or rather roasted, by a slow fire; and his executioners, zealous to avenge the personal insult which had been offered to the emperors, exhausted every refinement of cruelty, without being able to subdue his patience, or to alter the steady and insulting smile which in his dying agonies he still preserved in his countenance."

The first great persecution of the Christians was begun. But the book-burnings, the razing of the churches and the martyrdoms passed. A few years later an emperor was reigning who saw in Christianity a binding force that might well serve to cement together a tottering empire. Under Constantine the Great the new religion

became the official religion. A Roman emperor was baptised in the faith that had first been preached by a poor wandering Nazarene three centuries earlier. Christendom was established.

From now on the Church, in spite of much wrangling and many splits over points of theology, was to wax stronger and stronger, and become a great bulwark of civilisation against the forces that threatened it. For many years now the barbarians had been making inroads on the empire, and the fact that the Romans had been obliged to engage many of those same barbarians to fight for them did not make for security. The millions of poor people, even if they were not Christians, had been too badly treated by the State to feel any desire to fight for it.

Constantine moved eastward and built Byzantium as his new capital. It was later called Constantinople after him. The waves of barbarians were covering more and more of Europe as the Huns from Asia drove the Goths before them. There is not space here to go into the movements, conquests, and inter-fighting of these nomad peoples. An important event in their ascendancy was the capture of Rome in A.D. 410 by Alaric, the leader of the Visigoths (West Goths). They did not do much damage, but the Vandals, who came in A.D. 455, sacked the city. The Roman empire in Europe, ripe for destruction, at last disappeared. Gaul was occupied by the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and the Franks. The Jutes, Angles, and Saxons were overrunning Britain. The Vandals governed, from Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, and a great part of North Africa, and a Slav people called the Czechs were in Bohemia. In 451 Europe had been threatened with Mongolian rule, when Attila and his Huns invaded Gaul, but he was defeated by the allied Franks and Visigoths and imperial soldiers at the battle of Trogas.

The grandeur that was Rome had become a barbarian wilderness. In the east the Byzantine empire continued, but more in the tradition of Asiatic despotism than Western republicanism. The Latin language gave place to Greek, but the Greek spirit had evaporated. The mind of Byzantium was narrow and sterile.

A great darkness now came over the Western world. All that civilisation had gained through the Egyptian, Mesopotamian, Greek, and Roman cultures might well have seemed lost. But

a faint light was still burning in the gloom—the light of the Church. During the “Dark Ages” of the sixth and seventh centuries Christianity was the one stable institution. The social order was sick, and so were men’s minds and bodies, for pestilences raged continually. The plague came as a final disaster to many already familiar with warfare, hunger, and squalor.

At the end of the fifth century there appeared in Italy a man called Benedict. As a young man he lived like a hermit, and became famous for his saintly ways. Pupils flocked to him, and a number of houses were founded in which they lived. These monasteries multiplied during the next two centuries, and became important factors in the intellectual life of the time. Education, which, like every other civilised pursuit, had been threatened with extinction, was kept alive, though at a low ebb, for centuries by these monasteries. They were oases in a world mentally arid.

It was from a very unexpected quarter, however, that learning was to receive its next big stimulus. The torch that Rome had been given by Greece, only to let it go out, was rekindled in the Arabian desert. Once again the Near East was to come to the rescue of civilisation.

In the town of Mecca, in Arabia, towards the end of the sixth century A.D., there lived a young camel-driver. He belonged to the Semitic Arab people, and when he was not looking after the camels of his rich employer, a woman whom he later married, he was thinking, like that other great Semitic people, the Jews, of the One True God. Mecca, then as now, was a place of pilgrimage. But that was because it contained the Kaaba, a small cube-shaped building which housed the sacred black stone—holiest of all the Arab emblems.

Mohammed knew a great deal about the ways of the idolaters who flocked to Mecca, and he disapproved of them. But it was not until he was forty that he began to talk openly about the One True God, who alone should be worshipped. When at length he became convinced that he was the prophet of this God, for whom Abraham and Jesus Christ had only prepared the way, his fellow-townsmen, who had hitherto been amused at him, took serious affront. The Kaaba was bread and butter to Mecca’s inhabitants, and here was this crazy fellow threatening to stop the profitable inflow of pilgrims. They plotted to put him out of the way, but

Mohammed heard of their plans, and fled to Medina. As is usually the case, the prophet found more honour in the strange city than in his own. For seven years he preached in Medina. His teaching, like that of Buddha and Jesus Christ, required no priests or temples. Good conduct and love of the One God were the essential virtues. All Moslems (as his followers were named) were brothers and equal. They should be kind and generous towards one another. Believers would go to Heaven, while hell awaited the wicked and idolatrous.

It was a simple, heartening faith, and soon attracted many adherents. When his forces were strong enough, Mohammed marched back to Mecca and established himself there as its ruler.

Before he died in 632 he had conquered Arabia, but his successor, the Caliph Abu Bekr, resolved to win the whole world for the new faith. Islam did not conquer all the world, but in a century the small armies of brave and enthusiastic Arabs had taken a good part of it. The year 732 found them as far away from Mecca as Tours in France, where, however, their almost miraculous advance was checked. But their empire by this time included Spain, all the country bordering the Mediterranean as far east as Constantinople (which they never took), Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Persia. Their armies had even reached China.

Now, the importance to civilisation of the Islamic empire lies in the intellectual revival which it set afoot, and which remained long after the empire had been ruptured politically. Aristotle's science had long been as dead as Aristotle himself; and we know how it was in the West with learning and art at this time. The Arabs changed all that. Everywhere they went they eagerly routed out dormant ideas and breathed new life into them. Greek natural science was rescued from the shameful neglect into which it had fallen. From the Far East to Spain men began again to enquire and learn. Moslem universities were founded at Cordova in Spain, at Bagdad, Cairo, and Basra. Medicine made great advances under the Arabs, and so did mathematics. Important discoveries in astronomy and chemistry were made. The Arabic figures that we use to-day displaced the old Roman numerals. From China the Arabs learned how to make paper. Everywhere there was a busy coming and going of learned men, And all because of an Arab camel-driver.

Learned and wise men, however, are only a small part of mankind. How were the rest of the people living during the centuries that followed the break-up of Rome—those centuries that we call the Middle Ages? Rome had managed to maintain peace and security for her peoples for many years. But now that Rome had gone there was little security left for the people of Western Europe. Take England, for example. The Romans had civilised and protected her for centuries. But after they went away, a succession of invading peoples swept down and fought over her, like dogs over a bone. Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Danes, and, in 1066 the Normans, all invaded her. On the Continent things were no better. Western Europe was a muddle of small States, whose people were living in poverty and constant fear of invasion. But gradually a certain order came out of this chaos. The desire of people to be allowed to work their farms during the day and to sleep soundly at night resulted in a social system being imposed on the general confusion. This was feudalism.

At the head of the system was the king or ruler of the State. The King made grants of land to his vassals, who might be dukes, barons, counts, or such-like noble people, in return for a promise of loyalty and payment of taxes. The land granted was called a *fief*, and it was liable to be taken back if the holder broke his promises to the King. And just as the King gave land to, say, a baron in return for service, so the baron gave the people on his estate something in return for work and goods. This something was security. The baron had a strong castle which offered good shelter, and he also had soldiers. The mediæval serf, who was not exactly a slave, but who certainly was not free, was willing to give his lord an agreed amount of his crops and perform other specified duties, just to have that comfortable feeling of security. He looked up at the castle while he was working in the fields and knew that in time of danger he could shelter behind its thick walls. Peace was really worth the price demanded.

The lot of the serf was like that of the slave of ancient times in so far as he could not leave his lord's land without permission and in many cases could only marry with his lord's consent.

Serfdom continued to exist in one of civilisation's backwaters for centuries after the date that is supposed to mark the end of the Middle Ages. Fifteen millions of serfs were freed in Russia in—1861.

The people of these feudal communities did not lead very full or gracious lives. They were very near to the earth from which they so laboriously extracted a living. And death was never far from their minds. The devil and hell-fire played very real parts in their lives. They were beginning to take a morbid interest in witches. Yet one fine idea did grow like a flower out of this poor soil—the idea of Chivalry. Across this period moves the glittering cavalcade of knighthood.

A boy of gentle birth in the Middle Ages performed the duties of a page in his father's castle, that is to say, he waited on the ladies, ran their errands, and generally learned to be well mannered and useful. When he was fourteen he became a squire. He now performed more manly duties, such as looking after a knight's horses and riding behind him with an extra spear when he went out to fight. At twenty-one he himself became a knight, after swearing to be faithful to God and loyal to the King, to protect the weak and to honour women. In this last respect, of the "chivalrous" attitude towards women, the Middle Ages were more civilised than Ancient Greece at its most glorious.

There was an outlet for a knight who felt the strain of such a high standard of behaviour. The slaughter of Mohammedans was not only what in the jargon of to-day would be called a psychological safety-valve, but a sacred duty as well. The first surge of militant Christians to the East was, however, mainly composed of ordinary people moved partly by Peter the Hermit's stories of heathen wickedness to Christians and partly by discontent with their hard times at home. They were too ignorant to have any idea of the task they were undertaking, and this first great rallying to the banner of Christianity ended as it must. Those that got as far as Constantinople were killed for their pains, and others who could not wait till they got to the Holy Land, but expended their zeal in a pogrom against the Rhineland Jews, likewise came to grief. Another band behaved so badly in Hungary that they too were killed.

This first "People's Crusade" nevertheless proves how strong Christianity, with the Pope as its spokesman, had become by the year 1095. The later Crusades, once they were properly organised, became a European habit.

And now began a very important change in the way that European peoples lived. The Crusades had taught the knights new

habits. They had shown them new materials to wear and new foods to eat. Merchants—many of them were Jews—who brought such things from the East became more important than they had been before. As they grew in number they tended to club together for their mutual good—for borrowing money and for the feeling of protection against outsiders that such co-operation gives.

These little groups were called merchant guilds. They did two great things to advance the civilisation of Europe. They began to make things themselves as well as sell them, so that craftsmanship was born again; and by their growing power they were able to wrest from the feudal lords rights of their own, which were written down on charters, and so laid the foundations of free merchant cities. The day of the baron in his castle lording it over the miserable hovels crowded round it was about to pass. The struggle was a long one, for the nobility did not give in till they were forced to. But by various means, including the use of money, which stood for power then as now, the merchants won.

In England, France, Germany, the Netherlands there was a great building of cities, and under their roofs a great hammering and sewing and carving and painting, for the guilds were of all kinds. Goldsmiths, weavers, barbers, dyers, tailors, bakers—all had their guilds. If a boy wanted to become a goldsmith, he was apprenticed to a "master" goldsmith for several years, lived in his house, and learned the craft. He was given food and clothes, but no wages. When his time was up and his hand had gained the cunning of a good goldsmith, he became a journeyman, which is to say that he now received wages for his work and did not "live in," as we say nowadays. The members of a guild were supposed to look after the welfare of fellow-members and also to see that the standard of the guild's work was not allowed to decline. The prices at which the goods were sold were kept under control to prevent "profiteering."

Men in these days of growing prosperity did not think only of Mammon. If we were able to walk through a mediæval city of the eleventh or twelfth century we should see not only half-timbered merchants' houses and city halls being built. In a surprising number of those cities we should not have had to push our way very far through the narrow cobbled streets, filled with pedlars and busy citizens and noisy, larking apprentices, before we caught sight of a half-finished building looming up like a great ship above

the roofs to prove that men were also working to glorify their God. The spires of the lovely mediæval cathedrals now began to point to the skies.

§ 8

EUROPE

The growth of cities and the increasing busyness in trade between countries resulted in more prosperity for most people, but conditions were far from being ideal. A great many more people than before were working at interesting, secure jobs for which they were paid regular wages. (A craftsman could put something of himself into his job; a factory worker seldom can.) But it was not all as genial and mellow and civilised as the Nüremburg of Wagner's *Meistersinger*. There were distress and disease and bad sanitation and ignorance.

The Middle Ages of the troubadours and the stone flowerings which were the Gothic cathedrals were also the Middle Ages of the horrifying Black Death and the fourteenth-century peasants' revolt. It is difficult for us in these days of hygienic efficiency to imagine an epidemic which killed about 25 million people in Europe alone—one-quarter of its population. Something good came out of this, but the price had been a dreadful one. The rich people tried to squeeze more service out of what were left of the poor without paying them any more money. The exhausted and depleted peasantry, led in England by Wat Tyler, rebelled, and were of course crushed. But a new spirit, which was to have important effects on history, was instilled into them. No longer did the poor accept their lowly state as a law of nature. The Kentish priest, John Ball, who inquired in a text for one of his sermons, "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" had not preached in vain. Ball was executed and the peasants defeated, but the voice of what we now call the "working class"—the forerunner of "Socialism"—was henceforth to be heard in the land.

The ploughman who was one of Chaucer's famous band of pilgrims to Canterbury had not, it would seem, been infected with this new class-consciousness. We are told that "a trewe swinker (workman) and a good was he, living in pees and parfit charitee." The rest of this little company give us a good idea of the types of

people to be met in fourteenth-century England. At the head is a knight, "a worthy man," a very perfect gentle knight. He is just home from the wars and is making the pilgrimage in gratitude for his safe return. With him is his son, who is also his squire. His hair is as curly as if it had been "pressed." He wears a short green coat with long, wide sleeves, and sings or plays the flute all day, "as fresh as is the month of May." Next there is the yeoman, also in attendance on the knight. He has a brown, open-air face, is dressed in a green coat and hood, and has a sheaf of arrows with peacock's feathers.

Some nuns and priests are trotting along behind. There is a prioress who speaks excellent French with, however, a Stratford-atte-Bowe accent. Besides the nun who is the prioress's chaplain, there is a monk. He is very fond of hunting, an early "sporting parson," in fact; is fat and prosperous-looking, and is wearing a gold brooch. There were many rich clerics like him in those days. Behind a merry friar rides a bearded merchant and a student from Oxford, a rather taciturn youth who received his schooling through the charity of alms-givers.

A lawyer and a rich "franklin" (a free land-holder) who seems to be very much of a gourmet, come next; and are followed by five gildsmen—a haberdasher, a carpenter, a weaver, a dyer, and an upholsterer. These men have brought their own cook with them.

A brown-faced sailor from Dartmouth in the west—a jovial fellow on an inferior horse—and a doctor are next in the little procession. The latter, we are told, is well versed in astrology as well as medicine—a combination that we found so many centuries previously in Babylon. Behind them is a matron from Bath, not only an expert in the business of clothmaking, which was carried on there, but a well-travelled woman into the bargain, for she has been three times to Jerusalem, as well as to other famous places of pilgrimage. With her is a poor but worthy parish priest and his brother, the ploughman aforesaid.

A miller who entertained the company by playing the bagpipes, and three legal and ecclesiastical officials complete the procession.

As they clatter along the road to Canterbury they present a vivid picture of the types of their day. The sound of their busy tongues and their horses' hooves dies away, and we regret, in spite of the drawbacks of the mediæval times, the passing of such colour and innocent companionship from the roads of England. Our modern



"HEERE BIGYNNETH THE SQUIERES TALE": THE SQUIRE OF CHAUCER'S
"CANTERBURY TALES."

(From a facsimile of the Ellesmere Chaucer in the British Museum, by permission of the Trustees.)

pilgrims to Canterbury either shut themselves up from both their fellow-travellers and the countryside in high-speed cars or make the journey in unsociable silence in a railway compartment. A latter-day Chaucer would be poorly served for material for a new set of pilgrims' tales.

With the founding of the gilds, the merchant towns, and the universities, life in the Middle Ages was becoming richer. The "middle class" of the wealthy merchant and of the franklin mentioned above was rising, and more were beginning to have that leisure of which mental advance is born.

In the thirteenth century a ray of the light which was later to spread over the world had pierced the intellectual darkness when an Englishman called Roger Bacon implored the scholars of Oxford to take their noses out of the badly translated Latin versions of Aristotle and to look around them, to find out things for themselves, to experiment. Bacon himself invented and dissected and probed eagerly into the nature of things around him. He was the Aristotle of his day. But he was not living in tolerant and enlightened Greece. The schoolmen muttered of Black Magic and saw that he was forbidden to write his dangerous books for ten years. Bacon stands out startlingly against the darkness of this period. He was very much in advance of his time.

But, as we have seen, things were getting better. The number of scholars and prosperous people was increasing, and the poor, though still existing in a very black night of ignorance, were no longer the meekly acceptant poor of the pre-Tyler and Ball times. Things were stirring, but still the Church, like a mother that cannot bear to see her family grow up, insisted that life on this earth was but a prelude to a greater one, and discouraged undue curiosity about it. She had played a great part in holding society together in its darkest days, but she was now beginning to grow hostile to adult speculation about, and enjoyment of, this life and this world. There came a time, however, when her theological thunders no longer frightened men bent on becoming complete, independent, intellectual beings. In Italy, in the fourteenth century, a man called Petrarch and his followers unfurled a bright pagan banner in the name of the powers and virtues of men and nature. The spirit that inspired these "humanists" was the reborn Greek spirit, and the works that they held up to the world as the greatest achievements of the free intelligence were the works of the Ancient Greeks. The

dust of centuries was blown off them. They were translated and disseminated. A great revival of learning spread through Italy. Students crowded the lecture-rooms to hear the classics read and discussed. The awakened appetite for culture was to spread all over Italy and beyond it, and science, philosophy, and art were all to enter upon a new life.

This new spirit had not been long in being when an invention was born that was to help greatly in its propagation. We saw how the Arabs brought paper-making from China to Europe. The paper was used for the writing of books by hand. If another copy of a book was wanted, it was written all over again. In the year 1440 a man in Germany at last thought of a better way to do this copying than the laborious method that had been followed in Europe for centuries. About the middle of the fifteenth century Johann Gutenberg cut letters in wood, arranged them in words, inked them, and pressed paper against them. In this way the first printing-press was given to the world. That first crude machine has had, as its greatly elaborated successor is still having, important effects on men's development. Those newspaper bills which shriek at us in the streets owe their existence to it, no less than the millions of books which pack the groaning shelves of the British Museum.

The first book to be printed in large quantities was the Bible. More and more people began to read, and writers began to spring up to feed the growing interest in the printed word. Till now Latin had been the language of scholarship. But books began to be published in the language that people spoke.

From now on the world begins to open out in a most exciting way. Ordinary people are reading and thinking. A cultured nobility are turning over the newly printed pages of the Greek classics. The grace of man and nature is being depicted with a fresh and glowing beauty by the Italian painters. The painter Giotto (1266-1337) has rescued art from the gloomy prison of the Byzantine style, and Europe is to see a dazzling procession of painters which includes Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo. The earth itself is becoming larger.

China had started the process by which men's minds could be guided along intellectual paths by the printed word. From China came also the instrument to guide them over unknown seas. The compass arrived in Europe in the fifteenth century. About this

time a Genoese sailor called Christopher Columbus was reading about the travels of the Venetian family of Polo to China. Fascinated by the colourful picture of the romantic Eastern land, he resolved, convinced that the world was round, to open up a new route to the East by sailing to the West.

He put the idea to one European monarch after another without success. Even Portugal, whose sailors had sailed as far across the Atlantic as the Cape Verde Islands, felt it could do without his services.

The story of his ultimate success with the King and Queen of Spain is too well known to need repetition here. In 1492 Columbus, with his three absurdly small ships, arrived at what he firmly believed, to the end of his days, to be India. But the world soon knew that a vast new continent had been added to the known earth. The Norsemen who visited America five hundred years before had long been forgotten. Like many other things in the history of mankind, America was discovered all over again.

Exotic things were brought from the new countries to add to the varied life of the old. In a city like Florence the great trading family of the Medici had made themselves rulers of the city and patrons of art. The Florence of the Medicis presents perhaps the most brilliant picture of the Italian Renaissance period. And Leonardo da Vinci is probably the most brilliant and many-sided of the great men that Florence was turning out during this period. For not only was he a painter, but a sculptor, scientist, naturalist, poet, philosopher, and engineer as well. It is as if nature had decided to produce a composite Renaissance figure, a figure exhibiting her main aims in the work of one ideal man. The age was inquisitive and inventive and artistic. Gusto and enthusiasm were abroad. Men were painting, scribbling, experimenting, and laughing. From France came great gusts of earth-shaking laughter. The *Gargantua* of Rabelais (c. 1485-1553) was being given to the world.

All over the continent of Europe *individuals* are emerging from the group-society of the Middle Ages, and are expressing themselves freely in art, literature, and other spheres.

In England the seed of the Renaissance was to flower rather later. Meanwhile, important things were happening. The revival of learning had had certain effects. New schools and colleges.

such as Colet's St. Paul's, were founded, and organised according to the new ideas. And the newly printed books—chiefly Bibles—were creating a more knowledgeable and independent public. Such people as read them were not likely to accept the authority of the Church as blindly as before. The Church in any case was not too popular with the merchant class, which coveted its lands and riches. So that when Henry VIII quarrelled with the Pope over his domestic affairs and put himself at the head of the Church in England, he did not meet with a great deal of opposition.

The monasteries in this country were dissolved, and most of their lands, apart from those which were set apart to endow new bishoprics and educational institutions, were given to the nobility, and the King himself was the richer for the changes. Many of the estates later passed into the hands of the rich merchants whom the voyages of discovery were making more and more powerful. The admirable old Gilds were to give place to trading companies whose one object was to make money. Modern capitalism was taking root.

Meanwhile, the Church continued to receive some staggering blows from a no longer docile Europe. State after State separated from Rome. The Reformation was responsible for national churches being established in North Germany, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Bohemia, Scotland, and England. We cannot here go into the causes and effects of this great movement out of which emerged the two main religious armies—Catholic and Protestant. But in England, at least, educational institutions, which, as we have seen, owed so much to the Church, fell into neglect when their patron was attacked. The tolerance and enlightenment which learning fosters do not thrive in an atmosphere thick with theological argument and the smoke of martyrs' fires. Up to the time of Elizabeth, England continued to be a place of discontent and persecution. But with the coming of a shrewd and able queen, to whom religion was no more than a means by which unity and progress could once again be secured in her realm, there was a great improvement. Elizabeth, in her typically practical way, brought about a religious compromise, and then began to put the English house in order. The country entered upon a delayed Renaissance of its own. The cries of burning heretics became fainter, and the sound of madrigals was heard instead.

London, the city in which the poets and dramatists and musicians

of the Elizabethan period foregathered, had become a very important place. It was a city of churches and mansions and shops and theatres; and many wealthy and well-dressed people walked in its streets. We are familiar to-day with the passionate efforts that are made from time to time to prove that certain qualities in our national character or certain features of, say, London are unexcelled in the world. Something of the same spirit existed in Elizabethan times. A contemporary writer, Harrison, describes in considerable picturesque detail the luxury of the houses of "knights, gentlemen, merchantmen, and some other wealthy citizens," and explains that whereas in the old days such "costly furniture" was found only in high places, now "it is descended yet lower even unto the inferior artificers and many farmers who . . . here, for the most part, learned also to garnish their cupboards with plate, their joined beds with tapestry and silk hangings, and their tables with carpets and fine napery." And he piously thanks God for the unprecedented wealth of the country.

The mansions such as Harrison describes might have been seen in the "Strand," which bordered the Thames in those days. And on the waters of the river itself there floated, not ugly barges and drab little tugs, but stately boats carrying gay passengers up to Westminster or farther afield. A stroller down the Strand in Elizabethan times would pass by the hospital of the Savoy, the "large and goodly" Somerset House, built by the Duke of Somerset (not, of course, the present building), and other noble houses whose gardens extended down to the water. Walking towards the city, one would pass the Temple Gardens and the site of the White Friars' house which since Henry VIII's time had given place to "many fair houses, lodgings for noblemen and others." Continuing up Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill to the Ludgate, a gate of the old wall of London, a good view of old St. Paul's could be had. It was a considerably longer building than Wren's, having been "two hundred and forty tailor's yards," or 780 ft. long, as compared with the present building's 500 ft. The spire, which was struck by lightning in 1561, was 520 ft. high. The height of our St. Paul's, without the surmounting cross, is 340 ft. Elizabeth, on her accession, had cleared out all the images from the cathedral and ordered the clergy to dress in plain black. When the fateful thunder-storm broke one June afternoon and the wooden spire began to burn, the Catholics murmured of a judgment, and doubtless

watched while the bells melted and the roofs fell in, all within a space of four hours. The spire was never rebuilt, in spite of Elizabeth's strong desire that it should be.

Could we have entered this great building we should not have been struck by its odour of sanctity. St. Paul's in Tudor times was not a place of lowered voices and grave demeanours. Elizabethans were not guided through its solemn spaces in awed, tiptoeing groups. It was rather one vast and rowdy club. The clacking of the gossips' tongues and the laughter of the wits and gallants sounded continually through its lofty arches. So badly did people come to misbehave in St. Paul's that laws were made to bring some sort of decorum back to the place. "Elizabeth," we are told, "issued a proclamation . . . forbidding affray, drawing of swords in the church, or shooting with hand-gun or dagger, under pain of two months' imprisonment. Neither were agreements to be made for the payment of money within the church. Soon after the fire, a man that had provoked a fray in the church was set in the pillory in the churchyard, and had his ears nailed to a post, and then cut off. These proclamations, however, led to no reform. Cheats, gulls, assassins, and thieves thronged the middle aisle of St. Paul's; advertisements of all kinds covered the walls, the worst class of servants came there to be hired; worthless rascals and disreputable flaunting women met there by appointment."¹ The noise in the cathedral was described by another writer as resembling "that of bees, a strange hum mixed of walking tongues and feet, a kind of still roar or loud whisper."

It was not as if London was without legitimate places of entertainment. The religious miracle plays of the Middle Ages had by this time developed a young but lusty secular drama. The "theatre section" of Elizabethan London was on the Surrey side of the river. The high hexagonal building that rose above Southwark was the Globe Theatre. It was very different from the great sweeping amphitheatres that we encountered in our survey of Ancient Greece. True, it was open to the sky as they were, but it was a cramped, top-heavy place in comparison. The audience crowded into the theatre in the afternoons, and until the curtain was drawn aside at three o'clock the pit pushed and shoved and whistled while their betters in the boxes or "rooms" conversed more genteelly and examined each other's costumes with a critical

¹ *Thornbury's Old and New London* (Cassell, Fetter & Galpin).

eye—for this was an age of dandies. There was plenty of life and enthusiasm. The turbulent genius of a Shakespeare could thrive in this atmosphere. This was not the only theatre outside which this same Shakespeare could hold horses when he first came to London. In Southwark there were also the "Swan," the "Rose," and the "Hope," while across the river were the popular "Blackfriars," the "Red Bull," and the "Fortune." It was a carpenter called James Burbage who had built the first theatre in London, and his son, Richard, became the foremost actor of his time. He acted in the plays written by his friend Will. Perhaps he insisted, as is the way of actors, on having plenty of "fat" in his parts. Who knows how many famous soliloquies owe their existence to Burbage's vanity?

Another favourite Elizabethan entertainment was bear-baiting, which the seventeenth-century Pepys was to call "a very rude and nasty pleasure," although he attended several times. Queen Elizabeth took the French ambassadors to see bears and bulls being baited by bull-dogs.

We can picture the Elizabethans gathered together at such entertainments. A queen who loves dress is on the throne, and those of her subjects who can willingly follow suit. The woman's skirts hang over great "farthingale" hoops, and they wear ruffs and long pointed stomachers. The men are perhaps wearing feathered velvet hats, high-heeled shoes, velvet tunics, and breeches. The writer already quoted¹ deplored the frivolous and ever-changing fashions of this time. He mentions Spain, France, Germany, and Turkey as being among the countries from which fashions are imported in quick succession. "Oh, how much cost," he exclaims in despair, "is bestowed nowadays upon our bodies, and how little upon our souls! How many suits of apparel hath the one, and how little furniture hath the other! How long time is asked in decking up the first, and how little space left wherein to feed the latter!" The garment goes back again and again to the tailor, and when it is at last right "then must we put it on, then must the long seams of our hose be set by a plumb-line, then we puff, then we blow, and finally sweat till we drop, that our clothes may stand well upon us." He regrets the old times when English dress was simple and dignified, and praises the merchants for altering their attire least.

The air in the Elizabethan theatres and bear-gardens was rendered thicker by the smoke of tobacco, for Sir Walter Raleigh had brought the alluring weed from America, along with the potato. The smoking habit spread very fast, tobacco being hailed by many as a cure for "rheums" and other ailments, and denounced by some as a most harmful and noxious innovation. It was not long before a writer could complain bitterly of the many who "keep houses, set open shoppes, that have no other trade to live by, but by the selling of tobacco!"

The more healthful recreations of the Elizabethans included tennis, bowling, and archery. The open spaces such as those of Finsbury and Smithfield which lay beyond the city's walls provided them with ground for such sports. Indoors they could dance, sing, or play the virginals.

This England of music, poetry, adventure, and games on the greensward was not, however, as idyllic as we are tempted to picture it. There was plenty of dirt and insanitariness as well, and the plague continued to take its periodic dreadful toll. Then were heard, not the sound of lutes and choirs, but "the loud groans of raving, sick men, the struggling pangs of souls departing; in every house grief striking up an alarum; servants crying out for masters, wives for husbands, parents for children, and children for their mothers."¹

Yet it remains a stirring, vigorous time. Raleigh is only one of the romantic discoverers who sailed forth to claim new lands for Gloriana. Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Davis, and Gilbert—all helped to make England's name respected and feared abroad.

Commerce was not being forgotten. Elizabethan England was no doubt a nest of singing birds, but she had also those characteristics which were later to earn her the title of a nation of shopkeepers. The famous companies of merchant adventurers were founded in this reign, including what was later to be known as the East India Company. At home, refugees from the religious disturbances on the Continent had established new industries. The Dutch, Walloons, Flemings, and Huguenots were making tapestries, silks, lace, glass, woollen cloth, and so forth.

By the end of Elizabeth's reign England, France, and Spain have emerged as powerful and independent nations. A strong

¹ *The Deller*. "The Wonderful Year, 1603," from an extract in G. B. Harrison's *England in Shakespeare's Day* (Methuen).

national pride has appeared, excusably increased in England's case by her famous victory over the Armada in 1588.

We now approach a period when peoples and monarchies saw up and down in successive attempts to achieve a level of acceptable government. In England, Tudor Elizabeth was succeeded by Stuart James. The Tudors had been despots, but they had brought about security and unity in the realm. Moreover, the popular and thoroughly English Elizabeth could naturally carry off more unconstitutional peccadilloes than the Stuart incomers. Rule by "Divine Right," a principle very dear to a Stuart heart, was becoming more and more unlikely to work with a people that had an increasing stratum of wealthy merchants and their like who were not inclined to put up with too much royal interference. There was also a sturdy Puritan body growing up, and the Bible was translated into English. In 1581 the people of the Netherlands had rejected Philip II of Spain as their ruler, because they held that he had not done his duty as a king. In 1649 James's son, Charles I, walked to the scaffold in Whitehall after having been tried and found guilty of high treason to his people. On the other hand, Louis XIV in Catholic France (1643-1715) was soon to inaugurate a long rule as an "enlightened despot."

He was an extremely able ruler according to his lights, and during his reign France led all the rest of the nations in the brilliance of her social life. French manners, French culture, French fashions, and the French language came to be adopted by the élite of Europe. When the great palace of Versailles, with its spacious salons, and its elegantly laid-out terraces, gardens, and parks, rose at his bidding, every monarch in Europe was first dazzled, and then moved to imitate him. Here the arts of pampered living were brought to their highest pitch. Elegant dandies in embroidered, lace-trimmed silk coats, vast curled and powdered wigs, and high-heeled shoes, progressed elaborately through richly decorated drawing-rooms. They were prettily dressed puppets who danced gracefully to Louis's tune. It was all very splendid for the great monarch and for the nobility who were able to enjoy the luxurious idleness in which the King's superb independence had placed them. It was all far, far away from reality. The taxpayers who made all this grandeur possible were out of sight and out of mind. It was to be some time yet before absolute monarchy in

France was to disappear in the red glare of Revolution.

Some of the money that Louis used so expertly to further his ambitious foreign policy went into the pockets of Charles II of England. A Stuart was once again on the throne after the death of the Lord Protector Cromwell, whose stern rule over a subdued and cheerless England had proved no more acceptable to the people than that of James and Charles I.

But the conscientious Cromwell had at least succeeded in maintaining the country's position abroad and looking after her trade. The Merry Monarch, for whom any other adjective must be an unflattering one, was a facile and corrupt liar. The Restoration saw a period of reaction against Puritanism. Looseness and extravagance were found on every side in an England where to dance round a maypole had recently been held immoral. But the King had been on the throne only five years when, in 1665, a dreadful pall spread over the country. In April of that year plague broke out in London. In May forty-three people died, but by September the figure for the month had risen to over 30,000. The court as well as thousands of other people had fled from the stricken city. London became a sad and silent place. The diarist, John Evelyn, writes at this time: "Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn it might be next." This was in September. The previous month he had written: "A solemn fast through England to deprecate God's displeasure against the land by pestilence and war; our Doctor preaching . . . that the means to obtain remission of punishment was not to repine at it; but humbly to submit to it."¹

Punishment or not, the plague took a dreadful toll. People when shopping would not let the shop-keeper handle their purchases, but took them from the shelves themselves. And the shop-keeper would make his customers put their money into a pot filled with vinegar before daring to touch it. On every side the infected houses marked with their red crosses and the despairing words "God have mercy upon us!" struck chill into the hearts of those who were still whole.

¹ *Evelyn's Diary* (Everyman Edition).

The winter killed off most of the germs, but the following year a drastic cleansing of the dirty old city was effected. On September 2, 1666, Evelyn wrote in his diary: "This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish-street, in London." The next day he went to Southwark and beheld "that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the waterside. . . . The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place; and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill . . . and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church." He describes the sad lack of presence of mind shown by the people, who were "running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them as it burned . . . the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other." The fire, he says, "devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save. . . . Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! . . . All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round-about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal and reached . . . near fifty miles in length. . . . London was, but is no more! "

Another famous diarist was also watching the Great Fire grow "in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire."

This sight moved Samuel Pepys to tears. He also did something practical about it, however, advising the King to have houses pulled down to stop the spread of the fire. They were, in fact, blown up by gunpowder, and at length the flames subsided. At the time the fire was a great disaster, but it proved a blessing later; for a healthier and finer London arose from the ashes of the old.

The plague had caused a brilliant young man to be "forced from Cambridge." This was Isaac Newton, who was later to explain to the world the law of gravitation. Newton was born in 1642. In that year another very great scientist died. The Italian Galileo had founded the sciences of mechanics and hydrostatics and had revolutionised astronomy. In 1660 the Royal Society was founded for the promotion and publication of learning and to encourage research. A pupil of Galileo's called William Harvey (1578-1657) made the discovery of the circulation of the blood. And with the work of Robert Boyle (1627-1691) the modern chemist replaced the mediæval alchemist with his obsession about the turning of base metals into gold. Territorial discoveries and conquests were being followed by scientific ones.

It was the seventeenth century that also saw the first newspapers in England.

In 1689 Parliament had scored a notable victory over the Crown. The Bill of Rights of that year secured for England more liberty than was known in any other European country.

Abroad, the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), which involved most of the European countries, and left Germany a waste when the Peace of Westphalia (1648) was made, taught the opposing Protestants and Catholics that they had lost much and gained nothing, and that in future they had better leave one another alone. From the despoiled confusion that Germany had become, there arose in 1701 the new kingdom of Prussia under Frederick I, a king as coarse-grained and Prussian as his son, Frederick the Great, was cultured and French. The latter followed the example of Louis XIV, both in his method of government and in his tastes; and at Potsdam there was built another Versailles.

This kingdom was one of two which emerged at this time as additional powers to be reckoned with in Europe. That remarkable man Peter the Great of Russia (1682-1725) effected an astonishing series of reforms throughout his country and built the great new capital of St. Petersburg. Neither Italy nor Germany had yet

reached their present united state, but with the growth of Prussia and the Westernisation of Russia, we can see the Europe of our time taking shape. We shall return to this subject later.

Looking back at the seventeenth century, we see that England gained notable victories in politics and science. One might also note a writer whose literary stature is to be a towering one—the Puritan, John Milton. France has achieved such a dazzling social polish under the "Grand Monarque" that the blinded admirer does not see the signs of brooding discontent that lie beneath the veneer. Italy's Galileo joins the group of the century's great scientists. And the penetration of Europe into new and distant lands continues. In 1674 England has acquired the town of New Amsterdam in America from the Dutch and has renamed it New York. About fifty years before that the Pilgrim Fathers had sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower* in search of America and religious freedom.

The prosperity born of overseas trade increased in the eighteenth century. Wealthy middle-class people lived in houses whose elegance and beautiful proportions remain as models to present-day architects.

During the course of the eighteenth century social life became more ordered, tidy and elegant. Changes were taking place, however. At home the process was to be gradual. In France, where there were the two extremes of royal despotism and an oppressed peasantry, the old régime was to collapse amid scenes of the most lurid and violent description.

Meanwhile, in England the leisured people of a country growing more commercially powerful every day were developing the art of graceful idleness very efficiently. This is the age of tea-parties, beaux, fops, wigs, powder and patches, Bath, Tunbridge Wells, and cards, cards, and yet again cards. Eccentrics and gamblers provide topics for scandal. Recreations that are still pursued in our own society, such as concerts, opera, and novel-reading, date from this time.

At no time had contemporary life and manners been mirrored and satirised by a more brilliant group of writers. Besides Gay there were Swift, Defoe, Pope, Congreve, Steele, and Addison, all living in the time of Queen Anne. Across the Channel, Voltaire was to launch barbed shafts of ridicule at the religious and political institutions of the day, while Rousseau amused the intensely arti-

ficial habitués of the Paris salons by demonstrating how greatly superior to theirs was the savage state.

The essays by Addison and Steele in *The Spectator*, a periodical which was first published in 1711, performed a double service: they set out to guide society along a path between Restoration licence on the one hand and Puritan intolerance on the other; and they painted a brilliant picture of the life and types of the time.

Defoe also remarks on the greater freedom in the country as compared with feudal times. He points out that the English gentry are superior to those of other nations, in that "their property in these estates is in themselves; that they are neither subject to the frowns or the caprices of the sovereign or any dislike or dissatisfactions; that they inherit their lands *in capite*, absolutely and by entail, which even treason itself cannot forfeit or cut off any farther than for the life of the delinquent; that they are not subjected to any homages or services by their tenures. All the knights' service and vassalage is abolished, they are as absolutely possessed of their manors and freehold as a prince is of his crown. Nor can they be oppressed with taxes, arbitrary impositions, quartering of soldiers, or any of the ordinary oppressions of subjects in use under arbitrary governments; nothing can be levied on them but by consent in Parliament, where, choosing their own members, every man may be said to give his own consent before he can be taxed, that is, in short, to have the giving of his own money; all which particulars being considered, a gentleman's estate in England is worth five times the income in pensions or governments which are at the will of the granter, or than lands, however settled or entailed, that are subject to the taxes, impositions, quartering of soldiers, and other ravages of the Sovereign. I should have said, the *tyrants*, which is the condition of almost all the inheritances in Europe." This catalogue of the English gentleman's advantages is, it may be added, only inserted by Defoe in order the more effectively to deride the "stupidity and ignorance" of people "who by all their circumstances are qualified to be the most completely happy of any people in the world and to be made . . . the envy, the admiration, and the example of all the gentry in Christendom," yet who despise learning and live only for "their dogs, their horses, their sport and their bottle."¹

¹ *The Compleat English Gentleman*, Defoe, ed. Büllbring (David Nutt). We have modernised spelling.

The roaring, sporting squires did indeed glory in their ignorance. As eldest sons they had been regarded by their parents as requiring no education; their younger brothers, who would have to earn their livings, were the ones who were sent to school. "There's ne'er a blockhead in the family but me," says one of Defoe's gentlemen who had been "born to the estate" and who is unusual enough to regret his illiteracy.

Nevertheless, the early eighteenth century saw the beginnings of the reading habit. *The Spectator* essays were widely read in the coffee-rooms, and in 1702 the first English daily newspaper, *The Daily Courant*, was published. Papers which appeared less frequently were already in existence. Amongst these were *The London Gazette*, *The Postman*, and *The Postboy*. Many more were started during the first years of the century, but the newspaper tax of 1712 caused a high mortality among them. The life of many of them had been stormy, for the air at this time was thick with libel, and some editors paid dearly for their indiscretions. Steele himself was expelled from Parliament for this offence.

The novel appeared in 1740, when Richardson's *Pamela* was published. This was a best-seller of its time. It became the fashionable thing to be seen reading it. No smart drawing-room was without a copy. Withal, it was rather a mawkish piece of work, and two years later a vigorous counterblast to it was blown when Fielding published his coarse and lively *Joseph Andrews*.

Education, however, remained sadly inadequate. Most people received no schooling at all. It was but the favoured few who went to the public school and the grammar schools. In these the education was almost wholly classical. An eighteenth-century boy could speak Latin when he left school, but knew very little about anything else. In girls' schools the mind was almost completely left out of account. "Accomplishments" were the order of the day. Needlework, music, reading, writing, some cooking, a little French and Italian—these were all that a young gentlewoman was taught. The status of teachers was very low—in many cases, no doubt, deservedly. But the sort of treatment they received at the hands of some aristocrats was not likely to improve matters. Defoe quotes an outraged mother on the subject: "Shall my son," she says, "be sent to school to sit bareheaded and say a lesson to such a sorry diminutive rascal as that, be browbeaten and hector'd and

threatened with his authority and stand in fear of his hand! *My son!* that a few years after he will be glad to cringe to, cap in hand, for a dinner! No indeed, *my son* shall not go near him. Let the Latin and Greek go to the D——! *My son* is a *gentleman*, he shan't be under such a scoundrel as that."

There was a good deal of travel at this time, and a perilous business it could be. *The Beggar's Opera* that we have mentioned had for its hero one of the people who were the terror of travellers; that is, a highwayman. The Macheaths, Du Vals, and Sheppards were picturesque ruffians who held up the stage-coaches which were then the most advanced means of travel, and robbed their passengers. But in spite of these dangers, such resorts as Bath and Tunbridge Wells never lacked visitors in the season. At these watering-places the rank and fashion, the affected, posturing, snuff-taking beaux and rakes and the idle women whom they ogled, would dance, gamble, and intrigue. At Bath a famous "master of ceremonies" took charge in 1705: Beau Nash greatly improved the town, and had a fine Assembly Room built. He drove about in a splendid chariot drawn by six horses and heralded by horns. He set the fashion in dress and saw to it that everything possible was done for the comfort of visitors.

But what of national and world affairs while the eighteenth-century gallants and ladies are prettily dancing the formal dance that represents their superficial existence? This same George III was a strong-willed man and tried to restore the old authority of the Crown over Parliament. He failed. During his reign the American colonists successfully rebelled and set down their republican constitution on paper in 1787. Two years later, in France, the Estates General, representing the "Three Estates"—nobility, clergy, and commons—met for the first time since 1614. On July 14 the Bastille was stormed. On January 21, 1793, the kindly but muddle-headed Louis XVI went bravely to the guillotine, and on October 16 of the same year his wife Marie Antoinette as bravely followed him. They had played at being shepherds and shepherdesses in their little artificial world at Versailles, while in the real world outside people were starving. Now they paid the highest price for their pleasures. Followed the "Age of Reason" when Christianity was dispensed with and the reign of the guillotine began. "The Terror" ended with Robespierre dying the same

death as his thousands of victims. The revolution fought a desperate fight against a ring of foreign enemies, and won. But the believers in Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality reckoned without the personal ambitions of the uncouth, unscrupulous little Corsican who first led the revolutionaries, and then, swollen into an Emperor whose shadow fell over the whole of a terrified Europe, oppressed them. When in 1815 Napoleon, deflated again, was borne away to St. Helena, he left behind the quietness of exhaustion and death. A Bourbon monarch again ruled a tired people whose revolutionary zeal had quite gone from them; and the reactionary diplomats in Vienna set about patching up Europe according to the ideas of the bad old days. The new and artificial boundaries that they set up proved, in the upshot, nicely calculated to make quite a lot of trouble in the future. But for forty years the European cauldron did no more than simmer.

Meanwhile, another less spectacular revolution was going on in England. No guns were fired and no blood was shed, but there was setting in an era which would see a greater number of vital changes than any previous period in the world's history.

We have seen how the Renaissance led to the free scientific enquiry which had such striking results in the seventeenth century. Out of the increased scientific knowledge came mechanical advance. New machines were invented which could cope efficiently with much more work in a given time than many pairs of human hands. Up to the early eighteenth century the ancient wool industry and the new cotton manufacture (the cotton plant was a product of the New World) were hand and home industries. The new machines—and steam power—uprooted and transplanted them to within the forbidding walls of frowning factories. And, as a result, England quickly became much less of a green and pleasant land. This was the period of the growth of the manufacturing towns. Rich men saw that in buying the new machines, housing them in new buildings, and hiring people to tend them, they could become still richer. The Jerusalem that the early industrialists built in England was a very nasty one. Blindly they sacrificed beauty to Mammon, and the smoke of the sacrifice was the black smoke of factory chimneys. Right across the fair countryside of the north of England spread a rash of brutally ugly factories and rows upon rows of mean hovels to house the workers. The country people did not object to this outrage on Nature, since they saw only

visions of wealth in the smoke which began to rise from the surrounding moors and dales. The uprising, exclaiming chimneys pointed to an exciting prosperity. Off they went to the towns—our Manchesters and Middlesbroughs.

The wealth and prosperity came—but the workers had little share in it. The factory-owners became rich and powerful. Whatever miserable material advantage was gained by those of their employees who had left the fields for the factory, it was cancelled out by the loss in health which they suffered owing to the wretched living and working conditions. The new system, unlike that of the mediæval guilds, did not produce carefully trained craftsmen who themselves could become “masters.” It produced only sweated “hands” who, so far as any interest in their welfare on the part of the employers was concerned, would continue to be sweated “hands” all their lives. The tradition of the guild apprentice was gone, but the services of young people were by no means despised. Even little children could now be useful—to the point of working rather more than twelve hours a day in the factories.

The workers slaved for a pittance and the middle-class manufacturers grew rich out of their labours. We do not yet know how to use to the full such great aids to the happiness and prosperity of mankind as those mechanical ones which were now appearing. But their advantages were much more concealed from the superficial observer in those days than they are even now. These were the days when a small child could be hanged for stealing a handkerchief; when Australia was merely a convenient place whither to send gangs of chained convicts; when debtors languished for years in noisome gaols; and when pauper children of six were forced by law to work in the cotton mills. These children, who were carted off in wagon-loads from the workhouses to the factories, were called “apprentices”; but “slaves” would have been a more accurate and honest term. Their plight was certainly more dreadful than that of a slave in ancient Greece or Rome, or even in early nineteenth-century America, for the slave was often held in affection by an anything but tyrannical master. But now the machine had come, and instead of freeing the workers from drudgery, it gripped them in a new and tighter bondage. Into the mills streamed the little inhabitants of a free and progressive country to work their sixteen hours a day for the paltriest of wages, to be beaten by

"overlookers," and, if they showed a tendency to run away, to be put into chains.

The lot of the working classes became especially hard at the end of the Napoleonic wars. Wages had become lower and lower and taxes higher and higher, until in 1816 riots were breaking out all over England. Taxed, sweated, starved, and exasperated by the ever-growing prosperity of their employers, the workers thus despairingly protested against the economic slavery in which they found themselves. But not yet were the chains to be broken. The rioters were cruelly suppressed, but they remained politically awake, and bided their time.

William Cobbett, in his *Rural Rides* through England, paints an interesting picture of the country at this time. In 1826 he writes: "From Avening I came on through Nailsworth, Woodchester, and Rodborough to this place. These villages lie on the sides of a narrow and deep valley, with a narrow stream of water running down the middle of it, and this stream turns the wheels of a great many mills and sets of machinery for the making of woollen cloth. The factories begin at Avening, and are scattered all the way down the valley. There are steam-engines as well as water-powers. The work and the trade is so flat that in, I should think, much more than a hundred acres of ground, which I have seen to-day, covered with rails or racks, for the drying of cloth, I do not think that I have seen one single acre where the racks had cloth upon them. The workmen do not get half-wages; great numbers are thrown on the parish." And he goes on to say that here (Gloucestershire) the authorities will not, however, "leave anyone to starve to death" unlike those in "the north," where those who ought to see that the poor do not suffer, talk of their dying with hunger as Irish "squires do; aye, and applaud them for their patient resignation!"¹

The middle class of employers was waxing fat and strong at the expense of the workers, but as yet they had not that voice in the government of the country to which they felt entitled. In 1832, however, came the Reform Act, by which the power of the middle class was increased. And though some notable reforms, including the abolition of the death penalty for stealing such articles as a handkerchief or a purse, were brought about, the working classes still had no more influence in the running of the State than before.

¹ Cobbett's *Rural Rides* ("Everyman" edition).

The wealth of "the workshop of the world" was steadily increasing, while the producers of that wealth were continuing to exist throughout the 'thirties and 'forties at about starvation level. So they began to demand the right to vote in order that some improvement in their conditions might be effected. Their demands were set down in a "People's Charter" in 1838, and for ten years the Chartists demonstrated and paraded and petitioned. This movement petered out through lack of efficient organisation, and the demands of the Chartists were not to be completely met for a long time to come. But those workers who managed to survive the "hungry forties" began to find conditions easier. One of the chief causes of the shocking hardships of those years had been the seventeenth-century Corn Law, which, by forbidding the importation of wheat until English corn cost 80s. the quarter, kept bread iniquitously dear. Owing largely to two men, John Bright and Richard Cobden, this law was repealed in 1846. Next year a Factory Act was passed, mainly as a result of Lord Shaftesbury's exposures of the dreadful factory conditions, though it is true that the landlords voted for the measure to spite the manufacturers who had repealed the Corn Law.

The institution of Free Trade and the efficiency of the new railway system helped to bring about the mid-century flush of prosperity. And from now on, under the leadership of men like Robert Owen, a "model employer," the workers continued to improve their conditions by organising trade unions, co-operative societies, and building societies. By means of the trade unions the workers could organise themselves against exploitation by employers. Such were the rungs of the ladder up which the workers began to climb slowly out of the pit into which the sudden rise of the machinery-aided capitalists had thrust them. Trade unions were illegal until 1871, however. In 1876 the Act which had legalised them was extended, and employers and employed were placed on an equal political basis. The employees' weapon was the strike, and this they were to use successfully on many occasions to improve their conditions.

Democracy in the modern sense of the word, not the varieties of it that we saw working in ancient Greece and republican Rome, was now militant and slowly advancing. France in 1848 had overthrown its monarchy by revolution and introduced universal male suffrage. England was to escape such violent measures. The pro-

duced "practical Socialists" like Robert Owen, and gave shelter to the greatest advocate of the "class war," the German Karl Marx (1818-1883), but such changes in the conditions of the working people as have occurred have not been brought about by revolutionary methods. While the author of *Das Kapital* and organiser of the "International Working Men's Association" was seeking to prove how the rich must become richer and the poor poorer unless the latter fought for their rights, the Government in England was beginning to foster the education of those same poor people, and to give them increased voting powers, by means of the second and third Reform Acts of 1867 and 1885 respectively. In 1892 organised Labour returned its first Member of Parliament in James Keir Hardie.

This new educated voting working class in Europe is the most striking product of the nineteenth century. We saw nothing like it when we looked at the ancient civilisations. Man's powers over his world had, in the nineteenth century, become infinitely greater, and consequently material wealth had likewise increased. An ancient Greek come back to look at the new world would find that the poor, who are said to be always with us, are being taught by the Socialists that they have a right to a much greater share of the wealth they produce than they have so far been given. He would find that a new, if erratic, humanitarianism had abolished slavery—slavery of the kind with which he would be familiar—in 1834, when the conditions of the factory "wage-slaves" had still been at their worst. He would see these profound social changes taking place in Victorian England. He would approve of the advances being made in science and medicine (it was Joseph Lister (1827-1912) who discovered antiseptic surgery and abolished the dirty frock-coat which had hitherto been the surgeon's operating uniform). But where, he might well have said, in this wonderful world of commercial, scientific, and political advance, has beauty gone? Instead of the graceful Greek *chiton* and the limpid purity of the Parthenon, he sees stove-pipe hats, unsightly bustles, and the sprouting spurious Gothic of the St. Pancras Railway Station.

While we have been discussing the social developments of the eighteenth- to nineteenth-century world, the backcloth has been changing. The artificiality and grace of the eighteenth century have given place to the earnestness and ugliness of the Victorian

nineteenth. It *was* an ugly time, but it was a progressive and creative one, and great creators often lack the minor virtue of good taste. Commerce expanded, but so did the Church. The early years of the century had seen the Evangelical movement, which was started by the Methodists, in revolt against the religious slackness of the eighteenth century, and in 1833 came the High Church movement, which infused a new energy into the established Church itself and threw up the man who was later to become Cardinal Newman. But the mediæval religious spirit out of which came the Gothic cathedrals was not to be reborn.

The scientists continued to increase man's knowledge of himself and his world and to give him powers hitherto undreamed of. Steamships, railways, the telegraph, telephones, cables, gas, electric light—these were some of the outstanding achievements which were making the modern world so different in so short a time from anything that had previously been known. But science, like art, is international, and lives in an enlightened world of its own. Scientists are a very small minority of the world's population. Their fellow-men accepted what the scientists gave them, but their minds continued to be bounded by the old nationalistic prejudices. The rise of industry and the vast improvement of communications set the great nations scrambling for new fields from which to gather new products of nature, such as rubber. Africa, for example, was opened up and shared between Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, etc., during the latter half of the century. Many of the native inhabitants of the Dark Continent had an unfortunate first experience of the ways of civilised peoples at this time, for some shocking atrocities were committed by European invaders.* The Belgian Congo, for instance, is a dark blot on the records of nineteenth-century colonisation. At the time of the first coming of the Europeans to Africa the Arabs had established a brisk slave trade; and in this year of grace 1935 the slave traffic is not yet stamped out there.

By means of the marvellous new faculties that scientists were bestowing upon it, Europe stretched easily out and annexed rich new territories with vast supplies of raw materials to feed the greedy factories at home. This old nationalism and imperialism, with a new economic drive behind it, was dangerous. It made, and makes (for, alas, we are still menaced by it) for jealousy, rivalry, and—war.

In the later nineteenth century, while natural barriers to man's knowledge of his world, like the sea, the mountains, and the desert were being abolished by science, artificial economic barriers were being erected by politicians still thinking along the nationalistic lines of Elizabethan times. They "protected" industry at home and kept out foreigners by tariffs. This lag between scientific achievement and the faculty to make full and controlled use of it is the most striking feature of the mechanical age to which our survey of civilisation has now brought us. In the year 1914 a citizen of Europe or America lived a life unrecognisably different from his ancestor of say three hundred years before (a tiny period in the thousands of years we have covered since we looked at early civilised Egypt). He could embrace any religion he chose without fear of persecution. He could travel the world in a fraction of the time it would have taken him only a hundred years before; and even if he did not travel, the camera and the cinema were making him familiar with other people and other lands. Books were a commonplace to him. By his use of the public libraries he could become a learned man without spending a penny. If he was an Englishman a solicitous State had insisted on providing him with a free elementary education, with more to come if he gained the necessary scholarships; and if he fell ill, a State insurance scheme provided him with a doctor and money to keep him while away from work. If he was very ill, he could go to a public hospital and receive the free benefit of the discoveries of the British Lister, the French Pasteur, and the Polish Madame Curie. A police force protected his property, and good sanitation his health. Highwaymen and the plague had both departed. When he went out he might have an exciting glimpse of one of these wonderful new aeroplanes. He lived in a world which had gained an unprecedented control over Nature. It is true that Nature occasionally rebelled, as when in 1912 an iceberg ripped the bottom off the "unsinkable" *Titanic*, and a world aghast read in the papers that its largest passenger ship, furnished with a combination of luxury and comfort enjoyed by no king of olden time, had on its maiden voyage sunk beneath the waves. When in July 1914 it read that an assassination had occurred in the troublesome Balkans, it did not visualise civilisation with all its achievements disappearing like another *Titanic* beneath a sea of blood. Yet ring the next four years this all but happened. A civilisation

which had given itself powers to become more truly universal than any of its forerunners retreated behind the barriers of nationalism and tried hard to commit suicide. There was no one controlling force that could stop it, and there still is not one to-day.

PART II

FORCES BEHIND CIVILISATION

CHAPTER V

THE BASIC FACTORS

INTRODUCTORY

MAN is the lord of creation. We all admit it. He has built up not only one, but half-a-dozen mighty civilisations; he has tamed wild beasts; he has conquered the earth, the sea, and the sky; on every side he is successfully waging his battle with Nature. So trite and obvious are these statements that we rarely, if ever, stop to think about them, to question what they mean and how far they are true. We accept civilisation as a fact, not worth enquiring into too closely; yet do we even know what it is that constitutes civilisation?

In 1914 a war broke out, in which almost every country in the world took part, and in which, to name but two of the combatant nations, the British Empire lost 1,089,919 men killed, and Germany 2,050,466. . . .

An important factor in enabling man to communicate with his fellow a thousand miles away is the submarine cable; there are 3,000 such lines and their total length is about 300,000 nautical miles. . . .

In 1934 Mr. Henry Pu-Yi was crowned Emperor of the newly created state of Manchukuo which, under the name of Manchuria, was formerly a part of China. . . .

The Sahara Desert is extending steadily towards the South, pushing its limits forward at the rate of almost a mile each year. . . .

Man has succeeded in domesticating some fifty species of the animals which inhabit this globe. . . .

The best salt comes from the Polish town Wieliczka (pronounced Vyalitchka); the salt mines constitute a veritable town containing



"THE SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA, POLAND, CONTAIN CHURCHES COMPLETE WITH STATUES, ORNAMENTS, PEWS, ALTARS, AND GREAT CHANDELIERS, ALL OF SALT."

winding streets, churches complete with statues, ornaments, pews, altars, and great chandeliers; it has stables for horses, restaurants, railway stations—and all these things are made of salt. There are sixteen underground lakes, some connected by canal, upon which ferry-boats ply to and fro.

Half-a-dozen facts these, picked at random, and each sufficiently startling in its way. They seem unconnected, and yet they, together with thousands of other such facts, fulfil their part in shaping the destiny of mankind. Some form part of what we call civilisation; they are civilisation. Others merely help to mould it. All are important; without them life for us might be better or worse; it would assuredly be different.

And so, if we would understand something of what is happening in the world around us, it becomes important to try to understand something of the nature of facts such as those just cited and of their significance in relation to mankind. Some of these are civilisation; others mould it. It is the latter which concern us, for they are the foundations upon which the present is built up.

§ 1

NATURAL ENVIRONMENT

The history of man is a history of his battle with his environment, that is to say, with Nature. To make a desert area fertile, he has had to irrigate it. To build a Panama Canal he has had not only to overcome the enormous engineering difficulties provided by the site, but also to conquer that dread disease, yellow fever, before the task could be attempted with any chance of success. And so throughout the centuries man has waged his battle with Nature; and every advance he makes, every step forward, represents a defeat inflicted upon her.

Yet it would be wrong to suggest that the two are enemies. On the contrary, they are the best friends in the world, for man is a part of Nature; he has his being through her, and it is she who gives him the strength, the intelligence, and the weapons with which to overcome the obstacles she sets before his feet.

So close is this relationship that already in the days of ancient Greece the theory had been put forward that the natural environment of any particular group of people explains, not only their physical characteristics, but also their customs, their institutions,

and their whole mode of life. Why are the Ethiopians black, and why do they wear few clothes, asked the Greeks about 500 B.C.; and they answered: Because the Ethiopians live in a part of the world where the sunshine is tolerably hot.

The theory received its modern form from the German geographer, Friedrich Ratzel, at the end of the last century. Widely accepted even to-day, it may be stated thus: the life of any group of human beings in its every aspect, sociological, economic, and political, is determined entirely by the nature of the place in which it lives; in other words, everything in the history of mankind is explained by man's environment. An illustration or two will make his meaning clear.

From the fourth to the thirteenth century A.D. the Mongolian tribes of Central Asia were pouring huge migratory bands of warriors into Europe. Who has not heard of the Huns, of Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan and Tamerlane the Great? In an unending stream they poured westward, like nightmare apparitions out of a dim land, into regions whose inhabitants had never heard of Mongols. They carried fire and sword through Georgia, Armenia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, and nearly all Russia. Ultimately these tides receded, and the Mongols sank back into obscurity. The cause of these invasions, according to Ratzel, is to be found in the nature of Central Asia. This consists mainly of steppe land which does not permit of agriculture, but favours the raising of cattle, sheep, and horses. Since their large herds soon exhausted any particular grazing-ground, the Mongolian tribes of necessity led a wandering existence, ever on the move in search of fresh pastures. They were nomads. At the time of the invasions a new factor had made its appearance. The climate gradually changed and, where rain had formerly been plentiful, droughts were now the rule, with the result that grass dried up and the pasturage soon became insufficient to meet the needs of the inhabitants. That is why they were forced to emigrate; that is why they swept down into a very much more fertile Europe. When, however, the climate changed again, and pasturage once more became plentiful, the need for emigration passed away and the invasions ceased.

England provides another simple example. It is said that the English are a seafaring nation because they live on an island. The love of the sea and an adventurous spirit is ingrained in them

because of their natural environment; that is why the English, from the fifteenth century on, when ships and the art of navigating them had become highly developed, have always featured prominently as explorers. Furthermore, with the rapid increase in its population, England soon became too small for its teeming millions, for it could not produce sufficient food to support them. Its process was hastened by the Industrial Revolution, which drew men away from agricultural life to the towns, where the labour market in consequence rapidly became overcrowded. The result was that food became dear, while wages fell. England could no longer maintain her population, and so the British Empire was born, for the surplus population was compelled to colonise and establish settlements in Australia, in South Africa, in Canada, in all those dominions and dependencies which together make up the British Commonwealth of Nations.

It will be seen that Ratzel admits man's power to influence Nature; for instance, he admits that the purely man-made Industrial Revolution has affected the production of food in England, and that agricultural methods have completely changed the face of North America. Nevertheless, he insists that it is Nature which, in the first instance, determines absolutely social life. His arguments are plausible. Alas, his beautiful theories are killed by brutal facts. It is easy to say that Negroes are black because for thousands of years they have lived where the sun is fierce. Some African races undoubtedly are black; others, on the other hand, who dwell in North Africa, are little darker in appearance than the average Italian. And what are we to say when we find that the Eskimo is swarthy, to say the least?

The truth is that Nature does not enforce anything upon man; she merely provides him with possibilities which he may exploit if he wishes and knows how to do so. The Japanese, for instance, dwell on an island, yet that fact has not instilled a seafaring spirit into them. Until comparatively recently they preferred to keep themselves to themselves, rather than venture to any extent on to the sea, or into near-by China. Their habits began to change in the middle of last century. They regarded their island no longer as a retreat from the outside world, but as a base, a jumping-off place from which to extend their empire. Such a state cannot have been due to over-population alone, since over-population had already existed for a long period. And can we lay the responsibility for

both, or either, of these attitudes, the desire for retreat, or the desire for a greater empire, on the fateful influence of the sea? The Corsicans, too, dwell on an island; nevertheless, even now familiarity with the sea has not bred contempt, and they continue to regard it with a lively distrust.

If, then, an island existence has had such widely differing effects in the cases of Great Britain, Japan, and Corsica, it is clear that the mere fact of such a life cannot be sufficient to impose certain definite, inexorable effects on the people who dwell therein.

No, wherever we look we find that Nature provides possibilities, but does not compel man to make use of them. In this sense alone does she affect the development of civilisation. Yet we must not under-estimate this influence, since, after all, every one of man's achievements is built up upon, and by means of, these possibilities. And, furthermore, the exploitation of any particular possibility often does stamp the life of the people exploiting it with particular characteristics. In Switzerland, for instance, in Sweden and Norway and many other countries, one of the chief features of the land is the number of wooden houses to be found; this is not because wood is the only substance obtainable, since stone is frequently just as plentiful, but simply because wood is the more convenient possibility.

The possibilities afforded by Nature are infinite, and they have different values at different times and in different places. We have already pointed to Japan, formerly a retreat, now a base. Other examples are plentiful. In the West Indies each inhabitant at one time possessed his plot of land which he tilled and which provided him with ample means of subsistence. Since that time, however, the whole economic life of those islands has been changed by the development of the system of plantations, which transformed the independent native into a labourer working for an employer. America, once unknown, and later to be reached only after weeks of hazardous travel, is now within five days' journey from Europe and, thanks to the radio-telephone, literally within speaking distance. An example of a commodity having different values in different places is mud. In Africa it is fashionable for the purpose of building huts. In England this possible use of mud is not common; on the other hand, women have perceived the value of mud as a treatment for the complexion.

Such are some of the uses to which man has put the possibilities

around him. How he has come to do so, what are some of the factors which have guided his choice, is a topic which we shall discuss in the subsequent chapters of this part. We must not close this section, however, without discussing briefly two aspects of the deterministic theory of Nature on social life which have been of particular value in precipitating war in Europe.

The first is the doctrine of the "natural" boundaries of a State, a doctrine which, in the case of France, has drawn great strength from Cæsar's description of Gaul as a country bounded on the south-west by the Pyrenees, and on the north by the Rhine. As if a country could have "natural" boundaries; as if Nature considered man's desires in that respect! France may desire what she is pleased to call her natural boundaries; in fact, she has never possessed them, which seems to show that either man or Nature must be at fault. Great Britain, a small island whose "natural" boundary is the sea, was until 1707 divided into two kingdoms. And if we consider the matter at all, we must come to the conclusion, not that Nature constructs the nation, but that the inhabitants of different regions join together to form a State for reasons of their own, in which geography plays a very small part; and the chief of these reasons are race, a common language, trade, and most of all, the fact that they feel themselves to be one nation.

The second aspect of the so-called "necessities" imposed by Nature is also closely concerned with war. How often, for instance, has not Germany's overpopulation and the enormous growth of her industries been advanced as a "natural" reason which made the World War "inevitable"? It is certainly true that Germany was rapidly becoming too small for her population and that she required new markets to absorb the products of her industries. But it is equally true that, for many years previous to the outbreak of war in 1914, Germans had been emigrating in great numbers, and had established many thriving settlements, particularly in South America. Had this process been allowed to continue, war would not have been as inevitable as it might have seemed at first sight.

§ 2

THE NEED FOR FOOD AND SHELTER

Food, shelter, clothing; here we have the primary needs of man. Happily these three needs seem easy enough to satisfy, for Nature

has provided us bountifully with all the necessary materials. She has gone further: she has furnished us with an adaptable digestive system which can extract nourishment from the most unlikely substances.

Where Nature has been so generous, man himself has imposed his own restrictions. Orthodox Jews refrain from pork. The Scottish prejudice against pork, formerly widespread, is now limited to the Highlands, but the common eel continues to find little favour among the Scots. The reasons for such prejudices are usually religious, at any rate in their origin. It has been suggested that the objection to pork is a survival from the ancient Greek cult of Demeter, goddess of agriculture, to whom the pig was sacred. In ancient Egypt, too, pork was forbidden, and for a similar reason. Zulu girls avoid pork from a belief in imitative magic; that is to say, they fear that the ugliness of the pig will be transferred to the women who partake of it—a fate which might seriously prejudice their marriage prospects—and will be transferred, not only to the women, but also to their children. Neither must young girls eat of cows that have given birth to a dead calf, or that have died while giving birth, for fear that they themselves may give birth to still-born children or die in childbed. Zulu warriors do not eat tripe, believing that in battle it would attract the weapons of their enemies to their bowels. Boys are forbidden to partake of the lower lip of cattle because that is always trembling, and there is a risk that the boys on growing up would have the trembling mouths of cowards.

Food is man's chief necessity in life: clothing and shelter come a long way behind. It is difficult for us to realise how slight is the importance of clothes and shelter. We imagine that these things, while perhaps unnecessary in tropical Africa, are essential even in so temperate a climate as that of England. Yet the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, at the extreme end of South America, where the climate is damp and cold, do very well without clothes, and their housing accommodation is of the most primitive kind. The ancient Britons, too, made shift with clothing which, measured by modern standards, must seem inadequate, to say the least. It is all a matter of habit and custom, and our habits and customs in this respect are not difficult to break.

Clothes, then, were not necessarily invented to protect us from

severe weather. In many parts of the world, indeed, their original purpose was to serve as means of ornament. Vanity is one of the most fundamental of human emotions. We find many primitive groups of people who live their lives unclothed; we find none who do not wear some kind of ornament in the shape of bangles, leaves, flowers, shells, and similar objects. This desire for ornament can easily be observed in babies; give a child of two a few flowers and he will not take long to discover how attractive they can be when stuck in his hair. Vanity, indeed, seems to make man and beast akin, as witness the simple delight which a monkey at the Zoo takes in placing a newspaper on his head or wrapping it round his body. His pleasure is not so very different, after all, from that pleasure which, in human beings, we are accustomed to term politely "pride of appearance," and which has nothing to do with warmth or comfort.

But if the wish for adornment was one of the first motives which led to the development of clothes, another was their value as a distinguishing mark and a sign of importance. Bodies are all much of a muchness, some a little more beautiful, others a little less; they do not tell us much about their owners. A witch-doctor meeting a stranger would not receive his due were his eminent standing not clearly indicated by his strange garb of dried snakes and bands, and by the bones and skulls which dangle from his belt. And the stranger also would be prejudiced if he failed to recognise the importance of one who might turn out to be a very powerful personage indeed.

Whether in a primitive people or in a civilised people, the position is exactly the same. In our first estimate of a stranger we are guided very little by his features, and a good deal by what is called his "general appearance," which he owes chiefly to his clothes. They tell us at once something of his sex, occupation, nationality, and social standing. Such appearances may be deceptive, but they are what we must necessarily rely upon at first sight, for want of anything better, to help us to form a judgement. It is this need for distinguishing marks which has given rise to the whole system of uniforms, using that word in a general sense. Soldiers, sailors, lawyers in court, and policemen, to name but a few, are distinguished according to their profession, rank, and nationality by the clothes they wear. Ships fly the flag of their country and bear on their funnels the marks of the line to which

they belong; and in days when armour was universally worn in time of war, so that individual signs were completely extinguished, every nobleman had his heraldic devices which he and his followers wore to distinguish them from their fellows and to enable them to recognise one another.

Modesty is a third motive that led to the adoption of clothes. The purpose of decoration is to beautify the bodily appearance, so as to attract the admiring or jealous glances of others and fortify one's self-esteem. Modesty, on the other hand, leads us to conceal our excellences. It would seem to be a reaction against the tendency to self-display, for, more primitive than either modesty or the desire for decoration, there exists a simple joy in the exercise or display of the naked body; this is a joy which the young child may feel intensely, and which is often interfered with by the clothes he is made to wear.

Modesty and vanity are therefore contradictory motives, and it follows that clothes, as articles devised for the satisfaction of human needs, are something in the nature of a compromise; they represent an ingenious and more or less successful device for the establishment of some degree of harmony between conflicting interests.

Just as prehistoric man was able to live without clothes, so too he got on well without shelter. The earliest human beings probably lived in trees, in which in all likelihood they built rough platforms and where they were safe from wild animals. Not till a long time after did they discover the value of caves as homes. Caves were really quite comfortable; they were warm in winter, cool in summer, and they could easily be defended from attack. Primitive man had his fires and his lamps. If he felt urged towards art, the walls of the caves might offer excellent surfaces for his drawings. Sir Arthur Keith has calculated that the age of cave-dwellings lasted from about 40,000 B.C. to about 8000 B.C.; but even at the present day small tribes can be found who consider caves a satisfactory habitation, as, for instance, certain Bantu tribes in British East Africa, who favour the caves of Mount Elgon.

It was therefore not until comparatively late in human history that houses began to be built. Man was no longer so dependent upon the protection against wild animals which caves provided, because he now lived in larger groups, his weapons had been improved, and most of the really fierce beasts of prehistoric times had died out. Consequently, he preferred to erect shelters where

they were most useful, that is to say, in the midst of his fields. Such shelters are still commonly found. The West African Hausa builds his huts of grass, which is woven into a framework of saplings tied at the top; the task requires barely two hours. Eskimos have their sealskin huts in summer; in the winter they dwell in conical shelters built of stone, or in igloos made of blocks of snow. In South America we find palm-leaf shelters.

A very curious type of house is the lake-dwelling. Lofty piles were placed in the middle of the lake, and upon these piles circular huts would be built. Such dwellings were no doubt intended to foil attacks from enemies or wild animals, for access to these houses could always be cut off by removing a few planks from the bridge. Lake dwellings were most common in Switzerland, but their remains have been found in such places as Ireland, South Scotland, Glastonbury, Germany, and North Italy. They continue to be used in many places, such as South America, Borneo, New Guinea, the Celebes, and the Caroline Islands.

While such primitive forms of shelter were still widespread, the ancient Egyptians had already laid the foundations of modern architecture. The predynastic Egyptians had undoubtedly invented mud-bricks, and this they did simply by imitating what happened each year, after the fall of the Nile, to the material deposited by the inundations, when the sun-baked mud cracked to form natural bricks. The mud-bricks were used originally to line graves so as to prevent the sand from covering the bodies, for the Egyptians believed that the preservation of the body was essential if man was to be immortal. Soon the burial chamber grew in size; often it had several rooms roofed with wooden beams above which a mound of rubble was heaped. Then stairways came to be built for access to this subterranean house. From these humble beginnings have sprung such mighty edifices as the Pyramids, the wonderful churches of the Byzantine period and the Renaissance, and the gigantic skyscrapers of New York.

We have given a brief sketch of some of the many ways in which the human needs for food, clothing, and shelter have been used, and it is now necessary to say something of their significance in the development of civilisation. At first sight it might seem that the satisfaction of these needs contributes but little to human progress, that the important thing is to reduce as much as possible the

time required to provide the means of life, so that man may have plenty of leisure during which to devote his energies and brains to creative work and the improvement of his lot. This, however, is not the case. Civilisation grew out of man's efforts to provide himself with food, clothing, and shelter, and its every advance is directly or indirectly connected with these three things. We may take music as a simple example.

The desire to make melodious sounds is no doubt a very primitive and deep-seated impulse; sound was originally the only way in which man could express his emotions. But music owed its development to the fact that it soon came to play an important part in religious rites and incantations to supernatural powers—incantations which were purely requests to the divinity to provide man with his material needs. Music stimulated the development of dancing, and both were used by the primitive peoples, of the past as well as of the present, for the purpose of inducing the gods to provide plentiful crops, good hunting, many children, and freedom from enemies. In our Western civilisation, too, it was the Church which laid the foundations of our present-day music, and until as late as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the most important music was Church music.

How great has been the influence of man's need of food is amply demonstrated by farming. Until the industrial revolution, man's task in that direction was arduous. His tools were poor, Nature was capricious, and he had not yet learnt how to counteract droughts by irrigation and storage of water on a large scale, or how to improve poor soil by making artificial fertilisers. Thus he was largely at Nature's mercy. Since then, however, farmers have literally changed the face of the world. Europe, once upon a time covered with forests, is now mainly agricultural land. North America, where once countless herds of bison roamed free over the prairies, now presents to the eye mile upon mile of wheat.

The value of wool and cotton was discovered early in human history. In Peru, mummies several thousand years old have been found wrapped in cotton very similar to the cotton which is still being woven by the natives at the present day. The ancient Egyptians knew not only wool and cotton, but also linen. To the use of these cloths is no doubt due the birth of industrial chemistry, for it gave rise to the art of dyeing, an art the story of which probably runs back to the dawn of civilisation, when some house-

wife discovered that the juices of oak-galls and other vegetable substances would impart pleasing colours to the stuffs she had spun and woven.

And who can estimate to the full the benefits which man has derived from the discovery that flints, when knocked together, produce a spark from which a fire may be lit? Fire led to the discovery that food would not be harmed by being cooked; it led to the exploitation of wood and coal and iron; it permitted the invention of steel, glass, brick, china; it enabled man to build his first boats by hollowing out tree-trunks. Without fire, our civilisation would not exist.

As fire was originally used to serve a direct need of man, to protect him from cold, so all the discoveries which have resulted serve directly or indirectly man's primary needs: the production of food; the manufacture of clothes; the building of houses. Art is used to adorn cities and houses; without writing and arithmetic, commerce would be impossible; religion, literature, and drama help to bind men together and teach them to understand one another and to work for the common well-being. And all these results spring from man's need of food, clothing, and shelter. Unromantic though it may sound, civilisation is simply a convenient way of providing these necessities.

§ 3

MAGIC AND RELIGION

A belief which is fundamental in man is the belief in some supernatural power which can influence his life for good or ill. It is not surprising that this should be so, for we are surrounded by phenomena which, despite the advance of human knowledge, must still be inexplicable to most of us. We need not wonder therefore that the savage can hardly imagine a distinction between the natural and the supernatural. His world is filled with happenings which seem incomprehensible and are often terrifying. He does not know what is thunder or lightning, or why he should suddenly fall ill. The great forest is dark, a place of uncanny rustlings and whisperings, and filled with strange creatures that shun the light. His crops flourish or die for no reason that he can see. His cows produce abundant milk, or dry up, and he cannot tell why. Clearly, supernatural powers must be at work.

And so to him the world is to a great extent managed by such agencies, and he believes that they can be moved by appeals to their pity, their hopes, and fears. In such a world he himself has the power of influencing the course of Nature to his own advantage; he need but pray, bring gifts, make promises or threats, and his desires will probably be realised. From this confident expectation it is but a slight step to the belief that some god may become embodied in his own person, so that he need no longer appeal to a higher being, since he must possess in himself all the powers necessary to influence his fortunes and the fortunes of his fellow-men.

Not only does the savage believe in supernatural powers, he also believes in a kind of natural law which may be brought into operation by suitable incantations and rites, in much the same way that an electric lamp is made to glow by pushing the switch. Such a performance has nothing to do with gods, or with his personal powers, but is quite mechanical, requiring merely knowledge of the appropriate rite. This belief has given rise to what Frazer calls "sympathetic magic," a type of magic that is practised to this day all over the world. It evolves two principles, the first, that like produces like, *i.e.* that effects resemble their causes; and the second, that things which have been in contact continue to interact with one another, remaining bound together by invisible links. It is this second principle which, for instance, has given rise to the belief that the relics of martyrs are somehow endowed with the divine powers of their former owners, and can themselves work miracles. So, too, in parts of Africa the blood of the lion is accounted the finest drink of all, for he who drinks it will be endowed with the courage of a lion.

The commonest application of the first principle is the use of wax effigies to destroy or otherwise influence other persons. What is done to the effigy is done to the person represented by it. Thus it was said of Alexander the Great that he was victorious because Aristotle had furnished him with wax images of his enemies nailed face downwards in a box. An interesting ceremony is that used by the Kaitish tribes, when they wish to bring about rain for their crops, for here the witch-doctor imitates the fall of rain by pouring water over himself and on to the ground. Somewhat similar is the rain-making ceremony practised by the Arunta. The task is delegated to a special group of the tribe. and at the



PROTECTING THE VILLAGE: A FIGURE FROM HAWAII SET AT THE VILLAGE
ENTRANCE TO KEEP OUT EVIL SPIRITS.
(By permission of the Trustees, the British Museum)



PROTECTING THE INDIVIDUAL : AN EFFIGY OF THE DEMON OF DISEASE ON A
BABYLONIAN AMULET, GIVING IMMUNITY TO THE WEARER.
(By permission of the Trustees, the British Museum.)

end of the ceremony the members of this group rush from a shelter built specially for the purpose, screaming like plovers. Here they identify themselves completely with the event they desire to bring about. When they rush from the shelter they are imitating the rainstorm, which is usually accompanied by the cries of the plover that they utter.

It is easy to see how the belief in supernatural power gave rise to the belief in gods. A mere force is something vague, indefinable, and therefore unsatisfactory as the object of worship. If we pray merely to a force, how can we tell that we are praying to the right force, or that that right force will know that it is intended to be the recipient of our prayers? Where there are many forces there is plenty of room for error and confusion. Furthermore, man generally fears the unknown, because he is ignorant of its power and attributes. The known, on the other hand, he can face, even though it be terrible, for by the mere fact of becoming known it loses most of its mystery. That is why man soon gave concrete form to all those forces which he suspected of influencing the lives of human beings. He never worshipped fertility, as such, though plentiful crops and prolific cattle were of the greatest importance to him; but he did worship objects which symbolised fertility, such as the cow.

A multitude of gods sprang up of every conceivable shape and form. Man worshipped the sun, as the giver of life, and the moon, as the goddess of fertility. He worshipped inanimate objects, such as meteoric stones. He worshipped beasts: the baboon, and the ibis at Hermopolis; cats at Bubastis; bulls at Memphis; rams at Thebes, and many others. He combined man and beast, Anubis, the jackal-headed; Thoth, the ibis-headed; Horus, the hawk-headed. He worshipped gods in human form, Jupiter, lord of creation, Demeter, goddess of the earth and fertility, Diana, who ruled over the chase. Or he created fantastic creatures, half-human, possessed of many arms and legs, strange heads and strange bodies, who loved human sacrifice and cruelty in many forms.

The worship of these gods and powers, in primitive as in civilised times, soon required elaborate ceremonial and experts familiar with it. Thus were born the witch-doctor and the sorcerer, specialists in the casting of spells who acted as intermediaries between the common man and the supernatural forces in which

he believed. Later, as civilisation progressed, these witch-doctors gradually developed into priests. As was natural, such people wielded enormous power over the rest of the community, for they knew the ways of the gods and dealt in things which profoundly affected the lives of them all. Nothing could be undertaken without their sanction, which was never given until after due communication with the power which governed these matters. It would be fatal to embark on a war, to marry, to set out on a journey, or to sow in the spring-time without the approval of the tribal gods. Civilisation grew up around the altars of the witch-doctors, the great cities of the past were built around the temple. Wherever primitive civilisations developed, there the priest is found to be the chief power in the land. Private magic has become public magic, to be used for the benefit of the community; when this stage is reached, it may be termed religion.

It is natural, when the welfare of the community has become so closely linked with magic, that the witch-doctor should rise to the kingship; he is the most important personage in the State, and so his rule is substituted for the rule of the elder of the tribe. This form of priestly monarchy is one through which every primitive State passes on its way to civilisation. There were priestly kings in ancient Italy and Rome. Even in republican Athens the second magistrate, elected annually like the other magistrates, was called king and his consort queen, and their chief function was to superintend the Eleusinian Mysteries. We see the remains of this custom in the formula which is still applied at the present time to the kings who rule over Western countries: they are "king by divine right."

It required but a short step to identify the king, as the high-priest, with the divinity itself which he served. In Egypt, in Greece, in Germany, in India, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific we find that the kings were regarded as gods who had descended on earth to lead their people. So too in ancient Sparta all the State religious ceremonies and sacrifices were performed by the king, for he was held to be descended from the gods.

The development of monarchy is an essential stage in the development of humanity from the primitive community to the highly organised civilised State. Even at the present time tradition exerts a strong hold on mankind. In the primitive tribe, however, it stifled all enterprise and prevented all progress. Rule

was in the hands of a council of elders, and not until the emergence of the witch-doctor as a kind of dictator was anyone found who had sufficient authority to institute reforms and change traditions. That authority the witch-doctor owed solely to the religious fear he inspired.

The prestige which the priests enjoyed led to further beneficent results; the best brains and most ambitious persons in the community gravitated towards the temple, for in early times the priesthood and the army were the only careers which offered good prospects of advancement and power. Thus it happened that the temples became centres of learning. The priests, leading a sheltered life with their material wants provided for, could spend * the greater part of their time in the acquisition of knowledge. They kept records, and it is chiefly to them that we owe the development of writing. The need to impress the community in order to maintain their power led them to base their prophecies upon the movements of the stars, and so to undertake a study of the heavenly bodies.

This originally resulted in the hocus-pocus of astrology; but it also resulted in the science of astronomy. And the priests were not only abstract theoreticians; they would have lost a great deal of their power if they had been, for then they would have lost touch with the common people. On the contrary, the priests knew far more than most people do about the practical problems of life, because the citizens went to the temple, not only for the purpose of attending public festivals, but also individually, to seek help for personal troubles and difficulties.

Finally, to their functions as priests, officers of the State, and counsellors whose experienced advice was of the greatest value to the private individual, they added also the functions of a doctor. Medical knowledge was a tradition with them, remaining over from the days when they were the "medicine-men" of the tribe, and, as the priests of the State, the medicine-men continued to amass skill and knowledge in that direction. And even when measured by modern standards, the priests were by no means ignorant of the principles of healing. Naturally enough they invested their art with a good deal of mystery and magical claptrap, yet the laws of hygiene laid down in the Bible and the Talmud have scarcely been improved upon to this day.

The great weakness in the position of the priests as rulers of

the community was the fact that they were not trained in the arts of war, and it was this weakness which ultimately broke their political power. The control of the army had to be entrusted to persons outside their ranks, and such a leadership carried with it a great deal of prestige and power. If the commander led his forces to victory, he was regarded as a minor god by the grateful citizens. If he was beaten and the country occupied by the enemy, the priests disappeared altogether, for the foreigner would import his own religion and one of the victorious generals would be set up as ruler. But in addition to his duties in regard to the country in its foreign relations, the commander of the army was also responsible for good order within the State. It was to him that the citizens came when they sought justice or desired favours for themselves. It was to him that the traders and other foreigners came for permission to reside and for protection.

Thus the commander gradually became the centre of a kind of court life. A bureaucracy was set up to deal with administration and keep records. The art of writing, formerly confined to the priesthood, gradually spread, and the court became the centre of learning, where the liberal arts were encouraged. From then on the powers of the priest waned rapidly. In the West and the Near East, with one great exception, priest rule disappeared about 2,000 years ago. That exception was the Pope, who until 1870 continued to rule over what was called the Papal States. His temporal rule is now exercised only in the Vatican. Nevertheless, even at the present day he is still regarded as a sovereign, with the right to maintain embassies in foreign countries. And his moral power, as head of the Roman Catholic Church, is enormous, and is in fact used politically in all countries which have a large Roman Catholic population, such as Italy, France, Germany, and Austria.

§ 4

TRADE

Few sights in the world are so sad as that of a once prosperous port lying idle, its dock-gates locked, its quays deserted, its motionless cranes pointing towards the sky. Few things, on the other hand, are so romantic and exciting as the life of a large and busy port. Big ships and small, of every nationality, are there, loading

and unloading, nosing their way to the appointed berth, or setting forth on a new voyage, while impatient tugs fuss around.

The merchandise comes from every corner of the globe. Here we see coffee from Brazil, sugar from the West Indies, wood from Scandinavia, furs from Russia, meat from New Zealand, olives from Italy, wheat from America, South African fruit of every kind, cocoa, rubber, china, toys, glass-ware, and all those things with which we come into contact every day of our lives and which we accept as a matter of course, without ever wondering where they came from, what manner of people produced them, or how they came to be placed before us. And those of us who deal in things, do we ever stop to consider what ultimately happens to them—the coal that goes to almost every country in the world, or renders possible travel in ships; the machinery and iron and steel; the cotton and woollen goods which England sends abroad in exchange for the things which other countries send to her?

That is trade, the exchange of goods, every human being giving of the things he produces and does not need in return for things which he needs and another person produces; every country exporting the merchandise she produces and receiving in exchange that which she needs and cannot herself produce in sufficient quantity.

Trade, like religion, is one of the foundation-stones of civilisation, for it enables man to perform more efficiently all the tasks which must be done if his life is to be made comfortable. It represents a division of labour, and it is upon this division of labour that every material advance made by civilisation depends.

We do not ourselves, each for himself, produce every commodity we need. The life of the individual is not dissociated from the life of other individuals; he does not grow his own wheat and bake his own bread; he does not maintain his own cattle, and kill them for food as the need arises, and make shoes and other articles from their hides; he does not weave his own carpets and clothes, and build his own house and the furniture therefor. On the contrary, he works for the community by specialising in some particular useful task, and in return the community supplies him with the things he needs and has not the time and skill to produce for himself, but which specialists in other tasks produce. And it is this interchange of goods which constitutes commerce and trade.

Prehistoric man did not live thus. He obtained the means of

life how and where he could; some of the things he needed he produced himself, others he took by force from his fellow-men. Nevertheless, prehistoric man was not a fool; he very soon realised that, while he might manage to exist by himself, his life would become much easier if he combined with others. What one man could do but inadequately, many could do with ease and efficiency. Thus the first communities, the first tribes grew up. The work that had to be done was shared out between all. Some of the men hunted, others fished, still others made and repaired the necessary weapons, while the women generally tilled the soil and performed the household tasks.

Thus trade was born. In its primitive form it is called barter, and consists of a direct exchange of goods. If a person had more of one thing than he needed, perhaps somebody else had more than enough of some other thing, and an exchange might be made which would satisfy both. Barter, however, was an unsatisfactory way of doing business. Suppose, for example, that a farmer wanted to exchange some of his wheat and other produce for shoes. He had to find someone who not only had shoes he was willing to part with, but who was also in need of the farmer's produce. And when he had found such a person his difficulties were not over, for then the really serious part of the transaction began, the bargaining. Striking a bargain was exceedingly difficult, because there was no common measure by which to estimate the relative value of wheat and vegetables and eggs and shoes and all the other things man needs in his everyday life. Such a common measure had to be found if exchange on a large scale, or trade, was to be made possible.

This common measure was found in money, but already long before the invention of money primitive communities had established various kinds of commodities as the common measure for purposes of exchange. The commonest was cattle, and it is interesting to note that our word "penny" comes from the Latin word "*pecunia*," which means money, and that this word in turn is derived from "*pecus*," meaning cattle. While cattle were the most widespread medium of exchange, other articles were also used. Thus the North American Indians favoured white and purple wampum beads, made from whelk and clam shells. In Africa, Hindustan, and the Pacific Islands, cowrie shells were employed. Elsewhere we find salt, rice, tea, dates, ivory, iron, and other objects. Sooner or later all communities came to use some metal,

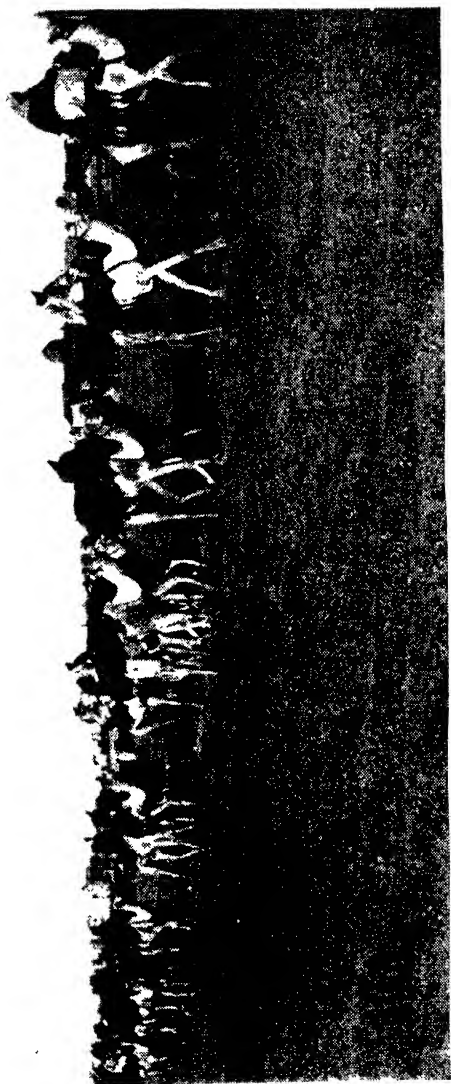
"such as iron, gold, or silver, and its purchasing power depended on its actual weight and not on its face value.

Money as we know it now was not, however, invented until comparatively recently. The earliest coins we possess date from about the seventh century B.C., and were used by the Greeks in Asia Minor. These coins were made of electrum, a natural mixture of gold and silver found in the river-sands of Asia Minor. In Greece proper, where gold was not found, the earliest coins, such as those of Athens and Corinth, were of silver, while the Spartans used iron. Croesus, ruler of Lydia in the sixth century B.C., whose wealth has become proverbial, was the first ruler to issue coins of pure gold. Two hundred years later Philip II of Macedon initiated a currency of gold and silver which, with the coinage of Alexander the Great, may be regarded as the chief international currency of the ancient world.

The invention of money naturally gave a great impetus to trading, for a common standard of value had been established and the trader no longer had to carry a large stock of goods for purposes of barter, a fact which simplified the question of transport and removed the danger that the trading stock carried might not please the customer. Nevertheless, the old form of barter of necessity continued to be used for a long time, since there were still many primitive people to whom money was unknown. And barter proved a highly popular form of trading as late as the nineteenth century, when colonisation, particularly of Africa, developed apace, and it was found that the untutored natives preferred small mirrors, gaudy cottons, bad alcohol, and the cheapest kind of trash to money which they could not use and did not think particularly ornamental.

The earliest international traders in the modern sense were the Arabs and Phoenicians. Thus, in the Hebrew Scriptures, it is said that Joseph was sold to "a company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh to Egypt." The Jews themselves did not become traders until considerably later, certainly not earlier than the eighth century B.C., when the northern kingdom of Israel fell to the invader and the Jews gradually changed from an agricultural nation into a nation of wanderers.

The difficulties of these early traders can hardly be realised at the present day. Each community was practically cut off from the



A TRADING CAMEL CARAVAN, EGYPT.

other communities, with which it maintained few relations except for purposes of war. Roads were few, and were built only to serve military needs. Rivers were no doubt the chief channels of communication, and their usefulness was enhanced by the fact that the primitive communities settled down and developed in the river valleys. With the improvement in navigation, the Mediterranean became a source of immense wealth to the trading communities which established themselves on its sea-board, for it gave access to many countries which until then could not be reached. Inland countries, however, remained for many centuries cut off from the rest of the world as completely as though they had not existed. Not only were there no roads, there was no security either. Food was difficult to obtain; wild beasts abounded, and, worse, the communities to whom it was sought to bring the benefits of civilisation regarded every stranger as a natural enemy, and a heaven-sent opportunity for a little light-hearted slaughter and robbery.

We may well doubt, therefore, whether those famous trading-routes of old really existed. Hindustan could probably be reached by boat through the Red Sea and the Arabian Sea, and there was another possible route to India along the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. But North-west Asia and the greater part of India were almost certainly completely inaccessible to the European.

These difficulties made it necessary for every trading expedition to be large, accompanied by many expensive pack-animals, and in addition it had to be armed. The result was that such expeditions were costly, and could therefore trade only in articles of small bulk and high value. And so new standards of luxury were introduced to the Near East and Europe. But the quantity of goods imported was small; the time when the Far East was to deliver up its treasures to the West had not yet come. Not until 1498 did a European, Vasco da Gama, sail to India, and in the sixteenth century the ocean, hitherto most insuperable of barriers, became the highway of the European peoples.

Meanwhile, in Europe, the Carthaginians took over the Mediterranean trade formerly held by the Phoenicians. They founded Cadiz, Carthage, and Barcelona. They sent their ships to Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor. Inland, the Roman legionaries were sweeping all before them. They conquered Switzerland and France; they penetrated into Spain; they overcame the ancient Britons. In their train followed the traders, bringing with them

the civilisation which had originated 8,000 years before in Babylonia. By the Middle Ages it had spread all over Europe. The French were already noted for their wines, silks, and laces, the Flemings for their woollens and linens. The Hanseatic League, founded in 1241 to protect the rights of the Free Cities and to foster trade, comprised nearly a hundred towns, and its activities spread all over Northern Germany and along the Baltic Coast. When at last in the sixteenth century the age of exploration set in, the trader and the colonist, following in the footsteps of the triumphant travellers and soldiers, established the greatness of Great Britain, France, Spain, and the Netherlands, and, incidentally, created that of the American States and of Australia. The soldier might bring back millions of pounds in gold and silver and precious stones. But the trader brought back such things as tobacco and the potato, and so returned with the greater wealth.

CHAPTER VI

THE GRIP OF INDUSTRIALISM

§ I

IT would be interesting to discover how many households there are in England which do not possess a wireless receiver, or how many of the sets now being used are still of the old-fashioned crystal-detector type. The word "old-fashioned" comes easily to the mind, yet barely ten years ago crystal sets still held the field, and the first wireless broadcasting station did not begin to operate until as recently as 1921.

The rapidity of man's advance in this branch of science is matched by the rapidity of his progress in every other branch of science. Blériot's epoch-making flight across the Channel took place in 1909. At the present day a flight across the Atlantic is a "hop," to be mentioned on the front page of a newspaper only if there is a scarcity of other, more exciting, news, such as a good ripe murder, the fate of the golf championship, or a scandal in high Society. When the World War broke out, flying was still an adventure reserved for a few audacious pioneers. Now the aeroplane has become so common a sight that we hardly bother to raise our heads when we hear its drone in the sky.

Wireless, the aeroplane, photography, the typewriter, the sewing-machine, the motor-car—just a few of the inventions which have completely revolutionised human existence in barely a century. Everything has assumed terrifying, almost grotesque, proportions. Thousands of motor-cars are manufactured every day, millions of fountain-pens, and millions of suits and dresses and shoes. Unimaginable numbers of human beings visit the pictures each evening, are killed in street accidents every day, travel over distances and at a speed undreamed of less than twenty years ago. In 1720 England produced 25,000 tons of pig-iron; in 1839, 1,347,000 tons; in 1933, 3,630,000 tons. In 1760 Lancashire had a population of 166,000; in 1901 that number had swollen to 4,500,000, or almost as many as the whole population of England two hundred years before.

In a well-known story entitled *The Food of the Gods*, H. G. Wells relates what happened when someone invented a food so potent that it made all living things, plants, animals, and human beings, grow at a dizzy speed and to a monstrous size.

From one point of view this story lacks his usual originality, for man had already discovered his Food of the Gods two hundred years before it was written. That food was simply hot water, or rather steam, and iron. The result has been the industrialisation of the world. It has brought many good things and many bad in its train. It has placed in the hands of all goods which formerly only the wealthy could buy. It has given us factories and slums. It has introduced new problems into the international relations of countries. It has resulted in a tremendous increase in population. It has quickened the pace of life to a breakneck speed.

The first important discoveries were made in England, and it is fitting that these first inventions should have dealt with the manufacture of textiles, for cloth was England's most important product, as it was her most ancient industry; we find it mentioned as early as 1224. In 1733 Kay invented the "Flying Shuttle." At that time the primitive type of handloom, but slightly improved, was still being used. It required one man on either side to throw to and fro the shuttle which carries the "weft" between the threads of the "warp." The flying shuttle returned by itself, and so released one man per loom for other work, a great saving.

The next invention of importance took place in the field of cotton-spinning. For thousands of years the spindle and distaff had been used. The only improvement introduced was the spinning-wheel. In 1764 Hargreaves invented the "spinning jenny," a hand-power machine which could be worked by a child. In 1769 a new principle was introduced by Arkwright, who invented a spinning frame upon which a large number of threads of great fineness and hardness could be spun. The cotton spinners were indignant; they believed that many of them would be thrown out of work by this invention. Arkwright's wife smashed his models, because he spent too much money upon them and derived no immediate returns. At one time he was so poor that a subscription was got up by his friends to provide him with new clothes. Nevertheless, he had completely revolutionised the industry, and he died a wealthy man.

But the tale of improvements was not yet done. In 1779 Crompton produced the "mule," a hybrid machine which combined the principles of the jenny and of Arkwright's roller frame; it produced an even finer and stronger thread, and is still used at the present day, though in a modified form. The hand-spinner disappeared, to be followed soon after by the hand-weaver, when Cartwright, a clergyman, invented a weaving machine in which the shuttle was thrown mechanically. This machine, however, did not come into general use until 1815, by which time it had been perfected.

At the same time as spinning and weaving were being improved, discoveries with even more far-reaching consequences were being made which put a new source of power at the disposal of man. Indeed, the machines which were being invented would have been of little use, but for this new power which made it possible to exploit them to their fullest extent. Until the beginning of the eighteenth century the hand or the foot of the worker was the chief motive power. Subsequently, rivers and streams were impressed into man's service, and as late as 1785, when Cartwright invented his mechanical loom, water was still the main source of power. It was a very uncertain source, liable to fail in times of drought, and in any case available only where Nature had seen fit to place a river.

And then a poor instrument-maker called James Watt invented

the modern steam-engine. It is said that his grandiose idea of using steam first came to him when, as a child, he was once watching his mother's kettle boil. It may be so. It is certain also that Hero of Alexandria, who lived about two centuries B.C., had already built a small model steam-engine. In 1698 Lavery built a kind of steam-engine. Newcomen, in 1705, invented the piston-engine. Profiting by these discoveries, Watt, in 1769, invented the separate condenser, and later added an air-pump to remove the condensed steam, and various other refinements. The modern steam-engine was born. It was originally used only for pumping, but the addition of the fly-wheel enabled it to produce rotary movement.

It was the turn of iron next. Hitherto iron had been smelted by charcoal, and the supplies of charcoal, which was made chiefly in Sussex, were fast giving out. The two Abraham Darbys discovered that iron could be smelted by using coke, and the new era, the age of iron, was ushered in when Smeaton invented the blast furnace, which proved itself at the Carron Iron Works in 1760. It made possible the large and cheap supply of iron without which the steam-engine would have been abortive. Hitherto iron had had to be forged or wrought, and could be handled only in small pieces. Cort used rollers instead of sledge-hammers to make iron bars. In 1828 sheet iron was being rolled; in 1839 the steam-hammer was invented. John Wilkinson, the first of the new ironmasters, was thought iron-mad because he believed that iron could be used for building bridges, ships, and houses. Nevertheless, in 1779 the first iron bridge—still in use—was built across the Severn near Broseley, and in 1790 Wilkinson launched an iron ship on the same river.

Until the eighteenth century the muscle and sweat of man had done all the work that was required. Horses and cattle had given some slight assistance; they were useful in transport and agriculture. Everything else was done by hand, and well done, but at an incredible expenditure of human energy and blood. Take the Pyramids, which for about 5,000 years have reared their great bulks from the hot desert land of Egypt. The largest, erected by Cheops, rises to a height of 481 ft. It is 7,745 ft. square at the base. Like the other Pyramids, it is built of huge, rough-hewn blocks of stone which gangs of myriad slaves dragged on rollers

across the sand to the appointed place, and there set them one upon the other. There were no trains in those days, neither had cranes been invented. It must have taken at least fifty years to build one of the larger Pyramids. Tens of thousands of slaves must have lost their lives at this task. Nevertheless, about 75 of these Pyramids stand at the present day, eternal witnesses to man's strength, courage, and perseverance.

The need for such fearsome toil has passed. There is probably not a single article used by man, save in a few remote corners of the earth, which is not produced entirely or to a great extent by machinery. The steam-engine alone, it has been calculated, has added to human power the strength of 1,000 million men. The figure is stupendous, and stupendous, too, is the change which has taken place in the world as a direct consequence.

The first result of the mechanical revolution was a shifting of the centres of industry. Machines were being used to manufacture machines and other metal goods in ever-increasing quantities. It was but natural that the iron industry should shift to be near coal, its source of power, deserting the old half-agricultural centres such as Sussex, where charcoal was formerly manufactured, and settling in Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Midlands and the North of England. More and more factories were built. Tall chimneys ceaselessly belched smoke into the sky, until the countryside withered up, and great heaps of slag covered the ground where formerly there had been meadows and agricultural land. The Black Country was born.

At the same time as the centre of industry shifted, the population shifted. The towns offered work and plenty of it, at much higher wages than the farmers could pay. The labourers drifted away from the land and became mechanics. Soon the majority of men were leading an urban rather than a rural life.

But population was not only shifting; it was increasing by leaps and bounds. In 1700 England's population was about 5 million; in fifty years it increased by fewer than a million; but between 1750 and 1801 it shot up by more than 3 millions. The reason was simple. Goods were being produced more cheaply and therefore sold in greater quantities. Greater consumption in its turn required increased production. Industry needed more and more labour, and since there was work for everyone, people bred freely and enthusiastically. The economic check to population vanished.

Wages might be low, yet not only the men, but also the women and children found employment, since they could easily manage the machines. The largest families were no longer necessarily the poorest, but often the wealthiest, for they had plenty of wage-earners.

An army marches on its stomach, said Napoleon; he might have added that a nation works on its stomach, had not England already been forced to realise that fact. The problem of feeding so large a population was indeed a serious one; it was met to a certain extent by an agricultural revolution which transformed rural England. New machinery was invented, such as Jethro Tull's drill, which planted seeds in rows; and the iron plough made by Small. New principles were introduced into cultivation; the land was marled, manured, and drained, and, thanks to the introduction of new grasses and winter food roots, a scientific rotation of crops was made possible. A few men like Lord ("Turnip") Townshend and Coke of Norfolk started experimental farms which were to be of the greatest utility.

Scientific farming was not the only feature of agriculture. There was another, the practice of enclosing land, a practice which had been going on for some considerable time, but which now suddenly blossomed to its fullest extent. Until the eighteenth century the rural life of England had been organised in a feudal manner. The villagers were small farmers who held their strips of land from the lord of the manor; they were his tenants. Their cattle grazed on the commons, which belonged to the village, and which, in theory, could not be taken away from the farmers.

Theory, however, began to break down before practice. The new farming could be made to pay handsomely, but large estates were required if the fullest use was to be made of science. Then, as now, it was not worth while acquiring expensive machinery or manuring and draining the land, if that land was of "pocket" size. The great landowners, thirsting after bigger estates and bigger profits, developed the habit of enclosing the commons. The opposition of the small tenants was crushed either by force and chicanery, or by procuring Acts of Parliament to be passed legalising the enclosure. The small landowners, once the backbone of England, were driven from the field; they had not the money to acquire large estates, or to instal the new machinery. And so they sold their farms and tramped to the towns to try their fortune,

or sank into the position of agricultural labourers. Production was increased, and wealth accumulated in the hands of the few, while gangs of labourers worked the great estates, depending now almost wholly upon wages. The food problem, however, was not solved. England could no longer feed her population, but had to rely upon imported food. How serious a matter this was we did not realise until the World War, when the German submarine blockade taught us as a nation the meaning of starvation and brought us to the brink of disaster.

Early in the nineteenth century the Industrial Revolution was practically complete. The economic structure of England was transformed. Within a few brief years an agricultural country had been transformed into an industrial country. The social results were devastating. On the one hand the improvements in methods of production cheapened commodities, and so placed hitherto undreamed-of luxuries in the hands of the masses. The same improvements opened the door of opportunity to poverty-stricken talent. Many were the men who began life in poverty and died wealthy. George Stephenson was the son of a fireman employed at a colliery. He shared one room with his parents and five brothers. His childhood was spent underground. As a boy of fourteen he became his father's assistant, earning one shilling a day. When he was twenty-one his wages had doubled and he had been placed in charge of the pumping-station, with his father as his assistant. Arkwright, the son of a labourer, was the youngest of thirteen children. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a barber in Bolton. Crompton, when but sixteen years old, was the main support of his family. These men, and countless others, worked hard and earned their reward.

The other side of the picture was not so bright. The small farmer had been driven out. Eden, in 1795, relates how in a Dorset village he found two farms where twenty years before there had been thirty. Spinning, weaving, iron-work, all the crafts which had been the pride of England, were no longer carried on in the cottages, but in factories, where the old skill was beginning to be lost for lack of use. These factories were squalid, ill-built, ill-ventilated, and insanitary. They were crushing man's individuality and ruining his body. The administration of the towns, which was largely haphazard, could not keep pace with the sudden increase

in population, and cracked, with the result that slums sprang up like mushrooms. As a result of the over-production and the ever-growing surplus of labour, there was periodic unemployment on a scale hitherto unknown. It has been said that the steam-engine was invented too soon, yet, had it been invented a hundred years later, no doubt the result would have been the same.

§ 2

The mechanical and industrial revolutions began in England. This was probably no accident. In the first place, the English had favourable political institutions, and led a stable, peaceful, and reasonably free existence. On the Continent, however, altogether different conditions prevailed. What became in 1870 the German Empire was then merely a conglomeration of more or less powerful States. France, though a powerful kingdom, consisted of provinces, the administrations of which were quite unco-ordinated. Trade was hampered on every side; even as between the provinces of France customs barriers had been erected and the systems of weights and measures varied from one part of the country to the next. Social conditions were everywhere deplorable. The feudal system appeared in its worst form; the lords led a life of debauchery in the comfortable knowledge that more money for further excesses could always be squeezed out of the unhappy peasant.

In spite of all these handicaps and the throttling effect they had on commerce, France remained, until after the fall of Napoleon, the chief producing and trading country of the world. Her woollen cloths, linens, and hempen goods were famous. Silk was produced in the Rhône valley. Iron was smelted by charcoal in forges scattered throughout the country. England lent a helping hand. Holker, a Manchester man who had been implicated in the revolt of the Pretender in 1745, hurriedly removed himself to France and took with him the latest ideas on spinning. William Wilkinson, brother of John, showed the French how to use coke; he founded the well-known Creusot iron-works, and so created a great industry. Then came the Eden Treaty of 1786 which, as between England and France, lowered customs duties to about 15 per cent. on the value of the goods. The French market was promptly flooded by English goods. In 1784 France imported from England goods to the value of £1 million; a year after the treaty the imports had

increased to more than double; in 1788 they had almost trebled. Manufacturers were on the verge of ruin, while the workers were mostly out of work. Over-taxed, unemployed, landless as a result of enclosures, and suffering in addition from a sudden food scarcity, the worm that was the French people resolved to turn.

The French Revolution burst forth in 1789. It swept away internal customs duties; it established unity of administration. Trade began to improve again, the more easily because war with England nullified the Eden Treaty. It leapt forward when Napoleon, as great in business as he was in war, became France's chief salesman. The countries he conquered were forced to buy French goods. By establishing the "Continental system," he succeeded for a time in shutting out England from the markets of Europe. He rewarded inventors liberally. He helped the manufacturer by giving him money and orders for goods. His views on the question of commerce are well expressed by his words to Oberkampf when he saw him printing cotton by means of cylinders: "We both make war on the English, you and I, but your war is the better."

Napoleon fell at last, and it was a further disaster for France that by that time the English coal industry had been placed on a sound footing. France could no longer keep pace with her rival, the more so as she herself did not possess such abundant coal supplies. Nevertheless, until 1875, when Germany took her place, she remained the second greatest industrial Power in the world. This was due partly to the fact that she developed a great new industry, that of industrial chemistry. It was due also to the coming of the railway and the great quantities of machinery which were being imported from England after 1830. Until that date France was backward in machinery, and, although factories had increased, most of the work was still being done in domestic workshops. When the change did come, however, it came rapidly. Within a few years France became the highly industrialised country that she is to-day.

And then the rest of the world began to shake off its lethargy and to follow the lead set by England and France. Germany, from the time she became an empire in 1871, developed as luxuriantly as a tropical forest. Nature had given her most of the elements required for industrial progress. She had numerous and rich coal-fields. She had iron, though the ore was of a poorer quality than

that of England and France. She had great rivers, very helpful for transport, and their value was increased by extensive canalisation. During the last two decades of the nineteenth century, her production of steel and manufactured iron went ahead so quickly that, whereas, in 1882, British foundries turned out twice as much pig-iron as Germany, by 1912 the Germans were producing half as much again as Great Britain. Thus within a generation Germany had forced herself into the front rank of industrial nations. She flooded the world with cheap goods. She built up a powerful shipping fleet. She developed two great industries, dyeing, in which, until the World War, she had almost a monopoly, and the electrical industry.

The United States, too, the world's wealthiest country so far as mineral resources are concerned, forged ahead. By the end of the nineteenth century she had taken the lead over all other countries. She is twice blessed. Not only has she rich mineral deposits of all kinds, she has also great agricultural resources. Indeed, agriculture, highly industrialised, is even more important than the heavy industries, and gives employment to more than half the population. In 1850 there were 293½ million acres under cultivation. By 1910 they had increased to 879 million.

And so the tale goes on. In Canada, Japan, the U.S.S.R., Australia, and South Africa industrialisation has made vast strides, and its advance is still continuing. Everywhere it is producing the same social results as it produced in England and France, and this whether it is applied to agriculture or to the heavy industries. Commodities once luxuries become cheap and plentiful. The population increases. Factories spring up. The great majority of men, in town and country, tend more and more to become mere "hands," wholly dependent on wages earned in the service of others. The exploitation to which the workers are subjected by the employers, whose chief aim is the lowering of the costs of production, leads to the formation of trades unions. It leads also to State measures for the protection of the workers; it leads to State insurance, to regulation of hours of work, to the fixing of minimum wages. It substitutes competition for the mediæval regulations which had previously controlled the production of wealth. It gives birth to slums. In one respect alone have the consequences in England differed from those in other countries. In England the small farmer has been practically



THE GRIP OF INDUSTRIALISM: "MEN . . . BECOME MERE 'HANDS'."

stamped out. In other countries he survives, though with some difficulty.

Important in its national results, the Industrial Revolution has been no less important in its international results. Markets, more markets, and still more markets, is the hungry cry of the manufacturing nation. The goods it makes for its own consumption are but a small proportion of the goods it makes for the consumption of foreigners. Colonies must be acquired for the purpose of being filled up with the goods produced by the mother-country; hence the British Empire; hence the scramble for Africa; hence Germany's desire for "a place in the sun"; and hence the creation of an independent Manchukuo. Foreign manufacturers must be attacked in their own markets, either by producing cheap goods, as Germany and Japan have done, or by producing goods of high quality, as England has done. And not only must foreigners be attacked in their markets, home markets must be protected from foreign attacks, by tariff-barriers and quotas.

It is ironical to reflect that England, which profited greatly by selling machines to the world, is now suffering greatly because these machines are producing goods for sale in what were once exclusively English markets.

Yet increased competition is not the only result. There is also closer contact. Distances have been annihilated; Buenos Ayres has become London's neighbour. It seems certain that the European will shortly be able to reach New York by aeroplane within a day. Not only is there a closer contact, there is also a closer interdependence, so that one nation depends for its prosperity upon another. Thus it has been estimated that, were the Chinaman to add 2 in. to his shirt-tails, the Lancashire cotton industry, now sadly depressed, would be saved. The example is fanciful, but significant. It is certain, for instance, that the cotton industry in the United States of America was created entirely by the demand for raw cotton which arose in England as a result of the inventions in the textile industries. Formerly England's needs were supplied by the West Indies, but when English imports of cotton rose from 4 million lb. in 1764 to 300 millions in 1833, then the West Indies could not keep up with the demand, and the American industry was born.

CHAPTER VII

THE IMPULSE OF NATIONALITY

§ 1

THE ORIGIN OF NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

CHEAP fiction and the variety stage have contributed greatly to our ideas of the peculiarities of peoples. The Chinese, for instance, are said to be sinister, a trait which they conceal behind almond eyes and an expressionless face. The English are unemotional, humourless, and addicted to playing the game; hence they make good business men and Empire-builders, but as husbands are apt to prove humdrum. The French are a passionate, amorous race. The Germans have square heads and portly figures—they are romantic and sentimental, yet bellicose, brutal, and lacking in culture.

Labels such as these are popular, for they save us the bother of thinking for ourselves and supply a simple, graphic, and easily understood picture to take the place of personal experience and knowledge. They are superficial and misleading. They can never enable us to understand another nation, for such an understanding comes only from personal contact and from a study of the history, customs, institutions, and art of that nation.

It is our purpose in this section to describe how national character is formed, what are the elements in which it is rooted. Race is obviously the first element, and a new and special importance has been attributed to it since the advent of National Socialism in Germany, with its cult of "Aryanism." In view of that fact, it is somewhat unfortunate that we must begin by saying that race, as a factor in national character, seems to be of not the slightest importance, or rather, that its importance lies, not in its quality, but in the idea we form of it. In primitive times, no doubt, nations did consist of individual races, for the simple reason that the members of those nations were almost all related. Such a state of affairs did not last long, however. The practice of exogamy, or marrying outside the clan, soon led to a mingling of blood. Commercial intercourse assisted in the process, as did the soldierly habit of regarding women as the chief spoils of war. We have a well-

known example in the Roman story of the rape of the Sabines.

At the present day it is safe to say that not one of the existing nations comprises only members of one race. If, so far as Europe is concerned, we take the usual classification, into Mediterranean, Alpine, and Nordic races, then we find that the North French and the North-west Germans belong to the same race, and differ from the South French and the Central and South Germans. We find also that the North-east third of France and half Belgium is more Germanic than South Germany. It does not help us to use the word "Aryan," for this is a term applied to a family of related languages, also called Indo-European or Indo-Germanic. If then, we take language as a test of race, we find that the Aryans include, not only the Germans, but also the Celts, Italians, Greeks, Balto-Slavs, Albanians, Armenians, and Indo-Iranians, not a satisfactory state of affairs for the enquirer who pins his faith to race.

Race is and can be a factor only in so far as it represents an idea. As an idea, however, it can be of the greatest importance, as witness the events to which it has lately given rise in Germany, or the colour-prejudice which is so strong in certain parts of the United States of America. And so, if there is a belief on the part of members of a certain nationality that they belong to one race whether or not they do so in fact, that is in itself a factor of nationality.

Geographical situation, as we indicated above, may play a powerful part in the foundation of national characteristics. Religion affords a curious instance of this. Thus, where Nature is fierce, the local gods are generally fierce, as in the case of India. Where Nature is gentle, however, there the local gods are kindly disposed towards man, as was the case in ancient Greece. In India the life of the natives is a constant struggle against Nature. Savage animals haunt the forest. The jungle constantly threatens to invade his hard-won fields. Is it to be wondered at that he feels Nature to be an overwhelming, inimical force, and accordingly pictures the gods which symbolise Nature as overwhelming, inimical and destructive forces? Whereas in Greece Nature smiles on man and his labours. The ancient Greek, therefore, was not made to feel an inferior, but a superior being, and consequently could create gods who were his equals and whom he did not greatly fear.

Another most powerful influence is tradition. Did not 'La

Roche foucauld make the remark, "How many people would ever have fallen in love, had they not heard love spoken of?" The English notoriously play the game. In South Ireland hatred for the English has become a tradition as far-reaching in its consequences as is the tradition that the French and the Germans are natural enemies. Such examples can be multiplied almost indefinitely. They are responsible for most of the peculiarities of nations.

As civilisation progresses, however, natural characteristics tend to disappear. Their vanishing is an inevitable consequence of the increasingly close inter-relationship between States which is brought about by civilisation. We have seen how the various races of the world have mingled and fused. Exactly the same process breaks down national characteristics, national differences. Trade carries the goods of one country to another; scarcely has a new commodity been invented than it becomes available all over the world. Books are translated into different languages; paintings, music, films sent to all parts of the world. And these things, the products of a national inspiration and a national outlook, become absorbed by other peoples and mould their outlook and their ideas. The jazz to which Berlin dances differs no whit from the jazz to which New York and Tokyo dance. Napoleon's great code of law has been adopted by all the Latin countries. The traveller, speeding in his train through England, Belgium, France, and Germany, can hardly tell which country he is in. Everywhere he finds the same machines, the same comforts, the same clothes, similar food, similar houses, and a similar countryside.

But perhaps the most startling example of the disappearance of national characteristics is afforded by modern Russia and Japan, both of which are becoming more and more Westernised every day. And perhaps, in the distant future, when national characteristics have disappeared, national boundaries too will disappear and the States be welded into a commonwealth of the world.

§ 2

THE DEVELOPMENT OF NATIONS

What causes men to band themselves together? What powerful forces have been at work to produce the splendours of ancient

Rome or the Byzantine Empire, the glories of the British Commonwealth of Nations, of pre-war Germany, of the United States of America? To understand the processes by which the social organisation of man evolved through different stages of communal life until at last it attained the form of nations as we know them to-day, it is essential to appreciate those characteristics of human nature and the natural causes which led men to form themselves into groups.

Man is a gregarious animal; that is to say, he, like all the higher animals, is possessed of a natural tendency which makes him seek the society of other human beings, and renders him unhappy should circumstances compel him to lead a lonely life away from the company and fellowship of his own kind. Possession of this tendency to prefer life in groups is essential to any species of the higher animal if it is to survive in any considerable numbers. United we stand, divided we fall, is the watchword which has enabled humanity to become great in power and intellect.

It is difficult, perhaps even impossible, to say how this tendency arose in man. Very likely the earliest human beings only banded together occasionally, for purposes of the chase, and only gradually did this association become permanent as its many advantages grew to be recognised. The continuance of such an association would little by little modify the mentality of the individual and create in him a natural tendency to respond to the needs of his group and a natural attraction towards its other members. The group habit, when roused to action by external danger, calls forth self-sacrifice and devotion; loyalty is born, and the group begins to take on a certain individuality. Such is the positive aspect of man's gregariousness; but it has also a negative aspect. The individual hesitates to break away from the group; he does not dare to assert his own individuality, to take a stand independently of the group, for fear of the consequences that may befall him. The seed has been sown; the nation begins to develop, slowly at first, in the face of many set-backs, but as it gathers strength and consolidates its position, ever more rapidly.

We must not think of any of these primitive groups as a nation, or even a national group: they are much too formless and small. But gradually they grow and begin to develop institutions, of which religion, the family, and some kind of government, generally by a witch-doctor and a council of elders, are the first.

The place of the family in human society is an interesting one. It has long been thought that society developed out of the family; this, however, is not the case. In early society there was no giving in marriage; couples just came together and separated again. Subsequently a child might be born, but of its connection with the earlier event, which they had in any case almost certainly forgotten, the parents had no idea. The father was quite unconscious of the honour that had befallen him, and felt no kind of affection for his offspring, or obligation towards its mother. In time this changed, and the union between man and woman gradually became a more or less permanent one; but even at the present day there are certain very backward peoples, such as the Melanesian aborigines of one of the islands of British New Guinea, which have not the faintest idea of how babies are created. Their explanations of birth are very much like the story of the gooseberry bush and the child found under it, which is told to young enquirers after knowledge in our own country.

As the families increase in number and size, and the group consequently grows larger, there comes a time when some of these families, perhaps by reason of a food shortage in the locality, split off from the main group; they move away and found new groups or tribes. These tribes are linked together by many bonds, such as family relationship, intermarriage, residence in neighbouring districts, and the constant contact which results therefrom, and religion. They form true national groups, under the leadership of the most powerful of the member-tribes in all matters affecting the common well-being.

And so the process goes on. The group grows larger by natural expansion and conquest. It settles down to a stable existence. Ultimately an independent political organisation is set up which, by kind words or by force, instils a general feeling of unity and solidarity in all by providing a uniform mode of life and by imposing the common language upon such other groups as have become fused with it or have been conquered. The personal and blood relationship which has hitherto bound together the members of the group changes into a political and territorial one. Then for the first time we have a nationality in the modern sense of the word, one which is not based purely upon kinship.

The first-known form of these political organisations was the city-state, and it is natural that this should have been so. The

town dominates its surrounding country in every respect; it contains the bulk of the population, and its massive walls in earlier times were a source of comfort when enemies threatened. Hence throughout history we find great nations developing out of city-states, Athens, for instance, Carthage, the Roman Empire.

After the fall of Rome, in the Dark and the Early Middle Ages, the idea of nationality appeared to have vanished. The organisation of society was marked by its break-up into innumerable petty political dynasties and principalities. The empire of Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Empire, was a nation in name alone. The feudal age bred a spirit of localism; every noble, powerful or petty, sought to maintain his independence and fought against the centralisation of government. The Roman Catholic Church provided a unifying link, in so far as it gave men a common creed and taught them to acknowledge the divine right of their king. Yet its mantle covered too many people who, in language and outlook, were foreign one to another, and so, while the Church helped to maintain the Empire, it hindered the development of a true national consciousness and unity.

The Renaissance and the Reformation, however, succeeded in breaking down the power of the Church, and, with it, the false unity it imposed. New national cultures began to develop; modern languages to be gradually formed. Purely national writers and heroes appeared—Chaucer in England, Dante in Italy, Joan of Arc in France. The Reformation resulted in the splitting up of the Church, and its leaders, such as Luther and Calvin, were also popular national figures. The spirit which the work of these men fostered was at first less a national consciousness than a hatred of things foreign. Yet a beginning had been made; by the seventeenth century England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain, France, and Portugal had become fully established as nations. Their conception of nationality, however, differed from that of the present day, for it was symbolised—save in republican Holland—by the Crown.

When the French Revolution broke out in 1789, it substituted the people for the King. The French Parliament of the "Three Estates" was changed into a "National Assembly." For the first time a State had its national flag and its national anthem. This new conception of nationality fired men's imagination and

roused their latent national consciousness. Napoleon himself made use of this, proclaiming himself as the liberator of the people he sallied forth to conquer, and stimulating them with every means in his power to revolt against their own rulers. He had forged a double-edged weapon, and ultimately it destroyed him. The Spaniards rose against him, and the Peninsular War followed. The Prussians fought the more blithely, heartened by the songs of their national poets, Körner, Arndt, Schenkendorf, and others, in what they called the "War of Liberation."

Yet the rulers of Europe failed to learn their lesson, and throughout the nineteenth century there were revolutions, some successful, such as the revolts in Italy and Greece; others unsuccessful, such as the risings in Poland and Bohemia. Not until the World War did the principle of the right of nationalities to determine their own fate triumph over the forces of oppression, with the result that new states were born.

§ 3

THE ERA OF COLONISATION

There is magic in the word "empire." Its sound alone gives us an impression of spaciousness, vast power, and dignity, which words like "kingdom" and "republic" do not convey. The term has descended to us from the Latin, for the Romans were the first to establish an empire. Their achievement was great, because they had not only the strength to conquer, but also the administrative genius to fuse into a unified whole the territories their sword had won. The latter is the more difficult task. Alexander the Great, though he marched his armies as far as India, did not succeed in it, and that is why his empire was never an empire in any real sense of the word, and, indeed, began to break up and crumble even before his death.

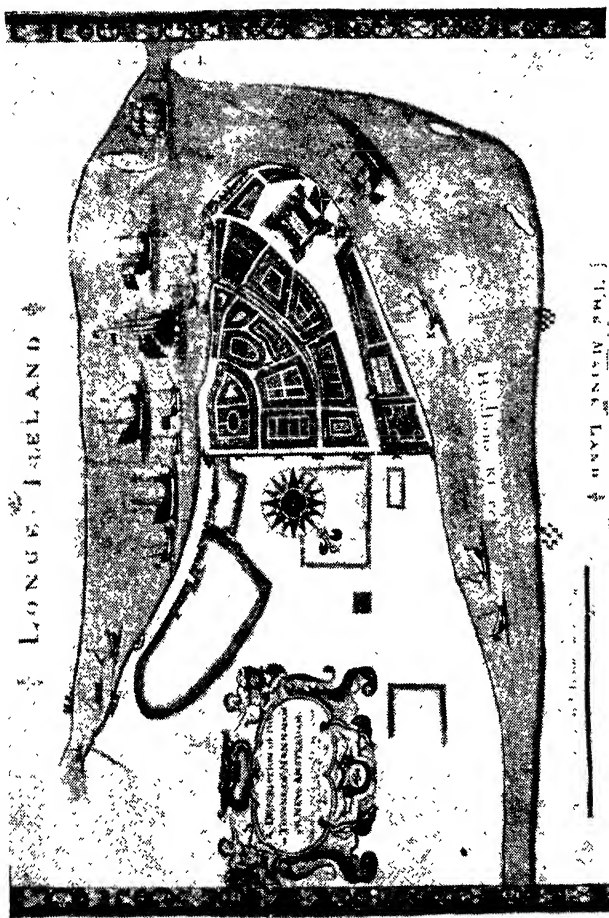
It was not until long after the fall of the Roman Empire that new empires began to grow up, thanks to the explorers of the Middle Ages and the adventurers in search of wealth who had the daring to sail across uncharted oceans and so discover new countries to conquer. In the succeeding centuries Spain, England, France, and Holland all built up more or less lasting colonial empires. Colonies, after all, possessed many attractions. They added prestige to the mother-country; they were so many jewels

in her crown. They possessed the wonderful faculty of being able to pour out wealth in an apparently never-ending stream. And, finally, they were inhabited by heathens who could be converted to Christianity, an important point in an age when religion played a larger part in men's motives and actions than it does to-day. There was, in the case of England, another and far less admirable reason, the harshness of its penal laws, which, as early as the reign of Elizabeth, inflicted the punishment of transportation beyond the seas in the case of certain classes of offenders. Under the reign of Charles II this practice was applied to almost every type of criminal.

In those days the colonies were treated harshly. The settlers had few rights. They were not allowed to establish manufactures. They were regarded as existing purely by the grace of the mother-country and for its convenience. Such a state of affairs could not last indefinitely, least of all in the case of the English settlers who had taken out with them that tradition of liberty so triumphantly vindicated by Cromwell. When in 1765 the British Parliament imposed stamp duties as a means of raising revenue from the colonies in North America, revolt broke out which ended with the establishment of the United States.

In Europe the shock proved severe. Perhaps it was merely a case of sour grapes; at any rate, the great colonising countries of the Old World showed their disappointment at such ingratitude by losing interest in their overseas possessions. A French statesman likened colonies to apples: when they are ripe they fall from the tree. It was generally felt that there was no point in spending time and money in developing new territories if they were going to be wasted through revolt. Thus for the next fifty years the general feeling was against further colonisation; and that feeling was strengthened by the new ideas of national freedom which the French Revolution had popularised and which were extended to the colonies.

By 1850 only remnants of the old colonial empires remained in existence. Spain, whose former great possessions had been reduced to Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and certain territories in Africa, soon lost all except her African possessions. The Dutch lost New Amsterdam in North America and Cape Colony in South Africa, but succeeded in retaining Dutch Guiana and their East



THE EARLIEST MAP OF NEW YORK: "THE TOWNE OF MANNADOS OR NEW AMSTERDAM, SEPTEMBER 1661."
(By permission of the Trustees, the British Museum.)

Indian islands. Portugal lost Brazil. Of all her colonies in the New World, France was able to hold only French Guiana, Martinique, and Guadeloupe; she had, in addition, five trading-posts in India. Great Britain, on the other hand, proved tolerably lucky. True, she had lost her thirteen colonies in what is now known as the United States of America; but the losses of other countries had been her gain. From the French she had taken over Canada, from the Dutch Cape Colony. Australia was hers. She held Gibraltar, Malta, and Heligoland, points of the highest strategic importance. The East India Company had virtually expelled the French from India. There were British settlements in the Bermudas and the West Indies, at the Gambia, and on the Gold Coast.

Here were the foundations of a mighty empire, and in this Great Britain was fortunate. She was in the throes of the Industrial Revolution. New markets were required, new sources of raw materials. And so, gradually, during the second half of the nineteenth century, England's policy changed. She forgot the indignity suffered at the hands of the United States. She was no longer troubled by meditation on the habits of apples and the chances of other colonies revolting in their turn. By 1871, when Germany became established as the new power, second in importance to Great Britain alone, this new attitude had spread to other European countries.

There was one great reason why the new imperialism as a policy had assumed such importance. The Industrial Revolution was in full swing. New machines were being invented with the greatest rapidity. Existing machinery was being improved almost every day. Production was increasing by leaps and bounds, and not only were more goods being manufactured, but their quality was improved. The Old World was incapable of absorbing all these commodities, and of producing the raw materials necessary for their manufacture. Thus fresh markets were required and fresh sources of raw materials. And colonies, more colonies, was the cry which issued from every throat during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Colonies were desirable, not only because they were able to send materials to Europe and purchase the goods which Europe manufactured, but also because, being but sparsely inhabited, they were able to absorb some of Europe's population, which was rapidly growing too large for comfort. Elbow-room was becoming restricted.

We may distrust figures as a rule, but they can at times be interesting. A comparison of Europe's population figures for the years 1800 and 1900 is undoubtedly illuminating, showing us far better than words could do how profound was the effect of the Industrial Revolution. In 1800 Great Britain had 16 million inhabitants. In 1900 she had 41 millions. The German States increased from 21 millions to 56 millions. Far more astounding are the figures for European Russia, the population of which soared from 39 millions to 111 millions. Europe as a whole increased the number of its inhabitants from 180 millions to 400 millions. Never was there breeding on such a scale.

Colonisation had become essential for purely economic reasons, and it was pushed forward by the forces representing business with all the means at their disposal. Particularly did they exploit the new nationalism to which the French Revolution had given birth, and the fine missionary spirit with which the churches and their flocks were imbued.

Until the French Revolution people had fought because their rulers told them to fight; if they had any personal feelings in the matter, these were hatred for the foreigner and an ardent desire to wipe him off the face of the earth. The French Revolution supplied a new motive—nationalism. It manifested itself at first in a hatred of autocratic government, which is why Metternich, the great Austrian statesman, considered it immoral, and did his utmost to suppress it. But by the end of the nineteenth century most of the European peoples had achieved political liberty, and autocratic government had given way to democratic government, with a single notable exception in the case of Germany. Nationalism, satisfied in that direction, changed into patriotism. People took pride in their country; it was their fatherland and they wished to see it powerful in the affairs of Europe. My country, right or wrong, was the motto universally adopted, and tempers might easily become heated over some slight international dispute which it pleased the patriot to think touched closely the honour of his country.

Such was the new spirit, and it was skilfully harnessed to the waggon of commerce. If an English settler were manhandled by a native, immediately there would be an outcry. His beating might have been richly deserved, but as likely as not the result would be an annexation of fresh territory. This increased the nation's prestige and was good for trade.

The other spiritual force which was pressed into the service of business interests and made their handmaiden was religion. Europe was filled with a holy zeal for Christianity, and the conversion of the heathen was regarded as the highest task of the Church. In 1795 the London Missionary Society was founded. Before a century had passed there were in England alone thirty-five such societies. The missionary movement received a tremendous impetus when, in 1885, the "Cambridge Seven" romantically sailed to China to bring light into the darkness in which the "heathen Chinese" had hitherto dwelt. Popular interest was no less because the expedition included the stroke of the Cambridge boat and the captain of its football team. Thousands prepared to follow.

The French Roman Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which was founded in 1822 with headquarters at Lyons, numbered by 1918 3,000 teachers, 8,000 priests, 20,000 sisters from Europe, and 4,000 native priests. Its total membership was then 17 millions. Not only did the missionaries spread the Word, they also taught their flocks to appreciate European comforts. Natives who had hitherto felt perfectly comfortable, though naked, were made to wear European clothes. It was all good for trade, that is to say, European trade. And so the merchants supported missions. The missionaries did splendid work, particularly in the realm of medicine and social hygiene, and by spreading education. Yet they have also done a great deal of harm by destroying the old spiritual values of the people with whom they dealt and by failing to give them new values which they might accept and wholeheartedly believe in. The missionaries were perhaps not wholly to blame. They seem not to have realised that it takes time to establish spiritual values, and that they were pushing forward too rapidly the process of converting and civilising. Their best efforts, too, were frequently nullified by the fact that the foreigner came as an invader and was regarded by the natives as a tyrant, and that the behaviour of the traders was not always calculated to win the goodwill of people who were already suspicious. From time to time lamentable accidents occurred when some unfortunate missionary would be murdered or made a prisoner, or kidnapped and held to ransom. And that, too, was good for trade, since such an event might easily result in the annexation of the territory involved.

Such were the movements which, towards the end of the nineteenth and in the twentieth century, were working like yeast to raise great colonial empires. A "place in the sun" was the most popular catchphrase of that era, and it formed the main flank of every political platform except that of the left-wing socialists. "The Anglo-Saxon race is infallibly destined to be the predominant force in the history and civilisation of the world," said Chamberlain; while a German chancellor asserted, on what authority we know not, that "God has assigned to the German people a place in the world"; and Roosevelt echoed: "We must play a part in the world." In none of these well-sounding phrases is there a hint of the real motives which inspired them. The French alone remained the realists they have always been, so that one of their statesmen was able to say: "Colonisation is for France a question of life and death."

Gold and diamonds in the Transvaal, oil in Persia, rubber in Malay, copper in Morocco and the Congo, these were powerful reasons which necessitated expansion of the nations by the establishment of spheres of influence and protectorates, and by the acquisition of colonies. Another reason, also purely economic, was the stupendous increase in the European population. Thanks to this economic imperialism, the great powers of Europe became the wealthiest states history has ever seen. There was another consequence.

The former civilisations which man had built up and which had perished were confined to relatively small tracts on this globe. Western civilisation, on the other hand, has been carried by missionaries and traders to the farthest, most inaccessible, corners of the world. Whether this be a good thing or a bad, we cannot tell; later generations must judge. But the importance of this phenomenon we cannot doubt, though we cannot yet estimate its full significance.

§ 4

AN ARMED PEACE

And now we come to the period 1871-1914. Those were marvellous years, during which such prosperity was being built up as the world had never known. There was peace in Europe for four decades, an armed peace, it is true, to be regarded perhaps rather

as the lull before the storm; and yet—peace. Japan woke from her century-long sleep, and soon began to show the world that the yellow races are no whit inferior to the white. Imperial Germany was born, and in a few years rose to the very front rank of nations. In every corner of the globe men were working like ants to consolidate and develop that civilisation which was cradled in the scientific discoveries of the eighteenth century, and which grew up to the accompaniment of Yankee Doodle and the Marseillaise.

Before considering the chief nations individually, as we shall do in Part III of this work, let us look at some of the main features of that age, which affected them all to a greater or lesser extent.

First there was industrialism, which, though a century had elapsed since it began to take shape, was still the most novel and significant factor in men's lives. With ever-increasing skill and confidence mankind turned to its uses the resources which the economic revolution had placed in its hands. Industrial and scientific progress was accelerating, growing more and more rapid, achieving breakneck speed. Hand labour had long given way to mechanical labour; mechanical labour itself was being revolutionised. The age of steam passed into the age of electricity, the age of coal into the age of oil. In the 'forties trains began to puff; in the 'eighties came the bicycle; at the very end of the nineteenth century motor-cars made their appearance, frightening an honest populace which insisted that a man should walk in front of each car, waving a red flag to warn peaceful pedestrians. Flight, which had been man's dream since the day when the legendary Greek, Icarus, built himself a pair of wings, became a reality. Telegraphy was improved, the telephone invented, and wireless crowned the achievements in that field.

Internationally, the improvement of the means and rate of transport destroyed distance and extended time; it made easy the linking up of all parts of the world, the opening-up of unexplored regions, the development of foreign markets and world trade. The internationalism of finance followed the internationalisation of trade and industry. Vast systems of credit spread like a web over the world. The people of all nations became dependent upon one another, their incomes came from foreign investments, the food on their tables was drawn from all parts of the earth, the failure of

a bank in Austria might bring misery to millions of people in and out of Europe who knew nothing of Austria and had never heard of the bank.

Within each nation, the improvement in communications enabled the people to be welded together far more solidly than they had ever been. The provincial no longer kept his eyes fixed on the countryside at his feet. Contact with the outer world enabled him to look beyond his village, beyond his district, beyond his province. He saw now that he was a citizen of a nation; he realised, too, that there were other nations and that they were all struggling for power. Nationalism, then, was the second feature of this period.

Thus we have this curious contradiction. On the one hand, there is internationalism fostered by increasing international commerce and trade, by the interchange of knowledge and ideas through increased travel, by the formation of international societies and the holding of international conferences on every subject under the sun; and finally, by increased political co-operation between the nations and because there were few political incidents which did not have international consequences, as, for instance, the Moroccan crisis or the seizure of Tunis by France.

On the other hand, there is nationalism. States had become self-conscious. They thirsted for power, military and commercial. They resented any fancied slight on their national honour, any obstacle raised against the satisfaction of their aims. They hated one another; they were suspicious of one another's ambitions. There was young Germany, very conscious of its youth, eager to prove itself a force with which the world must reckon. There was France, smarting under its defeat in the Franco-Prussian War, clamouring for revenge and the restoration of its lost provinces and diminished prestige. There was Italy, keen to acquire the territories in the North which were held by France, Switzerland, and Austria-Hungary, and which she thought belonged to her for historical reasons and because these territories had large Italian populations; keen, also, to acquire colonies in North Africa, and baffled in that desire because France and Britain were too strong. And, finally, there were all the suppressed nationalities in the Balkans, in Austria-Hungary, in East Germany, and in Russia, which longed to be free. When the test came in 1914, nationalism triumphed over internationalism, and its triumph came near to destroying Western civilisation.

For the time being, however, there was an armed peace. National rivalry showed itself, not only in trade competition, but also in military competition. Prussia led the way. She created a new army based on conscription (a device imitated from the French), equipped with all the latest discoveries of science, and trained to perfection. She created scientific militarism and proved its value against Austria in 1866 and against France in 1870. Then the other nations woke up. The race for armaments began. It was excused, not on the ground that the armies were to be used for fighting, but on the ground that a powerful army was the outward sign of a powerful nation. Humorously enough, it was also said that a strong army is the surest guarantee for peace. And everybody believed this: the Governments because they wanted to believe; the people because they did not think; the armament manufacturers because it was profitable.

The third feature of that age was the change in the position of women and the growth of the Socialist movement. The position of women, the main disabilities from which they suffered, the fact that the law still held that "man and wife are one, and the husband is that one" had long given dissatisfaction to the persons most concerned. As early as 1792 Mary Godwin, better known as Mary Wollstonecraft, had published her *Vindication of the Rights of Women*. Towards the end of the nineteenth century the movement gathered new force, owing mainly to the spread of education and the greater social security which industrialism brought about. Women were being admitted to universities, they were gradually entering into the ranks of the professions; those who were employed in industry were earning better wages and Parliament had interfered to establish more reasonable working hours for them. In 1902 the Women's Social and Political Union was founded. "Votes for Women!" was its war-cry, and it advertised this object in ways which, as time went on, became more and more violent. The recognised methods were interruptions of meetings, conflicts with the police, disturbances in Parliament, window-breaking, incendiarism, assaults on ministers, and minor outrages. They surpassed themselves when a woman threw herself in front of the horses at the Derby of 1913. Much was accomplished before the War. One by one the barriers that closed the professions to women were broken down; public examinations were thrown open

hold property in their rights; and since the War a full or approximate political equality has been granted to women in most modernised countries of the world. A great revolution has taken place in the life of women.

Even greater has been the revolution which has taken place in the position of the working classes. The Industrial Revolution emphasised the distinction between employer and employee by increasing the gap between them. On the one hand was the capitalist employer acquiring wealth, privilege, and power by organising and hiring the labour of other men. On the other was the wage-earner, giving his labour on hire, and reduced to the position of slave by his absolute dependence on the employer for the means of existence, and by his lack of capital, ambition, enterprise, or organising skill. The factory system made his position an intolerable one. Starvation wages, excessive hours, insanitary conditions broke his health, kept him perpetually on the brink of starvation, and rendered him an easy victim to oppression from above.

The State did something to improve his lot. In England alone there were more than forty Factory Acts during the nineteenth century which regulated hours and ages of employment, dealt with safety and sanitary conditions of work, introduced factory inspection, fixed minimum wages. Free education and medical benefits, national insurance schemes for sickness and unemployment, and old age pensions, were established. Certain employers, too, did something. In England the first was Robert Owen (1771-1858), a Manchester cotton spinner, who established a model factory at New Lanark, reduced hours of labour, made his factory sanitary, abolished employment of very young children, provided unemployment relief, and found that common decency and unselfishness did not conflict with commercial prosperity. Since then many other model factories have been built, such as Lever's at Port Sunlight, Ford's, Cadbury's at Bournville, and the Bata shoe-factory in Czechoslovakia. And in all the big stores nowadays are to be found staff rest-rooms, canteens, and facilities for physical exercise. It has been discovered that it pays to improve the working-man's conditions of labour, for the better these conditions, the better his work.

Of course this was not sufficient. It took time to convince

employers and Governments that workers are entitled to the common decencies of life, that they are not machines, or animals. Each advance was only gained through unremitting effort, relentless pressure, and at the cost of much bitterness on both sides. The workers could not afford to wait until the spirit of sweet reasonableness should have developed in their oppressors. They were forced to take matters into their own hands, to enforce their demands upon a class of people who were blinded by inexperience, ignorance, and a callous selfishness. The weapon chosen was the trade union, the basis of which was the simple age-old principle "united we stand, divided we fall"—in other words, combined action.

This was used in England as early as the end of the eighteenth century, but because of the violence to which the unions gave rise, they were suppressed by Combination Laws until 1824, when their existence was recognised. Nevertheless, their position remained doubtful, and they were not fully legalised until 1875. In Germany they were prohibited by Bismarck in 1878, and their activities were carried on under the apparently innocent and harmless form of sports clubs and other social organisations. Prohibited or not, they increased and prospered all over the Continent. Large funds, raised by contributions from members, were at their disposal, enabling them to agitate for labour reform and to finance strikes, their most potent weapon. It is largely owing to the work of the unions that the workers in most industries and countries have achieved a standard of living undreamed of by their fathers.

The aim of the trade unionists was to get the best out of a somewhat inferior world. The Socialists, who became a great force in this era, decided that the world they lived in was altogether too inferior; they proposed to change it. The capitalist society must be destroyed, and the world must be ruled by the workers. Private property must be abolished, though opinions differed, and continue to differ, as to who is to take it over. The moderate Socialist, the British Labour Party, sections of French and German Socialists, advocate what is called "collectivism," which means the ownership by the State of the means of production. Syndicalists, on the other hand, who are strong in Spain, France, and Italy, aim at ownership by "organised labour" along the lines of an industry or craft. Under collectivism the railways would be owned and

managed by the State; under syndicalism they would be owned and run by the railway workers.

We hear much of Karl Marx in these days. By some he is regarded almost as a god; to others he is the source of all evil. Since, however, remarkably few people have read and digested his works, it is clear that he is regarded as a symbol rather than as the originator of some highly original theories. He symbolises the working-class movement, and he is made its scapegoat by the Capitalists. It is difficult to attack the workers as a class; it is simpler to concentrate one's attacks on Marx, and to try, by kind words or by force, to dissociate the working class from him, to say that he represents nothing but himself and a few misguided and dissatisfied people who are in any case useless members of society. Nevertheless, the very fact that he is a symbol and the very intensity of the attacks made upon him in that capacity show more clearly even than his books the reality and the bitterness of the fight that is being waged between class and class.

Marx was born in 1818 in Rhenish Prussia. His father was a Jewish convert to Christianity, a legal official in the Prussian service; he lived in easy circumstances, and studied history, philosophy, jurisprudence, and political economy at the universities of Berne and Berlin. The revolutionary ideas which he expressed in an extremist newspaper led him into trouble. He was forced to move to Paris, where he came into contact with the French Socialists and met Engels, who became his lifelong friend and collaborator. In 1845 he was expelled from Paris, and moved to Brussels, where, in 1848, he published the famous *Communist Manifesto*, which ends with the following words: "The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Workers of the world, unite! "

After a brief visit to Cologne to take part in the revolutionary outbreaks of 1848, he came to London. He was a familiar figure in the Reading-Room of the British Museum, where he wrote *Das Kapital*, the "working-men's Bible." He also founded the International Working Men's Association, which ended in 1873. He lies buried in Highgate Cemetery.

His theories are based on four principles. The first is what is known as the materialistic interpretation of history. Marx thought that every human activity, every human institution, is in some way connected with economic needs. Religion, art, systems of philosophy, slavery, feudalism, and the Renaissance are all, directly or indirectly, produced by economic factors.

The second principle is the class war. Civilised society is divided into two classes, exploiter and exploited, capitalist and worker. Between these two there can be no peace, no compromise. The fight must go on until one or the other is destroyed.

Thirdly comes the "theory of value," largely adopted from the English economists. What is it, he asks, that constitutes economic value? Upon what does the price of goods depend? Why is one thing more valuable than another? Does value depend upon scarcity, usefulness, the amount of labour that has gone to the production of the goods in question, or the ease and extent with which they may be exchanged for other goods? Marx finds the answer in human labour. Value is "human labour crystallised." And if human labour is the essential factor in every commodity men use, then clearly the working class is the most important factor in civilised society.

And finally, Marx saw that the capitalist society bore within itself the seed of its own decay and destruction. Not only was the fight between capitalists and workers a fight to the death, but capitalists were in addition committing suicide. For industry was being gathered into the hands of the few. The small capitalist was steadily being driven out of existence and forced into the working class just as formerly the small peasant had lost his land to the large estate-owner. The chain-store is driving out the small trader. The industrial combine is destroying the small manufacturer. Thus, logically, capitalists are gradually disappearing; in time only a few will be left.

Such are Marx's ideas. We should note here the distinctions between the moderate and the extremist Socialists. The former are, as a rule, nationalistic in their sympathies, and interested mainly in matters that are purely economic. The latter, on the other hand, are internationalists, since they hold that the problems with which the working classes are faced are the same the whole world over and must be solved by united action. Furthermore,

they include in their attack all the so-called " bourgeois " institutions, such as *the Church, marriage, etc.*

We have shown what were the main influences in that era which immediately preceded the World War. In Part III it will be our task to consider in greater detail how they affected the individual nations and their relations with one another.

PART III

THE WORLD BEFORE THE WAR

CHAPTER VIII

THE NEAR EAST: "THE POWDER-BARREL OF EUROPE"

"I SHALL not see the World War, but you will, and it will start in the Near East," was Bismarck's prophecy, made to a friend. The Sarajevo murders fulfilled it. The Near East, the "powder-barrel of Europe," is a land strewn with the wreckage of dead Empires; peoples follow one another, intermingle, rise and fall, through dim barbaric ages, bloodstained and glittering with old-world splendour, striving, each for itself, in a wild struggle for existence. The Greek Empire was followed by that of Alexander the Great, by the dominion of Rome, by the invasions of the Mongols, by the conquests of Venice, until finally the all-conquering Ottoman established himself in Asia Minor, spread, swept down upon the Balkans, and set up his boundaries in the very shadow of Vienna. For four centuries the Ottoman Empire succeeded in maintaining itself; then it began to decay. That was the problem which Europe had to face in the nineteenth century: the slow waning of Turkish power, and the consequent resurrection of, and struggle for supremacy between, the subject peoples. Even at the present day that problem has not been solved. A Russian statesman put the position in a nutshell. "This damned Eastern Question is like the gout," he said. "Sometimes it takes you in the leg, sometimes it nips your hand. One is lucky if it does not fly to the stomach." In 1914, however, it did fly to the stomach.

If we look at a map of Europe in 1815 we see how large the Turkish Empire was, although for one hundred and twenty-five

years it had steadily been losing ground, mainly to Russia and Austria. Its northern boundaries included Moldavia and Wallachia, and stretched east and south from the Carpathians to the river Pruth and the Danube. Farther south it covered almost the whole Balkan Peninsula, except for Montenegro, stubbornly clinging to its independence, and the Dalmatian coast. Turkey held Asia Minor and the Kurdish and Armenian highlands. She sat astride the Arabian Desert through Mesopotamia in the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates to the East, and through Syria and Palestine to the west. In Africa she ruled nominally from Egypt to Algiers.

The racial situation was extraordinarily complicated. It is almost impossible to believe that in Asia Minor alone did the Turks constitute a majority of the population. Yet such was the fact. In North Africa dwelt the Arabs and the Berbers; in the Arabian peninsula, the Arabs. The Taurus Mountains, between Arabia and Asia Minor, were inhabited by Armenians and Kurds. In the Balkans the situation was quite fantastic. There was a large wandering population of Spanish Jews, or gypsies. There were Albanians, both in their own land and scattered throughout Serbia. There were Greeks, Jugo-Slavs or Serbs, Bulgars, Vlachs or Rumanians, and Turks.

The religious situation was just as complicated. The Turks mostly belonged to the Sunnite or orthodox branch of Mohammedanism. This branch included the Kurds, various Arabic groups, and many Albanians. The latter have remained faithful to this day, and it is astonishing to see, in Elbasan, say, a South Albanian town, how the women, who are all veiled in true Mohammedan fashion, scatter at the approach of a male stranger. In Syria dwelt the unorthodox Druses, and in the Arabian Desert the puritanical Wahabis. There were also many Jews and Christians, the latter divided into three groups, the Greek Orthodox, the Gregorian or Armenian, and the Roman Catholic. They predominated in the Balkans and the Mediterranean islands, and constituted a strong minority in Asia Minor, Armenia, and Syria.

We need not be surprised, when we consider the racial and religious difficulties which existed in the Near East, that the history of that unhappy part of the world has been a bloodstained one. Religion, as it happened, unusually enough, played the lesser part.

The Mohammedan Turks, while narrow and fanatical, were yet tolerant of other creeds. The Christians and Jews were excluded from the ordinary legal and administrative agencies. They were not governed by the *Sheri*, the Mohammedan code of law. On the other hand, each sect was organised as a separate *millet*, ruled over by a patriarch, bishop, or other ecclesiastical head. It was this tolerance which proved an important factor in the breaking-up of the Ottoman Empire, for it enabled the peoples to maintain their unity and their identity, it preserved for them their traditions, and when the time came to fight for independence, they remembered past greatness and were encouraged.

Economic conditions were appalling. The land was in the hands of Turkish landlords, who had no skill in agriculture, and took no interest in the cultivation of their estates. Trade was regarded as dishonourable, and left to the *rayahs*, a term meaning cattle, who consisted chiefly of Greeks and Armenians. Foreigners, too, carried on commerce, but they had the advantage of protection by their own Governments, whereas the other traders were wholly at the mercy of bandits, who abounded. Thus trade did not flourish.

The administration of the country had broken down, and this was due directly to the influence of the *serail*, or royal harem. Petticoats ruled. The Sultan, who was in theory an autocrat, was in fact but the channel through which palace intrigues were carried to their conclusion. He was the *Padishah*, or King of Kings, and the *Khalif*, the supreme head of the Orthodox Mohammedan Church. But the local governors paid little attention to his orders. They purchased their offices by bribery, and thereafter were concerned only with extracting as much money as possible from their unhappy subjects and so securing an adequate profit on their expenditure. All were corrupt, from the *Grand Vizier*, the second man in the Empire, through the *Divan*, the body of royal councillors, and the army, down to the humblest tax-collector or keeper of a gaol. "Baksheesh" was the universal cry and the chief cause of the downfall of the Empire.

The passing of Turkey, the "Sick Man of Europe," left three great problems. There was, first, the struggle for independence by the Balkan peoples, a struggle which had been popularised by the success of nationalism which resulted from the French Revolution. Secondly, independence must not only be achieved, but

also placed on a firm basis. And finally, there were the conflicting desires of the Powers, mainly Russia and Austro-Hungary, to take large bites at the Turkish cherry. Great Britain, on the other hand, desired to strengthen Turkey as a protection against Russia.

Nationalism began to awaken in the Balkans at the end of the eighteenth century. The first country to revolt was Montenegro. Thanks mainly to the fact that it was small and situated in a highly mountainous district, it succeeded, and its independence was recognised by Turkey in 1799. The Serbs followed suit in 1804; their revolt was crushed, but they made another attempt in 1815, and two years later achieved success in all but name, for while they continued to be a vassal State of Turkey, they gained the right to administer their country. Russia, posing as the friend of the Balkan people, declared a protectorate in 1829. Rumania, too, about the same time, gained the right to look after her own affairs.

The most successful effort, however, and the one which stirred the greatest enthusiasm in Europe, and particularly in England, was that of the Greeks. There had been a revival of learning in their country. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Greeks began to remember that they were the heirs to one of the most glorious cultures in the history of the world. They remembered the greatness of Athens and of Sparta. They looked with a new eye upon the statues, the temples, all those splendid relics of a splendid age. They saw them no longer as broken stones, with which they had nothing to do, but as living art, a part of their history, a part of themselves. And, remembering, they began their struggle against the Turks. The Philike Hetairia, or Society of Friends, was formed, and in 1821 the War of Independence began.

We must not think of that war as the fight of a noble people against a brutal barbarian. The Greeks, in fact, had been rather well treated by their conquerors, and during the war it was they who showed the Turks to what length cruelty can be carried. Their example was promptly followed. The Greeks massacred the Turks in the Morea; the Turks massacred the Greeks of Thessaly and Macedonia, and hanged the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople and three archbishops on an Easter Day.

Turkey, helped by her vassal Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and his son Ibrahim, who came to be known as "Black Hell,"

was at first successful. Missolonghi, where Byron died while fighting for the Greek cause, fell in 1826, Athens in 1827. Then, however, Russia, France, and Great Britain took a hand and in 1827 destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino. Russia alone continued the war, and forced Turkey to sign the Peace of Adrianople in 1829.

Greece was free, and Prince Otto of Bavaria became king. The new nation, however, was a small one. It comprised but the centre and the south of the Greek peninsula, and the islands of the Greek Archipelago which lie along the European shore. That fact was to be the source of much trouble later on, and although the country has managed to increase her boundaries very considerably, the dreams of her patriots for a "Greater Greece" have even now not been fully realised.

Meanwhile, there was great rivalry between the European Powers. Russia wanted an outlet through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to the Mediterranean. She also thought it was her duty to protect the Christian subjects of the Sultan. And, no doubt, there were fine pickings to be had among the bones of "the sick man of Europe."

England, on the other hand, wanted no rival in the Mediterranean. She was concerned about Egypt, for, even before the opening of the Suez Canal, the route to India via Suez had become important, thanks to the building of railways. Her policy was not to hasten the death of Turkey, but to rejuvenate her, to give her a period of peace so that she might grow strong again.

France hesitated between the two.

Great Britain gained her way, but it took the Crimean War, in 1854, to convince the Tsar that she was right. By the Treaty of Paris in 1856 the principle of rejuvenation was adopted. The independence and territorial integrity of Turkey were guaranteed. Russia renounced the right to intervene in the disputes, whether national or religious, which so often afflicted that country. She also renounced the protectorate she had declared over Serbia and the Danubian provinces.

The idea that ten years' peace would enable Turkey to set her house in order failed miserably. Corruption and mismanagement were too deep-rooted. The Sultan might make the most glowing promises. He could not have fulfilled them had he been a far

stronger man than he was. Yet the attempt was worth making. Had it succeeded, there can be no doubt Europe would have enjoyed far more peace than she did.

Troubles developed thickly. No sooner was one settled than another broke out elsewhere. There were disturbances in Syria and the Lebanon between the Druses and the Maronites. There were disturbances in Crete between the Turks and the Greeks. The Rumanians and the Serbs prepared to fight for full independence, the Bulgars for the right to govern themselves. In 1875 Turkey went bankrupt.

Events moved rapidly. In the negotiations which led up to the Treaty of Paris, the two Danubian provinces, Moldavia and Wallachia, had been promised internal freedom, but they were denied the right to unite. These simple peasant folk took it into their heads to elect the same prince, Alexander Cuza, to rule over each district. The union became an accomplished fact, and in 1859 the two principalities adopted the name of Rumania.

Bulgaria found her task more difficult. Here, as in so many other countries, nationalism grew out of education and a revival in culture. The first school was opened in 1835. So great was the thirst for education that in forty years the number increased to nearly 500. In 1876 the revolution broke out. The Turks went mad. A horde of irregular troops, Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, descended upon the peasants. Sixty villages were burnt, and more than 12,000 inhabitants put to the sword. The "Bulgarian Atrocities" were in full swing.

The year before, too, a revolt had begun in Bosnia-Herzegovina, and was supported by the Serbs and the Montenegrins.

Russia, which always enjoyed fishing in the troubled waters of the Balkans, decided upon another campaign. In 1877 war was declared on Turkey. It was short and sweet. The Turks were decisively beaten, and their European empire was practically wiped out. Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro were declared independent. A new Bulgaria was created, stretching from the Danube to the Ægean, from Albania to the Black Sea. It was to pay tribute to Turkey, but otherwise was fully free. Turkey's fortresses on the Danube were to be destroyed, and reforms were to be carried out speedily in Bosnia-Herzegovina and Armenia. Russia herself obtained Batum, Kars, and other territories in North Armenia, as well as the Dobrudja, which was to be exchanged with Rumania

for Bessarabia. Russia alone was pleased. Rumania had been excluded from the negotiations. Serbia, Montenegro, and Greece were jealous of this new and powerful Bulgaria. Austria felt her interests in the Balkans threatened, and Great Britain did not relish the increase in Russia's power in the Near East. The English sang:

*"We don't want to fight,
But by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships,
We've got the money, too,"*

and a threat of war by Disraeli promptly brought Russia to the Congress of Berlin, and the Treaty of San Stefano was torn up. Bulgaria was chopped into three, and part, including Macedonia, restored to Turkey. Austria was given the right to "occupy and administer" Bosnia-Herzegovina. Rumanian, Serbian, and Montenegrin independence was confirmed. The Tsar lost a certain amount of prestige, but kept Batum and Kars. The principle of rejuvenation was given up, and Disraeli came back to London bearing "peace with honour." Honour, in this case, meant Cyprus, a new jewel to be added to the British crown. "There is again a Turkey in Europe," he said, but his policy was largely responsible for the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913, and partly for the World War of 1914.

The Congress of Berlin settled nothing. True, Turkey gave promise of improvement, for the newly formed party of "Young Turks" forced on Abdul Hamid II, more popularly known as Abdul the Damned, a programme of administrative reforms. But they dreamt of a great Mohammedan Empire, and the terroristic measures adopted to preserve what was left of Turkey's possessions did nothing to check the growth of nationalism.

In 1885 Bulgaria, which had been united at San Stefano and divided at Berlin, united once again under Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Serbia, jealous, promptly declared war. She was beaten, however, and Bulgaria succeeded in maintaining her new position. From that time she prospered, in spite of her many difficulties. Unfortunately, she chose to ally herself with Germany and did not discover her mistake until the World War.

In Armenia, too, nationalism was spreading. The Armenians had formerly been loyal subjects of the Sultan, but Abdul the Damned



SANCTUARY IN A LAND TORN BY WAR AND REVOLUTION: A BULGARIAN MONASTERY.

tired even their patience. The usual secret societies sprang up, to be answered by the "Armenian Massacres." The first took place in 1894, and showed that the Bulgarian atrocities could be improved upon if one tried. They culminated in a grand killing of Armenians in Constantinople; in one day 6,000 died. At intervals they were repeated, in 1904, 1908, 1909, and during the World War. The Powers, however, did not interfere. Russia was sulking. France had no desire to support Great Britain, being troubled by Egypt. Germany and Austria were busy making friends with the Sultan. And Great Britain by herself could do nothing. Nothing was done.

Wherever one looked, there was trouble. The Greeks wanted a Greater Greece, which should include the territory to the north and the island of Crete. The Serbs wanted a Greater Serbia, which should include Bosnia-Herzegovina, the two provinces annexed by Austria in 1909 in order to provide her with a secure outlet to the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. Serbia and Greece, as well as Bulgaria, whose independence Turkey had recognised in 1908, all three desired Macedonia.

On all sides there was bitter enmity. Hatred for the Turk, however, proved strongest, and so that most incredible thing came to pass: a Balkan League was formed, consisting of Greece, Serbia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria. War was declared in 1912, and a year later, when peace was signed in London, Turkey, who had lost every battle, lost also her last remaining possessions in Europe, except for a small strip of land round Constantinople. Conditions soon returned to normal; the Balkan League was too good to last. No one who has not been in the Near East can possibly imagine how fierce are the hatreds in that part of the world, how deep a part they play in the most ordinary everyday life. A personal example may serve. Quite recently the writer went on a tour through Albania. While on his way there he met a young Serb who begged him in all sincerity to give up his idea. The Albanian, he said and obviously believed, is treacherous, unreliable, and bloodthirsty. He cannot even sit down to a friendly game of cards without sticking his dagger into the table-top, ready to transfer it to some throat at the first sign of a dispute. And this between friends! Yet a more pleasant people it would be difficult to find.

Thus it happened that hardly had Turkey been defeated than a second Balkan War broke out, this time to decide the division of



THE BALKANS IN EARLY 1914.

the spoils. Albania had been set up as an independent principality, but Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria all wanted part of her territory. In addition, each desired Macedonia. Bulgaria being the most powerful nation, the others set upon her and Turkey hastily joined them in the hope of regaining something of what she had lost. Needless to say, Bulgaria was defeated.

In the two wars, Serbia and Greece gained most. The former increased her territory from 18,000 to 33,000 square miles, the latter won 15,000 square miles. Albania continued to lead a precarious existence. Montenegro doubled in size. Rumania took over 2,600 square miles of territory from Bulgaria, while Bulgaria seized 9,000 square miles, a comparatively modest share, in Macedonia.

The hatreds remained.

CHAPTER IX

AN ARRAY OF FIVE NATIONS

§ 1

GREAT BRITAIN

ON January 22, 1901, Queen Victoria died. On August 19, 1902, the Prince of Wales, whose coronation had had to be postponed because of a sudden attack of appendicitis, was solemnly anointed in Westminster Abbey and ascended the throne as Edward VII.

A new era had begun.

The King was faced from the very beginning of his reign with difficulties which seemed at first unconquerable. No British sovereign had ever established so secure a hold upon the respect and affection of the people as had Queen Victoria. Her tireless industry, her dignity, her massive piety, had set a standard.

Edward was an old man of sixty and past his prime when he came to the throne. He had not the ability of Victoria, and he had never been allowed to take part in the government of his country. All his life he had been suppressed. His youth had been a nightmare. He was forbidden to mix with comrades of his own age and choosing. The company that was selected for him consisted entirely of elderly and proud ladies of gentle birth; of vener-



PAGEANTRY ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE, LONDON, DURING THE CORONATION
CELEBRATIONS OF KING EDWARD VII.

able clerics; of professors filled with learning, but devoid of humour. His tutors spent their days in stuffing him like a Strasbourg goose with knowledge that might be estimable, but was not of the slightest use to a man who would be king one day, concerned with the problems of his people rather than with the problems of the more obscure sciences.

As king, Edward succeeded beyond all expectations. Two dominating interests filled his life—society and foreign affairs. He loved happy faces and good cheer. He paid visits to the great country-houses, and was thoroughly at home at Epsom or the other race-courses.

Pleasure-hunting, however, was not allowed to interfere with the King's discharge of his duties.

Domestic politics held no attraction for him, but he was interested in social problems, such as the housing of the working classes, the provision of pure water in towns, and other considerations of sanitation.

His chief joy was foreign politics. He had visited every continental court. He knew all the important foreign politicians, and his experience was invaluable to his country.

Since the fall of Napoleon, England had lived in "splendid isolation," reserving to herself the right to meet new international situations as they arose, and in a way suited to her own interests rather than one predetermined by treaty obligations.

The time had come to abandon this attitude. The continental nations were growing stronger, especially Germany, which was building a rival navy. Already during the Boer War she had shown signs of forming an alliance against Britain.

England lacked friends. The King set himself to find them. His advances to the Kaiser were rebuffed. His visit to the French President was a triumph. The populace received him coolly. In three days his personal charm had changed that attitude to one of frenzied enthusiasm. When President Loubet and Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, returned the visit, the time was ripe for an Anglo-French *entente*. In April 1904 the new agreement was signed and the old differences were buried. France agreed to recognise British influence in Egypt. Britain accepted French supremacy in Morocco.

Throughout the various crises that clouded the European horizon

Education was placed on a sounder footing by Balfour's Education Act of 1902. Old Age Pensions were introduced in 1908. Trade Boards were set up to deal with working conditions in sweated industries. Labour Exchanges were established to organise the fight against unemployment. Women, thirsting for votes, freedom, and equality of the sexes, became fighters, and, under the leadership of Emmeline Pankhurst, made life a burden for the citizen.

Above all, a new political party came into being. The Trade Union movement flowered into the Labour Party. In 1906 no fewer than thirty Labour members were elected to the House of Commons. Keir Hardie, the veteran fighter for the worker's rights, had already been elected in 1892. Ramsay MacDonald was there, and Philip Snowden, and Arthur Henderson. Under their leadership the Party was to make great strides.

If we look back to those days we see that in every respect the conditions of life improved. Wealth and well-being rapidly increased. Unemployment was comparatively small, and every class shared in the growing prosperity of the world. Wages rose, savings accumulated, hours of work became shorter, national health improved. A minimum standard for every citizen was the goal of all parties and every school of thought. Life became richer in amenities, more decent, more humane.

At the same time there was a waning of authority, both as a steady and a fettering influence. The Crown, the aristocracy, the churches, and even the middle classes, counted for less. Society widened its bounds, was no longer quite so intolerant of the humble.

Conventions began to lose their hold. There was less reverence, and also less hypocrisy. There was less starch, less boredom, less pretence. People were not ashamed to be happy. They found no reason to avoid pleasure. The week-end habit developed; night-clubs grew up; bridge became a passion.

Taking them all in all, they were good days, though even then the storm-clouds were gathering, the sky was growing dark.

§ 2

FRANCE

From 1871 until the signing of the Versailles Peace Treaty the Statue of Strasbourg, which stands in the Place de la Concorde

in Paris, remained draped. France was in mourning for Alsace-Lorraine. She never forgot the humiliation that Germany had inflicted upon her in the Franco-Prussian War; she never forgot that a foreign army had marched in triumph through the streets of proud Paris, her capital; she never forgot that the German Emperor had had himself crowned in the palace of her kings, in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

For the moment, however, the "War of Revenge" was not to be thought of. France must first put her house in order, reorganise her army, restore her commerce, revive her former prosperity. The second task was to find friends in Europe. How brilliantly she succeeded in both these aims, 1914 was to show.

The work of internal reconstruction was made difficult by political divisions. The new Republic had to struggle hard to maintain itself. Before even the German troops had left French soil there was revolution in Paris. The *Commune* was set up. Paris was in the hands of an anarchistic mob. For six weeks it was beset by the Government forces. Then came a bloody massacre. The hostages held by the Commune were shot, including the Archbishop of Paris. The Government troops pressed through the streets, hunting out the revolutionaries like rats. The river Seine flowed red with blood. A last stand was made in the famous Père La Chaise cemetery, where the great men of France lie buried. The Republic triumphed. About 17,000 revolutionaries had perished; 45,000 were arrested and exiled or shot; many fled.

And still the Republic was not secure. It was bitterly hated by the royalists, who had the support of the Roman Catholic Church. In 1888 General Boulanger, who two years before had been made Minister of War, endeavoured to set up a military dictatorship. He might have been successful, but hesitated, and so gave the Republicans the chance to gather their forces, whereupon he fled to Belgium and committed suicide.

Scandal after scandal shook the Government. In 1888 the Panama Company, which was engaged in building the Panama Canal, went bankrupt, after a career of reckless extravagance and corruption, in which several Government officials and Members of Parliament were involved.

In 1896 Captain Dreyfus, an Alsatian Jew, was condemned and sent to Devil's Island for having sold his country's military secrets. The documents on which his conviction was based were forgeries

made by Major Esterhazy and Colonel Henry, both well-known army officers. When a certain Colonel Picquard, a member of the Intelligence Bureau, discovered this and demanded a re-trial, the Government and the army tried to hush up the case. The country was split into two: on the one side the anti-Dreyfusards, who consisted of the army, the Church, and the royalists, and were determined to protect the country against an imaginary syndicate of Jews, Freemasons, Protestants, England, Germany, Austria, and Italy, Socialists and Anarchists, enemies of the Faith, enemies of the flag, enemies of society. On the other side were the Dreyfusards, led by the famous French writer, Emile Zola, who believed in justice. Not until 1906, not until the country had been brought to the verge of civil war, was Dreyfus finally vindicated. The civil authority had overcome the military authority. The forces of law and order had triumphed.

In spite of all these difficulties the work of reconstruction went on. Germany had imposed a war indemnity of 5 milliard francs, when francs were 25 to the pound sterling, a stupendous sum in those days. Bismarck had hoped to cripple France for many years. The sum was paid in two instalments. The Government appealed for 3,000 million francs; the people gave 42,000. The world gaped. No one had dreamt that the French people could achieve such a miracle. Commerce and industry boomed as they had done before the War. Roads, railways, bridges, private and public buildings were restored. The army was reorganised on the German model, and conscription was introduced.

French statesmen were also turning their attention to imperialism. They remembered the great French empire which, after 1815, had shrunk to a few islands and coast towns in India, Africa, and South America. Napoleon III had begun the task of building anew. Under him Algeria was conquered, the Senegal valley, Cochin-China, and certain islands in Oceania. Then, between 1878 and 1914, this empire was extended until it grew to be the second largest in the world. Patriots took pride in seeing the French flag floating around the globe. In 1881 a protectorate was established over Tunis, which Italy had coveted. An agreement with Great Britain, Germany, and Spain gave her a free hand in Morocco, so that she possessed almost the whole of North-west Africa, from Algeria to the Congo, an empire eight times the size of France. Annam and Tonkin were added to Cochin-China,

which was henceforth called Indo-China. Parts of Siam were acquired, and a protectorate established over Madagascar. So extensive were the territories that when, after the World War, France obtained some of Germany's colonies, her overseas possessions covered an area twenty times the size of France.

In every way we see France getting stronger, more prosperous, better fitted for the struggle of 1914. In foreign affairs, however, her position was for a long time an anxious one. She possessed not a single friend. Bismarck had been successful in isolating her from the rest of Europe, and so she remained until William II appeared on the scene, and by his mistakes presented her with the opportunities she required. Another cause for disquiet was the fact that her population was not growing as it should have done. Between 1870 and 1913 it increased, in fact, by a mere 4 millions, of whom a quarter were foreigners, while the Germans were multiplying at a prodigious rate. No wonder Moltke, the man who, with Roon, had built up the German army, was able to say, "Every year we win a battle in France."

We shall show, in the next chapter, how Bismarck's system of alliances broke down. For two decades France had stood alone. When the Kaiser allowed the "Reinsurance Treaty" with Russia to lapse, that country, afraid of Great Britain and afraid of encirclement by the Great Powers of Central Europe, turned to France. The French fleet paid a visit to Kronstadt, and thus entered Russian waters for the first time since the Crimean visit. The Russian fleet in its turn went to Toulon, the French naval base. When the Russian officers were in Paris "men and women ran about beside their carriages, to kiss and touch their hands." In 1895, four years after the first visit, when an understanding had been achieved, the Dual Alliance was proclaimed. There was great joy in France. "We have nothing now to fear from anyone," it was officially declared; "we greet this dawn which rises on our destiny."

The first effect, however, was to drive Great Britain to seek a German alliance. She feared Russia's claims in Turkey and Afghanistan. She feared French desires in Egypt and the tension was increased by the Fashoda incident in 1898. Kitchener had been sent to Khartoum, and a French force under Captain Marchand was advancing to seize certain territory in Egypt. They met at Fashoda, and only the diplomatic skill of the two Governments concerned succeeded in averting war. Nevertheless, there was

hostility on both sides which showed itself in the offensiveness of the British Press over the Panama and Dreyfus scandals, and the offensiveness of the French Press during the Boer War. It seemed as if France must content herself with Russian support. Luckily for her, the Kaiser could not restrain his fantastic ambitions. When he decided to build a bigger and a better navy he drove Britain into the arms of France. Edward VII visited the French President. The French President visited Edward VII. The English agreed to recognise France's claims to Morocco; France agreed to recognise the British position in Egypt, and the Anglo-French Convention was signed in 1907.

Did the Kaiser realise what this meant? We cannot tell; but, looking back, we see the fateful march of events, the net steadily closing round Germany, and this through her own folly.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, wrote a poet of ancient Rome. Nothing could have been more insane than the Kaiser's visit to Tangier in 1905, where he loudly proclaimed that he would protect the Sultan of Morocco, and thus directly threatened France. The following year an international conference met at Tangiers to discuss the matter. The actual result was a diplomatic draw. Nevertheless, Germany received support only from Austria. France, Russia, Spain, and Great Britain, with the unofficial support of the United States, were against her.

The real consequence was to bring Russia and Great Britain together: not a very difficult matter, for Russia had been so weakened in the Far East by the Russo-Japanese War that she no longer threatened British interests in India. In 1907 the Anglo-Russian Convention was signed and the *Entente Cordiale* had become an accomplished fact. In Germany there was hysteria. She began to see the writing on the wall. But instead of trying to settle matters by adopting a less aggressive method of dealing than she had hitherto used, she accused the other nations of having deliberately embarked on a policy of "encirclement," and hastened forward her military preparations in order to be able to strike before the encirclement was yet complete and while the other nations were still relatively unprepared.

The French, however, could look to the future with confidence. France's prestige had been restored. Her army was strong, her commerce flourishing. Great Britain and Russia supported her

officially, Japan, Italy, Spain, and the United States unofficially. She did not want war, or do anything to bring it about; but she knew it must come, prepared for it, and waited patiently. Soon, perhaps, the French thought, we shall be able to remove the *crêpe* from the Statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. . . .

§ 3

RUSSIA

Russia, the creation of the "Grand Prince of Muscovy," of Peter the Great, and of Catherine the Great, was beginning to totter. The Tsar did not suspect it; his subjects did not suspect. And Europe, despite the shock of the Russo-Japanese War, continued to believe in the might of this huge empire, with its millions of inhabitants. When the World War broke out, the Allies had no doubt whatever but that the Russian "steam-roller" would crush the Central Powers, that the great armies of the Tsar would flow over Germany and Austria as relentlessly as a tide. In fact, Russia collapsed like a pricked balloon; when it came to the test, her fabric proved to be rotten through and through.

The process of decay had begun at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was caused by corruption and inefficiency in the administration, an administration which was autocratic to a degree, and which maintained itself by every imaginable form of cruelty and repression, at a time when modern liberal ideas had dismissed autocracy as something unworthy of man.

Western notions of the liberty and dignity of man had been eagerly accepted in Russia. From the time of the Crimean War sullen mutterings which no amount of force callously applied could stifle, were rising from the wretched people to the throne of the "Father of the Russians." They were borne of economic and spiritual misery. No heed was paid to them. When Alexander III came to the throne in 1881, he said: The "Voice of God" bids me preserve "the autocratic power" for the "good of the people." When there were threats of revolution he ordered this "heinous agitation" to be crushed. And his trusted adviser Pobiedonostsev echoed: "Democracy is a trick of the wealthy middle class to fool the poor; an unfettered Press spreads only falsehood; freedom of worship leads to insurrection against the Church and the State;



THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY UNITED RUSSIA'S VAST EMPIRE : A SIDING NEAR PORT ARTHUR.

representative government is the source of corruption and selfishness."

Naturally enough, there was discontent. An endeavour was made to distract the masses of the people from their troubles and difficulties by promoting an imperialist policy. The Tsar imagined that conquests in the Far and the Near East would prove a sufficiently sweet coating for the bitter pill of starvation and oppression. He was unsuccessful in the Near East. In the Far East matters looked more promising. In 1860 the Amur Valley and the region south of Vladivostok were acquired, and fifteen years later the island of Sakhalin. Important commercial privileges were wrung from China. Manchuria was opened up to trade by the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway, a ten years' task which was begun in 1891. It stretched 5,000 miles from Moscow, and had branch-lines leading to Port Arthur, which China had leased to Russia for twenty-five years, and to Harbin. In Central Asia the Russian flag flew from the Caucasus to Turkestan, from the Caspian Sea to Moscow.

Japan, however, was waking up from her long sleep. No longer did she pursue a policy of complete isolation from the world. On the contrary, she now drank greedily at the fountain of Western civilisation. She became nationalistic in outlook. She dreamed of a Far East in which Japan should be the greatest Power. To achieve this aim, expansion became necessary, and expansion could take place only at the expense of China. Thus Russia became her great rival. The result was the Russo-Japanese War in 1904, and Russia was decisively beaten. Incompetence and corruption had done their work. Her generals were useless, her armies badly equipped and badly drilled. The Japanese gratefully took over Port Arthur and the southern half of Sakhalin Island. They established a protectorate over Korea, and Russia was forced to relinquish the control she had gained over Manchuria.

In Europe, on the other hand, Russian affairs improved. Friendship had been securely established with France, so that when the Tsar Alexander III died in 1894, the French sent over 5,000 wreaths and 19,000 bunches of artificial flowers tied with crêpe and the tricolour. After the Russo-Japanese War friendship with England became possible. Hitherto England had been suspicious of Russia because her advance in the Far East threatened the Indian Empire. That threat was now removed, however, and

in 1907 the Anglo-Russian Alliance was formed which completed the Triple Entente between Great Britain, France, and Russia.

Neither defeat in war nor foreign alliances could lighten the burden which autocracy imposed upon a people thirsting for political freedom and for relief from economic distress. Their misery, indeed, was increased by industrialism which, at the end of the nineteenth century, had at last been introduced into Russia with the help of French capital; for while the standard of living improved, prices increased, and the burden fell upon the workers. Everywhere there was discontent: the landed classes resented the manner in which industry was being encouraged. The workers resented their economic distress. The middle classes, who had wealth and ability, resented their exclusion from all share in the government by an incompetent aristocracy.

And, finally, the many racial minorities—Poles, Finns, and the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces—resented the policy of "Russification" which was directed against them and their racial identity, while the Jews were harried from pillar to post, debarred from all professions except the Army and medicine, forbidden to hold land or to control business corporations, and periodically subjected to mass-murder in the form of "pogroms."

In 1905 the storm broke. On Easter Sunday—"Red Sunday"—the National Council of Working-men's Delegates paraded through St. Petersburg to present a petition to the "Little Father." They were unarmed; they were shot down, and revolution broke out. Barricades were thrown up and a railway strike declared. On October 30, 1905, Nicholas II, who had succeeded Alexander III, gave way to the demand of the people and granted a popular assembly, the national *Duma*, to be elected by universal franchise, and freedom of speech and assembly. Henceforth government was not to be autocratic, but by a limited constitutional monarchy.

Liberty had at last been proclaimed. It was not granted, however. Oppression continued and was met by acts of terrorism. Political prisoners were not pardoned, as had been promised. The policy of Russification continued. The old evils remained.

The revolution failed because Russia was too vast to enable the people to combine effectively, a process which was rendered still more difficult by the many racial and religious differences, so that the Tsar found it easy to play off his opponents against

one another, and to have their leaders killed or sent to Siberia.

Nevertheless, the revolution did have one positive result: it destroyed once and for all the picture of the Tsar as the "Little Father" of his people, the King by divine right. In 1917 this result bore fruit.

§ 4

ITALY

Italy had fallen upon evil days. Until the middle of the nineteenth century she had consisted of eight independent states, incessantly bullied by France and Austria.

The modern kingdom is the legacy left by Cavour, a statesman as great, almost, as Bismarck, a man who in his private life was simple and high-souled and utterly lovable, but in his political life unscrupulous to a degree where the welfare of Italy was concerned. We have not the space here to deal with his work, which owed so much to Garibaldi, that strange heroic figure, the son of a sea-captain, whose life was one long adventure in the Old World and the New, who was captured three times by Mediterranean pirates, who rose to great estate, and resigned it all in favour of a simple peasant life on the small island of Caprera, near Sardinia, and who, like Cavour, "believed in Italy as the Saints believed in God."

Their work was crowned in 1870 by the seizure of Rome, which, since the eighth century, had been ruled over by the Pope, and which once again became the capital of a great kingdom, a position it had not enjoyed since its days of ancient splendour.

Critical days lay in store for the young kingdom. Unity had been achieved too swiftly. Liberty and nationalism, the twin ideals of Cavour and Garibaldi, had been forgotten. The country was suffering. Politics and administration were corrupt. The people were illiterate, and weighed down by grinding poverty. The Government maintained a precarious existence constantly on the verge of bankruptcy and, because of that, was forced to levy taxes on every conceivable commodity, on bread, sugar, cheese, tobacco, and salt, on incomes, buildings, documents, and inheritances. Italy lived from hand to mouth. Agriculture was in a deplorable condition. Industry lacked capital. Many of the

necessities of life, such as coal, iron, and machinery, had to be imported.

Nor least of the problems was that presented by the Papacy. The Pope had lost his kingdom; only the Vatican remained. True, one of the first acts of the new Italian Parliament was to pass the Law of Guarantees, which recognised the Pope as a sovereign, entitled to royal honours, with the right to send and receive ambassadors. He was accredited with full spiritual power over the Catholic world and temporal power in the Vatican. The Government undertook to pay the salaries of the clergy and armed guard of his establishment, and to make him an annual grant of over 3 million lire. Pius IX, the then Pope, however, rejected the Law of Guarantees, and refused to recognise the loss of his temporal possessions. He shut himself up in the Vatican; he regarded himself as a prisoner. Thus there was occasion for great friction between Church and State, and much ill-will among the people. In 1878 Pius IX died and was succeeded by Leo XIII, a greater diplomat. Officially he pursued the same policy, but time was working as the great healer, and though half a century was to elapse before reconciliation was completed by the Lateran Treaty of 1930, yet already towards the end of the nineteenth century relations were beginning to improve.

The Government set itself firmly to the task of bringing about national prosperity. It failed at first, mainly because it lacked the finance necessary to effect improvements. In the twentieth century, however, matters began little by little to advance, thanks in great part to the remittances which the enormous numbers of Italian emigrants were sending home from America and other parts abroad. Foreign capital was obtained: industry improved. Nevertheless, there was considerable unrest which culminated in a two days' general strike in 1914. And then came the War, and men's thoughts turned to other things.

As in other countries, so too in Italy: nationalism and imperialism were the main concerns of foreign policy. The first became crystallised in the cry of *Italia irredenta* (Unredeemed Italy). Patriots thought longingly of Nice, Savoy, Corsica, the Ticino, the Trentino, Trieste, Fiume, Dalmatia, and Malta—regions inhabited largely by Italians, yet covered by foreign flags. Italy was not strong enough, however, to take by force of arms what she considered her own. She could only wait and hope

for her opportunity. But that unfulfilled desire made her a dangerous friend, and though a quarrel with France drove her into the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria, yet these countries could not rely upon her loyalty, for Austria held the Trentino, Trieste, Fiume, and the Dalmatian coast. . . . When the time came and opportunity beckoned, when the World War broke out, then Italy made her choice; she betrayed her friends; she sold her allies. When peace was signed she received what had been Austria's.

Her colonial policy brought more immediate results. True, France had forestalled her by annexing Tunis in 1881, the English by taking Egypt in 1882. In Abyssinia, too, she was defeated. On the other hand, by waiting until the revolution of the "Young Turks" in 1911, then declaring war on Turkey, she managed to get Tripoli and Cyrenaica, which were united under the name of Libya, and Rhodes and the Dodecanese Islands.

These conquests were recognised by Great Britain and France in 1915: that was part of the price paid to Italy in return for her support.

§ 5

THE UNITED STATES

What words can hope to describe that strange, unique phenomenon in human history, the United States of America? Her growth has been as wild, untrammelled, and luxuriant as that of a tropical forest. Her every activity is carried on on a gigantic scale, whether it be politics or the advancement of commerce, whether it be the support of missions in China or the unlawful distilling of liquor.

Here, wondrously developed, is to be found all that is good and all that is evil in man. America lacks but one thing—a natural culture; and this because culture is the result of centuries of development, whereas the United States, as a nation, has shot up in little more than a century. Heaven alone knows what are the causes which have made this country the "land of the almighty dollar." It is true that her natural resources far exceed those of any other country in the world, with the possible exception of Russia, whose native riches, however, still remain in a very undeveloped state.

In the United States are found coal, petroleum, and natural

gas, cement, iron, copper, lead, zinc, gold, silver, and aluminium. Vast forests supply timber. The land is rich and returns a thousand-fold what is sown in it—maize, wheat, oats, cotton, fruits, and vegetables. Nature has dealt generously with her children. But this by itself would not have been enough. The secret of that economic greatness must be sought within the people themselves. It is they who have exploited the natural wealth. It is they who have built up gigantic industries. It is they who have made the United States the most powerful nation in the world. And yet, oddly enough, there is no such thing as an American race; on the contrary, the population is made up of nearly every race under the sun.

The sprinkling of Red Indians has been almost entirely absorbed in the flood of immigrants from other lands. Puritans from England, escaping from religious persecution, landed on Plymouth Rock; the Dutch, seeking trade, came to New York; Swedes and English settled New Jersey; Quakers founded Pennsylvania; proud English cavaliers built up Virginia with the labour of negro slaves from Africa; Spaniards settled Florida, Texas, and California; Germans, Austrians, Poles, and Irish settled the great Mississippi valley.

On the Pacific slope we find Japanese, Chinese, and Malays, Spaniards and Russians; in every big town Italians, Jews, Greeks, Slavs, Armenians, and Syrians.

Some of these people have come to the United States because it promised them freedom from political and religious persecution; the majority, however, because here they hoped to find relief from the economic distress, the starvation and the misery, which beset them in their own countries. They came to the United States because it was a young and undeveloped country, a land of equal opportunities for all.

They came determined to make fortunes, and to this end they devoted all their energy. And this determination is perhaps the chief reason why the United States has become what it is at the present day. The dollar is the symbol of national hope, "get-rich-quick" the national motto. Culture and art have little value in themselves; their value is reckoned in terms of dollars. Wealth has been achieved, but since there has been neither a natural tradition nor a strong police to control the methods by which wealth may be acquired, the ruthlessness which springs inevitably from great poverty has been able to vent itself in law-

lessness and corruption. In this lies the danger to the United States, for no nation can remain powerful for very long when its people show no respect for law and order, and no scruples in their dealings with one another.

The Industrial Revolution, as in every other country, brought wealth and prosperity. The Americans showed great inventive ability. In 1812 the number of patents issued was 80, in 1860 it was 5,000. The inventions included the threshing-machine, the reaper, the planing mill, the revolver, the match, the steam-hammer, the sewing-machine, the rotary printing press, and many others. The flood of discoveries continues unchecked, so that at the present day no less than 40,000 patents are taken out each year. The first transcontinental railway was built in 1869; half a century later there were enough railway lines to go ten times round the world. In 1914 the first steamer passed through that wonder of engineering skill, the Panama Canal, and the distance from New York to San Francisco was shortened by 7,800 miles.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the era of "Big Business" began. It meant the death of the small independent business man, for, in order to eliminate competition, the most powerful company absorbed all its rivals. It meant also that one company, in order to cut out intermediate profits and so to reduce its costs of production, would gain control of every type of business connected with its own. The most famous example is the Standard Oil Company, founded in 1865. Originally it was but one of some 250 oil companies. Under Rockefeller, however, these were all absorbed into one big corporation, and, since that was not considered sufficient achievement, banks, iron mines, coal-mines, transport lines, ships, and oilfields in other parts of the world were acquired.

That is big business. It results in increased output and profits, higher wages, and shorter working hours. New markets were found abroad; home markets were protected by high tariffs, and surplus capital was invested in other countries. Men of ability went first into politics, then became "captains of industry." Nothing was too important or too humble for them to touch: there were oil kings, steel kings, and sausage barons. There was also much discontent; for the result of amalgamation, in America termed "trustification," was to drive the small independent man out of business and to force him to become an employee. Hence



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, SYMBOL OF INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM.

the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was passed in 1890. It was designed to prevent these large-scale operations, but its interpretation has been somewhat elastic, and it has only been used to check blatant unfairness.

The foreign policy of the United States is dominated by the doctrine which bears the name of the man who formulated it as long ago as 1823, President Monroe. It says in effect: America for the Americans; in other words, the United States will not tolerate any further acquisition of colonies by European Powers in America, whether north or south. It implies that the United States will police America; it sets up a political barrier between the New World and the Old. In accordance with it the United States has reorganised the shaky finances of Nicaragua and Honduras and has set up military authority to rule over disorderly Santo Domingo and Haiti. Alaska has been purchased from Russia, Hawaii annexed; Porto Rico is governed like a Crown Colony, and Cuba, nominally independent, is in fact a semi-protectorate.

But the United States has not been quite consistent. She annexed the 3,141 islands which constitute the Philippines, and thus became an Asiatic Power. True, she has asserted that her rule will be withdrawn as soon as the Filipinos are able to govern themselves, but the Churches and commerce have set their faces against any relaxation of American rule, and will no doubt continue to do so. Neither has the United States kept out of extra-American affairs. She has protested against the ill-treatment of Jews in Rumania and Russia. She has joined the Postal Union and the Telegraph Union, and has taken part in numerous international conferences, such as the Algeciras Conference and the London Naval Conference. Although she has not joined the League of Nations, yet her delegates render much assistance, both officially and unofficially, to that body.

It is to prohibition, however, that national experiment in enforced teetotalism, that the United States owes her greatest, and far from admirable, fame as a home of social experiment. The movement for prohibition started as early as the beginning of the nineteenth century. In every State there were picturesque figures like Carrie Nation, "the woman with a hatchet," who, followed by her supporters, went the round of the saloons smashing barrels and bottles and breaking up the furniture.

By 1855 many States had passed prohibition laws. The struggle became one to prevent these laws from becoming a dead letter. There were countless riots; openly and in secret drink continued to be manufactured and sold. Towards the end of the century, however, the movement, which had started as a moral crusade fought mainly by women, gradually gained the support of the business interests; they had become convinced that the absence of strong drink added to the efficiency of the working man and increased general prosperity. Not till 1919, however, was the "18th Amendment" to the Constitution passed. Drink was no longer a State problem; it had become a problem of the United States. By that Amendment was prohibited the "manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from, the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes. . . ."

With this law a new era began in the United States, the era of the "speak-easy," of the "gangster," of national crime. Strong drink may be raging. Its legal absence, however, had an even more overwhelming effect.

CHAPTER X THE CENTRAL POWERS

§ 1

IMPERIAL GERMANY

THREE wars, against Denmark in 1864, against Austria in 1866, against France in 1870, achieved what Germans had striven for since the time Napoleon's troops had overrun their land—the establishment of a united Germany. From then on until that terrible August in 1914, when the World War broke out, Imperial Germany dominated the political situation of Europe.

Yet her task was not to seek further conquests, but to establish herself on a solid basis. The Empire had been created with the sword. It remained to create the nation, to unify it, to give it prosperity, to build something that the sword could not destroy. Bismarck the War-maker must become Bismarck the Peace-maker. He did not fail.

A few words about Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen will not be out of place. He came from an old, but quite undistinguished, Prussian family. He died a Prince of Germany. His life, from 1815 to 1898, all but covered the nineteenth century.

He was the greatest man the age produced, and almost certainly the greatest diplomat the world has ever known; a man who knew when to be firm and when to yield, how to be harsh and how to be generous. Early in his career he had made up his mind to serve Germany, rather than his native Prussia—"There must be some strange magic in the word 'German,'" he had said to the Prussian House of Representatives in 1864; he never forgot that purpose. To Prussia he gave an Empire and colonies; to Germans who "sailed the sea like pirates without a national flag," he gave a flag that came to be respected as highly as those of England or France; he changed the political capital of Europe from Paris or Vienna to Berlin. When he frowned, the world trembled. And even though he dismissed him, the headstrong and foolish young Kaiser, William II, continued to fear him until his death eight years later. Such was Bismarck.

"Blood and Iron" was the motto of the Germany of that period, "Blood and Iron" the bedrock of its power. "The king governs; the ministers do not," said Bismarck. In theory that was correct, but until Bismarck fell it was Bismarck who governed. The *Reichstag*, or parliament, was little more than an ornamental body. There was no cabinet system as we know it; that is to say, the Chancellor and the ministers were in no way responsible to the legislature, but only to the Emperor, who appointed or dismissed them as he pleased.

There were, as a matter of fact, two strong bodies which disapproved of such absolute autocracy, the middle class and the working class; but they could never make up their minds to combine, and wasted their strength fighting with one another, with the result that the strongly monarchist conservative minority was able to give the Emperor all the support he needed.

Bismarck's first task was to unify the Empire. We must remember that in 1871 it was no more than a union of States, consisting of those which before that date formed the North German Confederation, with the addition of Baden, Bavaria, Hesse, and Württemberg—twenty-five States in all. Each possessed its own State bank, its own code of law, its own posts, telegraphs, and rail-

ways; each minted its own coin. Bismarck established an Imperial coinage, an Imperial bank, Imperial posts, telegraphs, and railways, and one code of law. That was a great step forward because, by centralising all these important services, the Government was strengthened, and the nation developed the habit of thinking imperially. But it was necessary also to give the people prosperity so that they should be contented with their lot. Industrialism helped a great deal to bring this about, and industrialism on the scale on which it was developed would have been impossible without union, if only because of customs and transport difficulties. In 1870 the German States numbered 40 million inhabitants, who were mainly engaged in farming and agriculture. Within six years there was an industrial boom. As is generally the case, hard times followed. Bismarck's remedy was prompt. In 1879 he established a protective tariff, and within a year Germany's trade was three times what it had been in 1850. She developed an enormous engineering, particularly electrical engineering, industry. She gained huge markets by manufacturing the cheaper type of goods we know so well, the "made in Germany" knives, scissors, toys, clocks, and similar articles. "Made in Germany" has come to be a joke, but the extent to which this type of goods is bought all the world over is the finest compliment to its quality. Most important of all were her chemical and optical glass industries. Germany literally supplied the world.

Results such as these were not achieved because Germans alone had technical skill, but because their Government, unlike every other government, fostered industry in every possible way, but chiefly by encouraging research and rewarding inventors. It built laboratories, it gave grants and scholarships, it endowed professorships in science at the universities. The results of this far-sighted policy were seen in the World War, for Germany took the field more perfectly equipped than any other nation, and it is doubtful whether she could have carried on for four years had she not, during the years of peace, trained so many ingenious scientists.

True to his autocratic principles, Bismarck detested Socialism. Thanks to Marx, Engels, and Lassalle, the movement had grown very strong in Germany. Bismarck suppressed it, or at least he tried to do so, but succeeded merely in driving it underground. Sports clubs sprang up, chess clubs sprang up, social clubs sprang up; the Socialists refused to be suppressed, but simply concealed

their political activities behind these apparently innocent organisations. In 1890 the Government gave up the struggle, and did not renew the anti-Socialist laws.

Bismarck was more successful in his experiment in State Socialism, as it has been called. His was the first Government in the world to recognise not only that the State had heavy responsibilities towards the workman, but also that it ought to carry out these responsibilities. Laws were passed for the protection of children and women. State insurance against sickness and accident was established. Provision was made for old-age pensions. It was the most advanced scheme yet seen for improving the lot of the working classes, and became a model for the social insurance laws of England and France.

It was in foreign affairs, however, that Bismarck showed his real greatness, and it was indeed lucky for his country that she had so great a son to serve her. Success on the battlefields of France had left half Europe uneasy, the other half hostile. "God has placed us where we are prevented, thanks to our neighbours, from growing lazy and dull," said Bismarck, and proceeded to show his energy and wisdom by forming protective alliances with other countries to meet the danger he knew existed: France, furious at the loss of Alsace-Lorraine; Russia, hating the thought of a new power on her western frontiers. The Franco-Prussian War was not ended before Bismarck had already begun to approach Austria, and not only Austria, but also Russia. The result was the Three Emperors' League, formed in 1872. It did not last long, however. Russia was no firm friend, and, besides, Bismarck did not support her during the Russo-Turkish War of 1878, for Russia's ambitions conflicted with Austria's interests, and Bismarck thought Austrian friendship the more useful. The League was broken up, but in the following year Bismarck formed the Dual Alliance with Austria, who pledged her support in the event of a war with Russia. Three years later Bismarck found the opportunity of strengthening the Alliance. Italy and France were not on the best of terms, since both desired to annex Tunis. There was no doubt about the issue, since France was the stronger country. Kind words passed between Berlin and Rome, and Italy joined the Dual Alliance, which thus became the Triple Alliance, in 1882.

And still Bismarck was not satisfied. France was growing stronger and she could never forgive her defeat. Until his death

the Iron Chancellor continued to fear the country he had so mortally offended. That is why he turned once again to Russia. He could not afford to have her as Germany's enemy, for that would mean a Franco-Russian alliance. Skilfully he soothed her wounded pride. By dint of superhuman effort he obtained the famous "Reinsurance Treaty" of 1884, by which Russia undertook to remain neutral should France attack Germany. Bismarck's system of alliances was complete, his task was done; for the only other great European State, England, was friendly disposed. She had accepted Germany's colonial ambitions; she was still supreme on the sea and kept aloof from continental politics. There can be no reason for war between "a land rat and a water rat," said Bismarck. Germany was safe. Her Chancellor had accomplished the task he had set himself: "We must place Germany in the saddle; she will ride all right." And let us remember this, that he used war only as an instrument to create the Empire; once that had been done, he turned to peace and strove with all his power to maintain it. He believed that "might is right," but to him the words meant only that a nation must be strong if it is to get justice, for there is no court of law which can enforce justice upon States.

In March, 1888, the old Emperor, William I, died. He was succeeded by his son Frederick, who reigned for ninety-nine days before death took him also. On June 15 William II ascended the throne, and a new page of German history was opened.

Edward VII called him "the most brilliant failure in history." He had a quick mind, many interests, imagination and vision, and a capacity for hard work. No man had a higher sense of duty, or a loftier idea of his mission. He believed in himself, and he believed in the glorious future of his fatherland. But he was fundamentally weak; he lacked the patience to carry through any one policy; worst of all he was sufficiently tactless to offend deeply the two countries whose friendship was most necessary to Germany, England and Russia.

With regard to home affairs, we need say only a few words. Prosperity was maintained. Industry and commerce developed at an incredible rate. By 1914 Germany was the third largest coal producer in the world. Her pig-iron output was second only to that of the United States. She manufactured twice as much steel as Great Britain. In twenty-five years her machinery exports increased twelve-fold. Such figures talk. Even more impressive

was the tale of her shipping industry. In 1888 such ships as she had were bought from Great Britain. When the World War broke out her shipping tonnage exceeded 5 millions, and included the finest passenger and cargo vessels to be found anywhere.

To her every activity, whether in commerce, agriculture, forestry, or the truly superb system of municipal government she developed, Germany brought all that technical skill and power of organisation for which she has become so famous. She applied them also, and in a more sinister fashion, to her army, which was equipped with all the latest devices of science. Military service was compulsory from the age of seventeen. Three years, a period subsequently reduced to two in the case of the infantry, had to be spent in the standing army, to be followed by service in the reserve until the age of forty-five. Military service was the basis of her civic virtue. Blind obedience was regarded as the highest form of patriotism. The Kaiser was first and foremost a soldier, then a citizen. Militarism was the curse of the country.

It was in foreign affairs that William II showed himself the worst possible master for his country. The fact is that he was completely ignorant of the world, which he knew only through flatterers and self-interested persons. They told him what he wished to hear, not what was the truth. The result was that he made mistake after mistake.

The dismissal of Bismarck occurred in 1890, and after "dropping the pilot," the Kaiser signalled "The course remains unchanged. Full steam ahead." Bismarck's policy, however, required a Bismarck to carry it out, for it contained vulnerable points. As affairs now went, Russia was allowed to become an enemy. Austria-Hungary, Germany's ally, remained the weakest of the European nations. And Italy's friendship depended on a quarrel with France which could easily be—and was—settled. There could be no harm, surely, in adopting a new policy. Unfortunately, the one that the Kaiser adopted was the one policy which was best calculated to destroy Germany.

Cautious Bismarck had been satisfied with the Germany he had created. It is true that he was forced to commence a colonial and a naval policy, though he did so only under strong pressure and with profound misgivings, for he realised that to build a navy would offend England, and to join in the scramble for colonies would offend, in addition, all those other countries which dreamt

of empires beyond the seas. The Kaiser, on the other hand, was not content with the Germany he inherited. He was recklessly ambitious, and the constant flattery which he received turned his vanity into a kind of mania. Consequently, he dreamt of Germany as, not a European, but a world power which should dominate every international happening, wherever it might occur. That desire, more than anything else, turned the world against him.

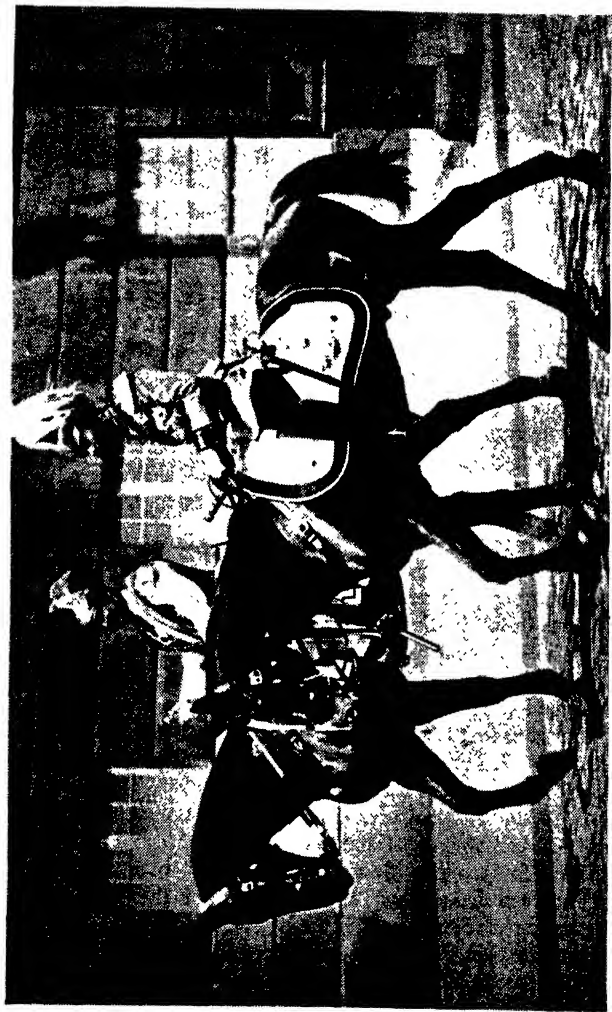
It followed from this policy that Germany should have a colonial empire. It followed also that, to protect her colonies, a navy must be built. Thus Germany sealed her doom.

When Bismarck went, his system of alliances broke down. The Kaiser refused to renew the "Reinsurance" Treaty with Russia, and so Russia, frightened of becoming isolated from the rest of Europe (for England disliked her activities in Afghanistan, which threatened India), was driven into the arms of France. The French were delighted; they had found their first friend, for Italy and Austria were bound to Germany, while England was her rival in North Africa. In 1895 the Dual Alliance was formed between France and Russia. The World War was a step nearer.

There remained England, Germany's last hope. Thanks to Bismarck, the relations between these two countries were excellent at first. Their royal families exchanged visits. The Kaiser never tired of expressing his admiration for England. "I have always felt at home in this lovely country . . ." he said, "I shall always, so far as it lies within my power, maintain the historic friendship between our nations." To that goodwill he owed the exchange of Zanzibar for Heligoland, which England had owned since 1807. How important that island was, we saw during the World War, for it protected both Hamburg and the Kiel Canal. It proved to be the bulwark of the German Navy.

In 1893 England went even farther. With a view to checking France, and believing that Germany would be a friendly neighbour, she offered to recognise German "influence" over all Central Africa between Lake Chad and the basin of the Upper Nile. France protested vigorously, and the Kaiser, suddenly smitten with the desire to regain French goodwill, rejected the offer. He failed to gain that goodwill.

From now on events moved rapidly. Mistake followed mistake. When the English were struggling with the Boers in South Africa, Germany supported the Boers. The English were long-suffering.



"THEIR ROYAL FAMILIES EXCHANGED VISITS" : KAISER WILLIAM II AND KING GEORGE V RIDING TOGETHER
AT POTSDAM, 1913.

From 1899 to 1901 they were offering Germany an alliance. Germany rejected their offer in the hope of gaining Russia's goodwill, seeing that the treaty was directed against Russia. But Russia's goodwill was not gained, and England concluded the Anglo-Japanese Alliance instead.

His naval policy was the Kaiser's crowning folly. England had hitherto, by reason of colonial rivalries, been completely isolated from France and Russia. When the German naval law was passed in 1901, showing quite clearly that Germany was preparing to build the greatest fleet the world had seen, England made up her mind to settle her differences with the other two countries. In 1904 the old quarrel over Egypt was at last settled, and the Anglo-French Convention signed. Henceforth Germany could no longer reckon on English support.

In the same year war broke out between Russia and Japan. The result we all know. Russia was hopelessly outclassed and beaten, but a further result was to put her out of action in the Far East, where her policy had conflicted seriously with British interests. The way was thus left open for an Anglo-Russian Alliance, and this duly came about in 1907, after Germany had passed another law still further increasing her navy.

The stage was set for the World War. On the one side stood the Triple Alliance, with Italy a lukewarm member. On the other stood the Triple Entente, Great Britain, France, and Russia, supported by Spain and Japan. Europe was skating on the thinnest possible ice, which at any moment might break. How the cataclysm was avoided for another seven years must always remain a mystery, for many incidents happened, all as little important as the Sarajevo murder, and all as likely to start the War.

Nevertheless, when the final step had been taken, when the armies had done their worst, when Germany was apparently ruined, it became evident that Bismarck had done his task well. He had placed his country in the saddle and not even the tragedy of William II could unseat her people.

§ 2

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

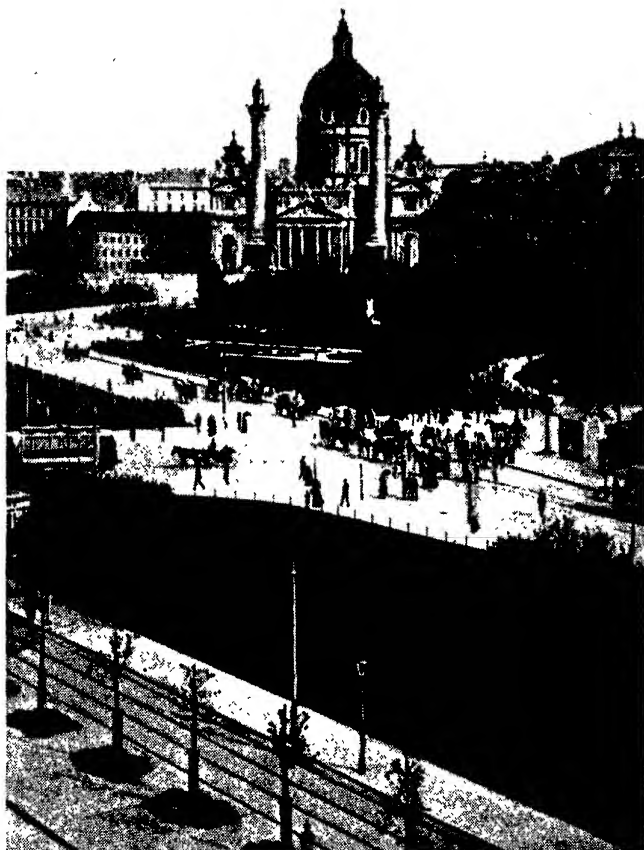
Austria-Hungary, one of the most beautiful states in the world, the home of the Viennese Waltz, the fairy-world where all is gay

and light-hearted, happy, and care free! In 1867 Austria and Hungary had become united under the tragic Emperor, Francis Joseph, who ruled as Emperor in Vienna, as King entitled to wear the Crown of St. Stephen in Budapest. Over the throne in the palace of the Habsburgs were the letters A E I O U—*Austriae est imperare in orbe universo* (Austria rules the world), the motto adopted by the Emperor Frederick in 1443. But Austria no longer ruled the world. Her people might continue to be gay and light-hearted, but they were dancing on the edge of a volcano, the volcano of nationalism.

Nationalism made Austria-Hungary a "danger-zone" in Europe. The Emperor ruled over 50 million people, but they comprised twelve races. There were 20 million Germans. There were 10 million Hungarians, surrounded by Germans, Slavs, and Rumanians. The Slavs numbered 25 million—there were Czechs in Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and Hungary; Poles in Silesia and Galicia; Ruthenians in Galicia and the Bukovina; Slovenes in Styria and Carniola; Serbo-Croats in Croatia, Slovenia, and Bosnia-Herzegovina. There were a million Italians on the Adriatic coast, and 3 million Rumanians in Transylvania and the Bukovina. Novelists might write romantic literature about this happy land; the Viennese might continue to dance and wear handsome uniforms. But the majority of the subject races hated their rulers, and they all hated each other. It was this fact which brought about the ruin of the Empire. It was this fact, coupled with the problem of the Balkans, which caused the World War.

The Austro-Prussian War of 1866 had destroyed Austrian influence in Germany. The eyes of Austria-Hungary were turned towards the Balkans. In her policy she was encouraged by Germany, which dreamt of a Germanic *bloc* stretching from the Rhine to the far ends of Turkey.

Russia, however, also had dreams. She desired control of the Dardanelles in order to be able to use the Black Sea to its fullest extent. And, lest Germany and Austria should threaten her hoped-for dominion over Turkey, she desired to control the Balkans and to direct them against those two countries. Here, above all, then, the stage is set for the World War: three nations struggling in the Balkans, and the Balkan States allowing themselves to be used as pawns in that struggle, in the hope that the opportunity would come by which they would be made great; in the hope, too, that



CARE-FREE VIENNA, HOME OF THE VIENNESE WALTZ, 1914.

some day their flag would wave over their brethren who lived under Austrian rule. The chief of these states was Serbia, for Bulgaria had been humbled in the second Balkan War. She hated Austria with a deep and abiding hatred, a hatred fed by her ideal of a "Greater Serbia" and by bitterness at Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, two provinces inhabited largely by Serbs that would have given Serbia access to the Adriatic.

The hatred vented itself in countless outrages and in a war between Austrian and Serb newspapers which to this day remains unexampled for the violence of its tone and the unrestrained abuse which each country hurled at the other.

The climax was reached when Serb nationalists, Austrian subjects, murdered the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary and his wife as they were driving through the streets of Sarajevo.

PART IV

THE WORLD WAR, 1914-1918

CHAPTER XI

CONTRIBUTORY CAUSES

INTRODUCTORY

THE stage is set for the mightiest conflict the world had ever seen. At the end of June 1914, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Habsburg-Este, nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph and heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were assassinated at Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia-Herzegovina. An unimportant murderer had rung up the curtain. By August 4 seven nations were at war, and more than 7 million men had been condemned to die in this grim play which was to last until November 11, 1918.

The Sarajevo murders flung the spark into the powder-barrel of Europe and thus directly caused the war. Yet that fact was an accident; any one of half a dozen previous incidents—Agadir, Tangier, or some other similar crisis—might equally well have caused the war, for the powder-barrel stood there, waiting to be touched off. It contained an explosive as potent as dynamite, an explosive compounded of fear and militant nationalism, of economic expansion, secret alliances, militarism. These are the elements which made the war possible, and it is these elements which we must now examine.

§ 1

SECRET ALLIANCES

Secret alliances were one of the curses of Europe. They were developed after the Franco-Prussian War. They ultimately divided Europe into two groups—the Triple Alliance, consisting of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, and the Triple Entente, con-

sisting of Great Britain, France, and Russia. The fact that these two *blocs* existed was well known. The terms of the network of treaties which linked the various countries were kept secret. The result was a poisonous atmosphere of suspicion, distrust, and fear.

The Triple Alliance was innocent enough, and Germany, contrary to the desires of Italy and Austria, allowed it to be nothing more than a purely defensive treaty. But the other countries did not know this, and so fear and suspicion resulted. Between Russia and France there was a Military Convention signed in 1894, but not until 1918 were its terms made public. The Anglo-French Entente of 1904 declared by Article II that "The Government of the French Republic . . . have no intention of altering the public status of Morocco." Nevertheless, the "Secret Articles" of that Treaty contemplated the eventual partition of Morocco between France and Spain.

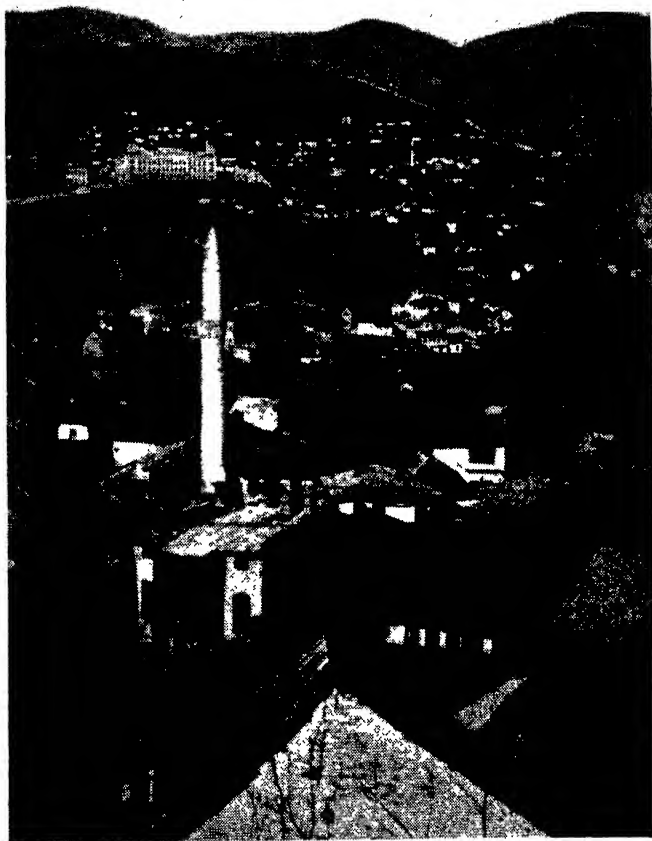
Thus diplomacy worked. Europe was divided into two camps, and, right or wrong, whether they were directly interested or not, the members of each group supported one another, because otherwise the solidarity of their group would have been weakened, the precious "Balance of Power" upset. Look at this Foreign Office "minute" made by Sir Eyre Crowe early in the crisis: "It is clear that France and Russia are decided to accept the challenge thrown out to them. Whatever we may think of the merits of the Austrian charges against Serbia, France and Russia consider that these are the prettexts, and that the bigger cause of Triple Alliance versus Triple Entente is definitely engaged. I think it would be impolitic, not to say dangerous, for England to attempt to controvert this opinion, or to endeavour to obscure the plain issue. . . . Our interests are tied up with those of France and Russia in this struggle. . . ." ¹ And Herr Zimmermann, more feelingly, said to the British Ambassador in Berlin on August 1: "It all came from this damned system of alliances, which was the curse of modern times." ¹

§ 2

DIPLOMACY

Talk of treaties leads us easily to the subject of diplomacy. What sort of men were they into whose hands the conduct of inter-

¹ Quoted from S. B. Fay, *The Origins of the World War*, New York, 1929.



SARAJEVO.

national relations had been placed? The classical definition of a diplomat is "a man who lies abroad for the good of his country."

One of the most pleasing episodes on record in the annals of diplomacy comes from the *Life of Lord Salisbury*. Lord Salisbury in 1876-7 is engaged in negotiating with the Russians about the Eastern question. Of his fellow diplomat, Ignatieff, he writes happily, "At present all is smooth between us." But Salisbury is a diplomat himself; he goes on, "I am puzzled by the smoothness, and naturally look for a snare." A just suspicion! For later on in the proceedings Ignatieff altered on the official map a frontier line which had been agreed upon, and brought the map back to Lord Salisbury, hoping the change would not be noticed. It was noticed, however, and Salisbury felt some embarrassment as to how to refer to the matter. There was no need for anxiety. On being tactfully exposed, Ignatieff replied beamingly: "M. le Marquis is so clever—one can conceal nothing from him."

A surprising but not a unique example. Emil Ludwig was more than justified when he wrote: "They all lied freely, differing only in the manner of it—which in St. Petersburg was brazen, in London cautious, in Vienna frivolous, and in Berlin stupid." As for Bismarck, that shrewd old campaigner, he knew what he was about when he allowed himself to be guided by the principle that, "In the case of every international treaty the first thing to ask is: 'Who is being cheated here?'"

It is all very detestable, yet, curiously enough, the majority of diplomats are honourable men in their private lives. The fact is that diplomacy is a game in which, thanks to its well-recognised rules and conventions, cheating is not cheating, but merely a diplomatic "move." And the professional players, quite unconsciously and naturally, have come to regard the game as more important than the issue ultimately involved, which is the lives of men. Occasionally there is an explosion which wakes them to reality, and then the wires hum while a desperate effort is made to avert the crisis, the tragic meaning of which has only just become apparent to them; but it is always an eleventh-hour effort, and sometimes it comes too late.

§ 3

ARMAMENTS

The race for armaments is the child of many fathers. Balance of power requires military equipment. National prestige requires it, and so too does the desire for national expansion. Most potent of the factors is fear for one's own safety, distrust of the other state. The system of great armies began under Napoleon; it developed triumphantly; each war made it seem more admirable; peace was no longer peace—it was "armed peace."

Needless to say, each country excused itself for increasing its military apparatus by the plea that it was for purely defensive purposes, and really in the interests of peace. "If you wish for peace, prepare for war," was the motto universally approved.

The result, however, was quite a different one. Fear, suspicion, distrust poisoned the minds of nations. Did Germany build a new battleship, England must do likewise. Did France increase her army, Germany must follow suit, for otherwise the sacred balance of power would be upset. It was a vicious circle, and so unanimous was the reliance placed on armaments that when the Tsar of Russia issued his invitation to the Hague Peace Conference, the statesmen of Great Britain, France, Germany, and even Russia agreed that there must be no disarmament. Strange irony that France and Germany should have agreed on this of all questions!

Out of armaments flowed militarism. The influence of generals grew; there was an instinctive tendency to hand the conduct of affairs over to them whenever danger threatened. And these worthy men spent their time preparing for war. Long before 1914 there had come into existence the *Schlieffen Plan*, which organised German resources for an immediate advance through Belgium in the event of a war with France. Each country had its plans and schemes of attack and defence. Every possibility had been fully thought out. And when a crisis did arise, one thing could be relied on—the generals would not lift a finger to preserve peace. After all, they were soldiers, war was their trade; their chief anxiety when danger threatened was to strike first—and argue afterwards. Who knows whether the World War might not have been averted, at least for a few years longer, had not the Russian Minister for War persuaded the Tsar against his will to order the mobilisation of the Russian army?

§ 4

" NATIONAL HONOUR "

" National honour " demands this, " national honour " demands that; " national honour " is invariably given as one of the reasons for an interference by one state with another. National honour is evidently an important factor in war. It was an important factor in the World War, for every one of the nations engaged pleaded it.

When Austria threatened Serbia, Russia announced that she was " offended in her honour as a Great Power, and compelled to take corresponding measures." This, unfortunately, offended Germany's honour, whereupon France felt hurt in her honour. Britain's honour demanded that she interfere on behalf of unhappy Belgium, while D'Annunzio, the soldier-poet of Italy, gave this noble message to the Italian warriors who were going off to fight against their allies: " Blessed are the young men who hunger and thirst after honour, for their desire shall be fulfilled."

This is all very satisfying; but unfortunately no one knows what national honour is. Leo Perla, in his most entertaining book, *What is National Honour?* (New York, 1918), has collected more than a hundred different examples illustrating this term " national honour." We have already given a few instances, but a few more will perhaps not be out of place.

During the Morocco Crisis French honour demanded that the problem should not be submitted to an international conference, German honour that it should. The Kaiser said: " Our honour demands that no treaty should be made in any part of the world henceforth without the approval of Germany." Great Britain held this to be monstrous—but claimed, although in a more tactful form, exactly the same privilege for herself. Hearken to the inspiring words of Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at the Mansion House on July 21, 1911. He said: " But if a situation were forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position which Great Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing England to be treated where her interests were concerned as if she were of no account in the cabinet of nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great Power like ours to endure."

After this it is not surprising to find H. I. D. Ryder, in his book on the nineteenth century, writing with reference to the Boer War: "Whatever good reason there may have been for recognising that our (English) claims for sovereignty in the Transvaal rested on a mistaken view of native sentiment, and however fairly such recognition might have been allowed to affect the ultimate settlement, the game of war once entered upon ought to have been played out until it was either won or lost. To this the honour of the country was fully pledged." In other words, Britain's action might have been unjust, but her honour did not allow her to admit that.

Accordingly, too, the Kaiser, when Austria's army had been mobilised but peace was still possible, supported Austria's view that to disband her army without a shot fired, without its even having set foot on foreign territory, involved a grievous loss of honour.

So much for national honour. It has been used to excuse every international action, however slight its cause, however unjust. Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, considering the treaty which affirmed it a mere "scrap of paper." A howl of indignation went up. Roosevelt broke the American Peace Commission Treaties on the ground that it would be dishonourable to keep them, and all was well. And before even America had entered the War he was able to stigmatise the efforts of the League to enforce Peace as "a move against international morality, against our own national honour and vital interests, and in the interests of international immorality."

The case of Belgium's neutrality deserves some mention, since it was used to justify Britain's entry into the World War. We need say little more than this, however, that Napoleon III, shortly before the Franco-Prussian War, sent a secret draft treaty to Bismarck by which France was to be allowed to annex Belgium, Germany receiving a reward elsewhere in return for non-interference. As it happened, the treaty was never signed. And Great Britain, being friendly with Germany in 1887, was quite prepared to allow Germany to attack France through Belgium—provided, of course, no damage were done in Belgium!—since, "for England and Germany to quarrel, it matters not upon what subject, would be highly injurious to the interests of both."¹

¹ Quoted from G. Lowes Dickinson, *The Great Anarchy*, London, 1926.

The reader will forgive us if we seem to have dwelt at too great a length on this question of national honour. In truth, the importance of it cannot be under-estimated, for "national honour" is a term possessing unlimited emotional appeal. It can blind the keenest eye, make dull the sharpest mind. It can turn a man into a fanatic. In 1914 it turned the whole world into a world of unreasoning fanatics. We need make no mistake about that. The Germans did not sally forth to battle with an uneasy conscience sitting on their shoulders and whispering reproaches into their ears. The Central Powers, no less than the Allies, were filled with a blind faith in the righteousness of their cause; it was that faith which bore them up and enabled them to hold out for four long years against a more numerous enemy.

Would the War have been a World War but for the fine sound of words such as "honour" and "prestige"? We doubt it. For honour in its true sense has a deep spiritual meaning, and men have ever been ready to die for the sake of spiritual values. But in national and international relations the word has been debased; it cloaks sordid, selfish, and purely material desires. A nation does not lay down its life for such objects. Only if it is deceived will it do so. And that it has been so deceived the examples we have given will suffice to show.

§ 5

PUBLIC OPINION

Public opinion is the most powerful influence in the life of men and nations. We do what we do because it is expected of us. We live according to fashion—we fight wars because fighting wars has suddenly become the fashion. That is why the Tsar, on the eve of the World War, was unable to suspend the order for mobilisation after a personal appeal from the Kaiser. He wanted to, but—"public opinion would not have allowed it."

Public opinion does not spring up of itself. It is created by some leader. Every year the chief dressmakers of Paris, with their colleagues from London, meet in order to decide what the year's fashions are to be. Low-cut dresses, a high waistline, a low waistline, short skirts, or an uneven hem? The meeting decides, and the ladies of New York, of Paris, London, Berlin, Montevideo, and Yokohama obey reverently, though they may never have heard

of these so important dressmakers, and still less of their meetings and decisions.

Would that public opinion always vented itself in so harmless a field as that of fashion! Unfortunately, that is not the case. In 1870 public opinion forced France to declare war on Prussia, though Napoleon III was more than reluctant to take the fatal step. In 1914 public opinion forced war upon the world, at a time when even diplomats stood aghast, for they realised, what public opinion did not, that war is a very terrible thing. The Kaiser and the Tsar both drew back, were ready at the eleventh hour to undo the ill that had been done. Public opinion gave the final push that was to send both victors and vanquished hurtling into the abyss.

Public opinion does not spring up of itself. The chief of the forces which direct the opinions of individuals into a single channel is the Press. It was the Press of Serbia which kept alive until the final catastrophe the national resentment at Austria's action in annexing Bosnia-Herzegovina. But for the Press that resentment might very soon have died a natural death. As it was, Europe was given the spectacle of the newspapers of two powerful nations, Serbia and Austria, fighting a private war that for viciousness and duration beat anything the World War could show. No bones were broken, but not even the blood shed in the World War has been able to quench the passionate hatred which these newspapers called forth.

We may well ask, therefore, who controls the public Press? In many countries, especially at the present day, it is the Government, as in Germany and Italy. In France the Government controls the newspapers' opinion on foreign affairs, but not its opinion on home affairs. The English Press is relatively free from control, but occasionally pressure is brought to bear, and official "assistance" given to newspaper editors in forming their opinions.

There is often an even more sinister influence at work. One nation will have no scruples in bribing the Press of another nation. We believe the English Press to be free from this kind of influence, but the same cannot be said of newspapers abroad. Thus, just before the World War, Count Jagow, the German Foreign Minister, telegraphs to the German Ambassador in Rome: "Please wire whether your Excellency requires money to influence the Press, and how much." The Ambassador replies that his Austrian col-

league has received 300,000 francs from his Government for this purpose, and can he expect 30,000 to 40,000 marks?

The Press goes on moulding public opinion, sometimes honestly, sometimes corruptly; and the result, in the words of Bismarck, is that "Every country is held at some time to account for the windows broken by its Press; the bill is presented, some day or other, in the shape of hostile sentiment in the other country."

§ 6

ECONOMIC RIVALRY

We have made no mention so far of the influence exerted by the forces of nationalism and of economic rivalry. Sufficient has been said in the preceding two sections to show their importance. French nationalists wanted revenge for 1870 and the return of the French provinces and Alsace-Lorraine. Serbia desired a Greater Serbia, wishing to unite under her flag all Serbo-Croat and Slovene peoples. Russia worked to establish a great Slavonic Empire. And under the influence of nationalism, Austria-Hungary was breaking up.

The influence of economic rivalry is even more obvious. So long as Russia threatened English power in the Far East, the Anglo-Russian alliance was an impossibility. While France threatened English supremacy in Egypt, no understanding between those two countries could be arrived at. The building of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which enabled Russia to extend her influence enormously in China and Manchuria, precipitated the Russo-Japanese War. When Germany set out to build a railway stretching from Berlin to Bagdad, thereby stretching her arm as far as Egypt, Anglo-German friendship came to an end.

We see that the making of a war is a complicated thing. Many factors must be at work, many industrious hands must carry their bricks to the appointed temple of death. One thing is very certain, the responsibility for the World War does not lie upon any one nation, upon any one individual, not upon Germany and not upon the Kaiser. It rests equally upon all the nations, all the individuals. It is not even guilt, for no one intended it and no one wanted it, no matter how much he may have talked of "mailed fists" and "shining armour."

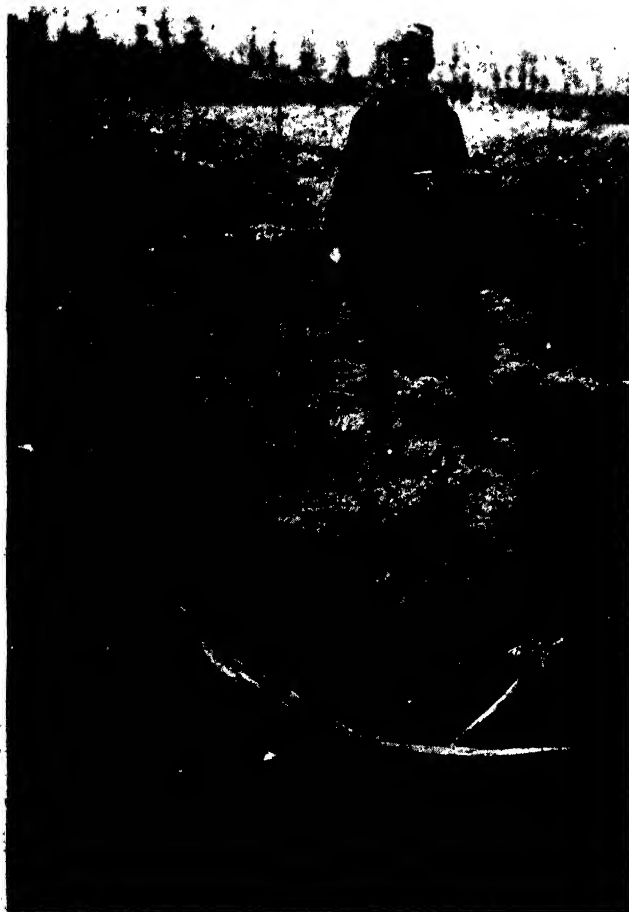
The world just drifted into war, at the mercy of the system which

THE WORLD AT WAR



MEN : SOLDIERS ADVANCING OVER A SHELL-TORN BATTLEFIELD, FRANCE, 1917.
(Imperial War Museum.)

THE WORLD AT WAR



(Imperial War Museum.)

THE PRICE OF "HONOUR."

governs nations and their relations. The climax might have been postponed a little longer, it might have come a little sooner. Given the conditions which we have just analysed, it could not have been avoided. Realising this, Poincaré was able to say on January 12, 1914: "In two years the war will take place. All my efforts will be devoted to preparing for it." And, barely two months later: "Whatever be the issue, small or great, which may arise in the future between Russia and Germany, it will not pass by like the last. It will mean war."

CHAPTER XII

THE CONFLICT

§ I

SARAJEVO—AND AFTER

IT was on Sunday, June 28, 1914, that Franz Ferdinand, nephew and heir to the aged Emperor of Austria-Hungary, and his wife, while on their way to inspect the Austrian Army manoeuvres, were shot in their car at Sarajevo.

The murderer, Gavrilo Princip, and his accomplice, were Serbs of Austrian nationality. The Government investigated the outrage, and on July 23 addressed to the Serbian Government an ultimatum as to which Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, said that he "had never before seen one State address to another independent State a document of so formidable a character." The note demanded trial of two Serbs, closely connected with the murder, and a complete investigation into the affair on the Serbian side. The government was required to put a stop to the anti-Austrian propaganda which for years had been carried on by Serbian organisations. It demanded punishment of the chief persons concerned in anti-Austrian activities. It demanded comprehensive guarantees for the future. Forty-eight hours were given for the reply.

The Sarajevo murder, while used to stimulate enthusiasm for the War, was soon seen to be quite unimportant in itself. Greater issues were at stake. It is interesting, however, to see where the responsibility for it lies. There can be no doubt but that the

Serbian Government was deeply involved.¹ It has strenuously denied it; it continues to do so; and, incidentally, it has also done its best to stifle all investigation and to stop up all sources of disclosure. The fact is, that at least two members of the then cabinet were well aware of the plot at least a month before it took place. They took no steps to foil it in so far as it was being prepared on Serbian territory. They gave no warning to the Austrian Government. This attitude may have been a passive one. It was sufficient to fix them with the guilt.

The plot was the work of the "Union of Death" Society, which had been established several years previously. "We considered," said Colonel Popovich, one of its founders, "that youth alone was capable of starting determinedly on new courses, because the older generation, even those which had taken part in the national struggle, were weary, had lost faith in themselves, had become less capable of resistance, and had gone over to the paths of compromise and haggling." The words sound familiar. Youth was at the helm. Its object was to bring about the national ideal, the union of all Serbs. It "preferred" terrorised action to intellectual propaganda. It organised revolutionary action in all the territories inhabited by Serbs, and, outside of Serbia, used every means available to combat the adversaries of the national idea. Its activities gained for it the name of the "Black Hand" Society.

The man who controlled it and who planned the murder was Major Dragudin Dimitriyevich. Of him Prof. Stanoyevich says that he was in addition the principal organiser of the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia, and that he plotted against the Emperor Francis Joseph in 1911, against Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria in 1914, and against King Constantine of Greece. He was executed during the War for plotting against the Regent, Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia. At the time of Sarajevo he was Chief of the Army Intelligence Staff.

Taking them all in all, they were a precious gang. And, considering how highly placed many of its members were, can it be said that the Austrian demands went too far?

Yet, as we have already indicated, the murder was but one of a chain of "accidents." It was not of the slightest importance. The real tragedy was the division of Europe into two armed camps,

¹ See M. E. Durham, *The Sarajevo Crime*, London, 1925.

each suspicious of the other. And—it sounds almost like irony—the Kaiser wanted peace.

He hoped to limit the quarrel to the two nations concerned. He appealed to all the other Powers not to make this fight theirs. He hoped in vain, for it had come to a life-and-death struggle between Austria and Serbia, an ailing Austria and a Serbia which was gaining strength day by day. A few years more and Serbia would have been stronger than her enemy. Austria knew it: the time had come for her to crush this menace to her future.

But if Serbia were destroyed, where would Russia be? She had not all these years striven with might and main to thrust Turkey, the sick man of Europe, into a grave so that others should take over the fat Turkish lands in the Balkans. She herself wanted them, or at any rate control over them. With Serbia gone, her chance was gone.

No, Russia could not keep out of the Austro-Serbian dog-fight. We see the tragic tale unfold itself, a wretched chain binding one nation after another. Germany could not afford to have her chief ally crushed by the Russian steam-roller. She too was dragged into the pit. But then, France needed Russia, a strong, victorious Russia, for a defeated Russia would mean a Germany triumphant.

What about England? She too was involved, deeply involved, for Germany, since the beginning of the century, had grown to be a menace to her naval supremacy and her power in Egypt. Good had brought forth evil. Nationalism, which was to give freedom to man, had created international hatred. Industrialism, which was to give him comforts, had launched an economic war to the death. The devil must have laughed loud and long during those days which followed June 28. There was seen in Europe this pretty spectacle: a state of things in which none of the Powers could afford to keep out of the war.

The Austrian ultimatum was handed to the Serbian Government on July 23. On the 25th, at 5.58 p.m., the reply was handed to the Austrian ambassador in Belgrade. Within half an hour he had obtained his passports and was sitting in a train speeding towards the frontier. The reply had been conciliatory, if somewhat evasive. On the same day a Ministerial Council at St. Petersburg ordered preparations to be made for mobilisation. Russia had decided to fight. We note the date: it was long before the outcome of the Austro-Serbian negotiations could even be

suspected. Russia's mind was made up. Trusting in the support of France, she did not shrink from taking a step which she knew well must result in a general war. The peace protestations she made in the days following were a mockery. History will lay a heavy share of the blame upon her shoulders.

On July 26 Sir Edward Grey, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, decided to interfere in the interests of peace. Hitherto England had been anxious, but not for a moment did she expect war. Grey proposed that a Conference of Ambassadors should be held between England, France, Germany, and Russia to mediate between Austria and Serbia. On the following day Germany rejected his proposal. She wanted no interference in this test of strength between Austria and Serbia. She did not want war, but it was to her interest that Serbia should be crushed. On the same day Grey received the text of the Serbian reply and begged Germany to intervene in Vienna. Germany forwarded the suggestion to the Austrian Government; she also said that she washed her hands of it. Austria remained firm. It is scarcely to be wondered at; she knew she could rely on Germany, and so, on July 28, war was declared on Serbia.

And Russia? Sazonoff, her Foreign Minister, had been trying to build "a golden bridge for Vienna." "There must be a way of giving Serbia her deserved lesson, while sparing her sovereign rights," he said sympathetically to the Austrian Ambassador. Doubtless the way could have been found; but prospects were not improved when, almost simultaneously with Austria's declaration of war, Russia ordered partial mobilisation to begin as from the 29th.

Time was getting short if anything was to be done to preserve peace. Germany decided to do what was possible. Hitherto she had given her moral support to Austrian action against Serbia, and had promised active support if other Powers—Russia, for instance—interfered. Now, however, the Kaiser became anxious. Where would Italy stand, and England? Rumania's king was friendly, but would his people follow him? He alone had done nothing in support of the mediation proposals submitted by the other Powers. Would world opinion not turn against him if a European war followed? And besides, he had seen the Serbian reply on the 27th and realised that for the moment it was enough. War was no longer necessary; at the most Austria might occupy

Belgrade to ensure that her just demands were not evaded.

After all, the case was "solely one of finding a way to realise Austria's desired aim, that of cutting the vital cord of the Greater Serbia propaganda, without at the same time bringing on a world war." He thought that Sazonoff was beginning to appreciate the Austrian point of view; it might even be possible to convince him that "once the mobilisation of the Austro-Hungarian Army had begun, the very honour of its arms demanded an invasion of Serbia."

On the 27th, therefore, he ordered a telegram to be sent to Vienna urging that no final step be taken. The telegram arrived on the 29th, at 4.30 a.m. There was still time. In any case, no military action could possibly be taken before August 12, since the preparations were not complete. But Austria was stubborn, and the Kaiser's attempt failed.

On the 29th, too, Sir Edward Grey gave a plain hint of what was in his mind. England could look on if the conflict were confined to Russia and Austria; but if Germany and France should be involved, then "the British Government would, under the circumstances, find itself forced to make up its mind quickly."

On the following day Germany despatched these solemn words to Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister. "We stand, in case Austria refuses all mediation, before a conflagration in which England will be against us; Italy and Rumania, to all appearances, will not go with us, and we two shall be opposed to four great Powers. On Germany, thanks to England's opposition, the principal burden of the fight would fall. Austria's political prestige, the honour of her arms, as well as her just claim against Serbia, could all be satisfied by the occupation of Belgrade or of other places. She would be strengthening her status in the Balkans, as well as in relation to Russia, by the humiliation of Serbia. Under these circumstances we must urgently and solemnly suggest to the consideration of the Vienna Cabinet the acceptance of mediation on the above-mentioned honourable conditions. The responsibility for the consequences that would otherwise follow would be an uncommonly heavy one, both for Austria and for us."

It was a statesmanlike document. It went unheeded.

And now events were moving at a headlong, terrifying speed. Sazonoff and the Army Council had been dissatisfied by the Tsar's insistence that mobilisation was to be partial only. On the 30th

they prevailed upon him to order full mobilisation. General Dobrorolski hastily took the order to the telegraph office, in a fever of anxiety lest the Tsar should again change his mind.

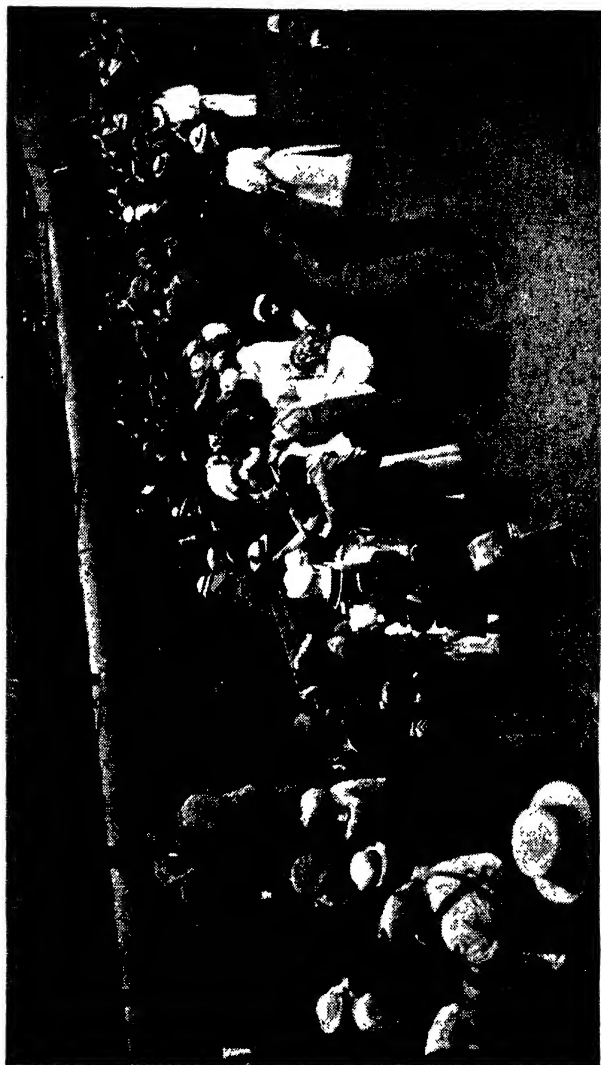
"At six o'clock all the apparatus was ready to receive the telegram. I entered the room. A solemn silence prevailed among the operators. Each sat before his instrument and waited for the copies of the telegram that was to dispatch to all the ends of the Russian Empire the news of the summoning of the people to the great conflict. Suddenly, a few minutes after six, all the instruments began to tap. It was the opening moment of the great epoch. At 7 p.m. the answers began to pour in. The order for mobilisation had been received."¹ Dry words these. What tears this "great epoch" was to bring forth.

On the following day the Kaiser received the news. Delay now was dangerous, for speed in action breeds success. Sir Edward Grey made a final desperate effort on the basis that Austria should be allowed for the time being to continue with her military action against Serbia, and that Russia should suspend her mobilisation. The proposal fell on deaf ears. It was rejected in St. Petersburg and Vienna.

On July 31, at 1.45 p.m., the Kaiser issued his message to the German nation: "Kriegsgefahr" (Danger of War). It meant, "prepare to mobilise." Two hours later an ultimatum was despatched to Russia warning her to stop mobilisation, and simultaneously, an ultimatum to France asking whether she would remain neutral. Russia sent no reply; France hedged in order to gain time for mobilisation, and in the hope of provoking Germany to declare war. On August 1 Germany and Russia were at war, two days later France had been drawn into the conflict, and on the same day Italy announced her neutrality.

The machines of war had been set in motion. Sooner or later in all the great States of Europe; in their colonies, in Africa and Egypt, India and Asia, Australia and Canada, and, before the end came, in the Far East and the Far West, in China and Japan, in the United States and the South American Republics; on land and sea, and under the sea; in the air; in industry, in finance; by subtle propaganda and every method that human ingenuity could devise, men and women, soldiers and civilians, white, black, brown.

¹ General Sergei Dobrorolski, *Die Mobilmachung der Russischen Armee* (quoted from G. Lowes Dickinson, *The International Anarchy*).



GREAT BRITAIN JOINS THE CONFLICT. TROOPS LEAVING HOUNSLOW STATION, LONDON, AUGUST 16, 1914.

and yellow races, bent their efforts, strained every nerve, to conquer, defend, and destroy on a hitherto unprecedented scale.

By August 4 Austria, Serbia, Germany, Russia, Great Britain, and France were at war. On the 6th Montenegro joined in. On the 23rd Japan declared war on Germany. On November 3rd Turkey was drawn in. On April 8, 1915, Italy demanded from Austria her Italian-speaking provinces, *Italia irredenta*, in support. Austria was reluctant. As Moltke had said: "In practice one does not give up provinces." She made certain promises, but the Allies outbid her. They could afford to be generous with other people's property. By a secret treaty they promised that Italy should receive all the Austrian lands she claimed, twelve Greek-speaking islands in the Ægean, Adalia in Asia Minor, and certain territory in Africa. On May 23 Italy declared war on Austria.

Then gradually, the other nations, eager for the killing, joined in. In Europe, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and Spain alone remained neutral. The United States entered the Allied ranks on April 2, 1917.

The division of forces was an interesting one. The Central Powers ruled over 2,225,000 square miles of land, and 158 million people. The Allies ruled over 32,267,000 square miles of land, and 1,392 million people.

What was Great Britain's contribution to the outbreak of war? England desired peace, but she was irretrievably committed to France and Russia in a defensive alliance. Grey might have saved the day for peace and civilisation. He made earnest and sincere efforts to do so, but he was weak, and in his heart of hearts he preferred war to peace. His hesitations encouraged both parties. Had he at an early stage made a firm declaration of neutrality, France would not have been so ready to back Russia and Russia would not have been so quick to mobilise. Alternatively, had he uttered a firm warning with regard to the neutrality of Belgium, Germany's support of Austria would have been lukewarm at the best, and Austria would have acted accordingly.

Grey did neither of these things. Yet England, at any rate, would probably have remained aloof had it not been for the violation of Belgian neutrality which shook the nation out of its pacifist inclinations. Heaven alone knows why she was so sensitive. In 1870, and again in 1887, she had refused to accept any

responsibility for protecting that neutrality. In the ten years which preceded the War she was ready to violate it herself, and had made repeated efforts to secure permission from Belgium to land her troops on the Belgian coast in the event of a war between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente.

Grey admits in his Memoirs that he would have resigned had he not been able to swing England round to war. The excuse of Belgium saved him from that necessity. And yet—perhaps he foresaw the inevitable tragedy of it all. "The lamps are going out all over Europe," he said on August 3, "I feel like a man who has wasted his life." On the following day Great Britain declared war on Germany, and Burns, Lord Morley, Sir John Simon, and Lord Beauchamp resigned from the Cabinet as a protest, though the last two ultimately withdrew their resignations.

Not until eleven o'clock on November 11, 1918, was the Armistice declared. The Central Powers lay crushed in the dust. The Allies were exhausted, but wild with joy.

Later on came disillusion.

§ 2

METHODS OF WARFARE

Two enormous bulls are fighting for the leadership of the herd: they snort; their hooves strike sparks from the stones on the ground; they bellow defiance at each other; they charge. A mighty rush carries them across the intervening ground and then their enormous heads meet with an earth-shaking clash. They retreat; they charge again, and once again, and their horns become locked. Push, push, push! He wins who can push the harder. The bulls sink on their knees, each thrusting, stubbornly refusing to give way.

From time to time one struggles to his feet, succeeds in forcing the other back a few steps, is forced back in his turn. The battle goes on, apparently endless, with only a little blood-flecked froth dripping from mouth and lips to show their stupendous efforts; to show that each is expending his very life-power, straining his heart and sinews to the uttermost, in the fight that means life or death.

In such a fashion was the World War fought. Greek met Greek. The irresistible force was struggling to throw down the immovable wall. And in the result both sides came near to death. It was a senseless, stupid fight which brought an empty paper victory to

one of the combatants, great misery to both, and material loss such as will take generations to make good. The one gain was the League of Nations, created by the Treaty of Versailles in 1919 with the object of ensuring peace for all time, with the object of teaching nations the meaning of brotherhood. Yet the hope raised by the establishment of the League of Nations is tinged with doubts that grow stronger with each passing moment as the World War sinks into the uninteresting darkness of history.

Already now, a bare sixteen years since Versailles, a generation is growing up, too many members of which seem to be ignorant of the true significance of war. In war they seem to see what so many saw in 1914—honour and glory, instead of blood and filth and tears far removed from the heroic. In war they seem to see a solution for the economic distress from which the whole world is now suffering; they forget that this material misery is itself a legacy of the last war, a consequence that must inevitably flow from any war. We shall discuss this aspect in a later section of this work; for the moment we are concerned with what were the leading military features of the World War.

It was in truth a World War, for a mere fourteen States remained neutral—in Europe six, in South America seven, and one in Africa. Against the four Central Powers were massed thirty-two nations, of whom fifteen fought against the four, twelve against one or more of them, while five severed diplomatic relations. The Central Powers mobilised 20 million men, the Allies double that number; nearly 8 million were killed, and 19 million wounded, of whom no fewer than 6 million came back to their homes as total wrecks. We do not count the thousands, nay, millions of civilians who died from famine or disease and grief, who were massacred by invading troops, who were drowned in torpedoed ships, or bombed out of existence. Four million more than the normal died from epidemics, most of them because the intolerable strain to which they were subjected, exposure, bad food, and other hardships had undermined their health and left their bodies too weak to fight against disease.

It was a fight of bulls, their horns interlocked, struggling to and fro across a few miles of ground, each striving to wear down the other. Military skill had nothing to do with it; and was, if we may trust the memoirs of the leading figures of that epoch, such as Lloyd George, very little in evidence. Battles were unimportant,

though millions died in them, or rather, they were important only in so far as they brought death. For the World War was a war of endurance. Which side had most men? Which side had most materials? Which side could afford to lose most blood? Nothing else counted. And so by 1915 the War had settled down to the terrible monotony of trench warfare.

The years 1914-18 were years of nightmare, terrifying, not so much because of the daily killing, but because people were filled with the most unpleasant feeling of all, a sense of oppression, of utter and complete helplessness. They were the infinitesimal parts of a gigantic machine, cold, aloof, impersonal, the working of which they could not see nor understand.

Did a division break through the enemy line, wiping out its opponents in that section, in an incredibly short space of time other enemy units took the place of the fallen and the division was held up, then hurled back again. Was a battalion destroyed to almost the last man? It did not matter; it was promptly reformed out of fresh troops. And they too were killed and still it seemed not to matter. Plenty more remained where these came from. The stream of men seemed inexhaustible. Were you killed, or wounded, did you come through a battle safely; no one seemed to care except perhaps your immediate comrades, and even they could not spare much thought for you, since they were accustomed to the sight of death and concerned with the more pressing problem of their own safety.

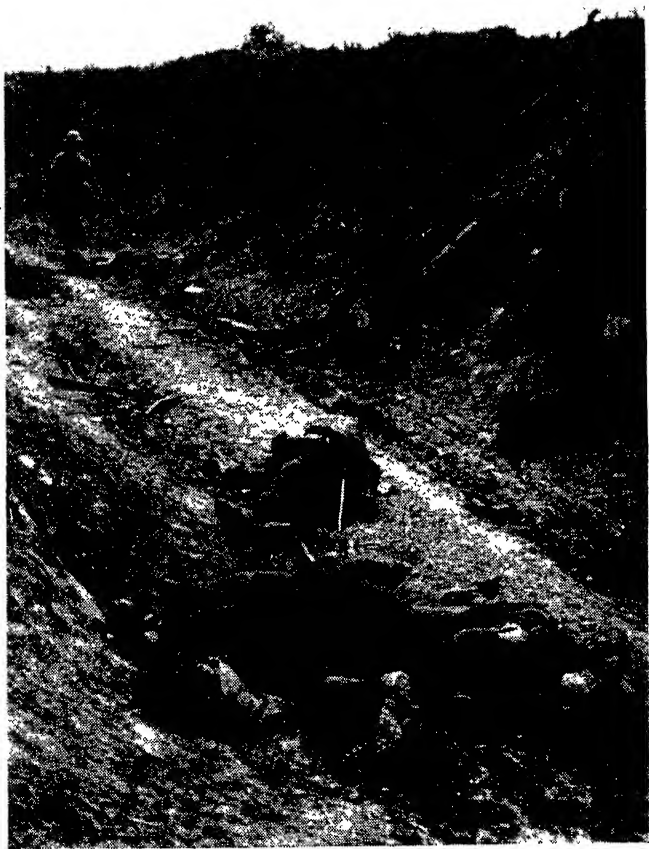
Such was the universal feeling—stubborn despair. The weeks turned into months, the months into years. The killings went on, but victory never seemed any the nearer, for the supply of men appeared inexhaustible, and neither side succeeded in making any real advance once the first German rush into France had been stemmed. Can we imagine the deadly monotony of it all, the intolerable strain of being tied for month after month to your trenches, and, though you put your best efforts into the struggle, always the same result—nothing! Add to this the mud and the filth, the lice, the bad food, the necessity of being constantly on the alert. It is a wonder the troops were able to "carry on" fighting a war which they hated. For naturally enough they hated it. They fought only because they had been told and believed that they were doing the right thing.

The fighting men did not hate their enemies in the field. They



THEORY. ALLIED GENERALS EXPLAIN THEIR PLANS TO KING GEORGE, AUGUST 1916.

(Imperial War Museum.)



PRACTICE.
(Imperial War Museum.)

left this to the people who stayed at home. They knew that they were all suffering from a common misfortune; they knew that there were black sheep on both sides, but that the average soldier, British, French, or German, was a decent fellow, with no hatred in his heart, brutal because the circumstances were brutal, killing because killing was his duty, loving his family and his home and his country.

Heroes there were a-plenty, most of them unrecognised. Each country had its Colonel Lawrence, the man who organised in the face of untold difficulties the Arab revolt against Turkey, or its Richthofen, the gallant German air-ace.

The number of V.C.s or of the corresponding German order of merit might have been doubled, trebled, or multiplied a hundred-fold, and they would still have been worthily awarded. But the finest thing, and from the human point of view the most significant, which the World War brought out was the sense of brotherhood which men felt for their comrades and for their enemies. It is that sense which we must foster and keep alive if the World War is indeed to be the war that ended war.

The War differed utterly from any that had been fought previously in history, not only in that it was a World War, but also in the methods employed. It was a war of machines. Men were important mainly as food for the machines, the chief of which was the machine-gun. It was this instrument which brought about the stalemate of trench warfare. Only two men were needed to work it—one to feed the gun with ammunition, the other to aim and fire. It could kill thousands in as many seconds. A few machine-guns, cunningly placed, could beat back any attack so long as they were well-protected and had plenty of ammunition. But because it had to be carried forward, and was exceedingly heavy and clumsy, besides being useless in trenches, it could not be employed in attack. And so trench warfare, which by its very nature was purely defensive, was adopted, and, with it, the policy of wearing out the enemy. That is the reason why the War lasted four long years. The nations had to wear each other out, exhaust themselves before one or the other side could gain the victory.

The machine-gun has practically destroyed the value of infantry. Unless men wear heavy steel armour they cannot face the hail of bullets which a machine-gun will spit out, and if they do wear such armour, its weight will prevent them from standing up, let alone



"HUGE INHUMAN THINGS OF STEEL" : TANKS CLEARING THE WAY FOR TROOPS.
(Imperial War Museum.)

running over shell-pitted ground, to attack. During the War, before any attack was launched, the enemy position would be "prepared" by shelling, but the shelling had to cease when the infantry was sent forward to seize the ground so prepared, and as soon as it ceased a few enemy machine-gunners would always rush back to their old stations and simply mow down the unfortunate attackers.

Not until 1916 was the tank developed by the Allies, and even then, for more than a year, its advantages were wasted. Tanks were used in dribbles, or frittered away in the bogs of Flanders where they could not advance. Not until the battles of Cambrai, in November 1917, did the Allies begin to realise how effective the tank was as a reply to the machine-gun, and how best to use it. Not until the battle of Amiens, on August 8, 1918, was it used to pluck the apple of victory. On that day, which General Ludendorff, the German commander, called "the black day of the German Army in the history of the War," the Allies, still "with their backs to the wall," delivered their crushing blow. The German machine-gunners were overrun and slaughtered by the charge of British tanks.

The new machine was irresistible, not only because it was completely protected against rifle and machine-gun fire, while its speed of movement made it a most difficult target for the heavy guns, but also because it demoralised the enemy. Imagine a line of these huge inhuman things of steel moving towards you, crushing all that lies in their paths, passing over shell-holes, barbed wire entanglements, and trenches, with no difficulty, spraying death as they come, while they themselves are safe from death. So must primitive man have felt when suddenly, unexpectedly, he was faced by some fantastic monster that would kill but could not be killed. The War was virtually over.

The tank is the modern mechanical equivalent of cavalry. It has taken the place of the horse. It can go almost anywhere that can be traversed by the horse, through woods, up hill tracks, across soft and marshy ground, and in its modern form it can travel at a speed of 40 m.p.h. Furthermore, with its development the value of the infantry has shrunk. Formerly the pride and mainstay of the army, in any future war the infantry will be useless except for the purpose of clearing up behind the advancing machine and fortifying the positions which the latter has won.

One of the horrors of the War was poison gas. Its use had been solemnly renounced by the nations in the Hague Convention of 1907. On October 27, 1914, the Germans used it at Neuve Chapelle, and again on April 22, 1915, at Langemarck, when chlorine gas was employed over a four-mile sector, all resistance to a depth of several miles being eliminated. Five months later the British followed suit at the battle of Loos. Chemical warfare had become an established fact, a method which, as the months passed by and experience was gained, became a more and more favoured method of dealing with the enemy.

Various kinds of gases were used in the World War. The best-known were chlorine and phosgene, deadly poisons, these, which burn up the lungs. Prussic acid kills almost instantaneously. Mustard gas sets up inflammation and blistering of the skin, eyes, and respiratory passages; its full effect is not felt until some time has elapsed. Other popular gases had happily but a temporary effect, putting the soldier out of action just sufficiently long to enable him to be taken prisoner. It may very well be that this last, harmless, type of gas will be used exclusively in the event of another war, since for many reasons killing is inconvenient, and quite unnecessary if the object can be achieved by other means.

But gas has come to stay; of that there can be no doubt. Thus, for instance, the official German military manuals deal fully with the use of gas, nor do the French and the British omit the interesting topic. While gas was not used on the sea or in the air during the last war, it is absolutely certain that, should there ever be another war, one of the most favoured methods of fighting will be to drop bombs charged with poison-gas upon enemy towns. True, this will affect chiefly the civilian population, but whether deadly poisons or harmless gases are used, the populace will be demoralised. The example of Germany has shown us that the strength of an army depends very largely upon the support it receives from home. If the nation is demoralised, the army falls.

When the World War broke out aeroplanes were still in a very primitive stage, while people who had actually flown were rare birds indeed. Within a couple of years the desperate efforts of the combatant nations had improved these machines out of all recognition. They were now safe to fly in; wings or tails, propellers or engines, no longer dropped off for no good reason. They could attain greater speeds, and carry bigger loads.

The pilots were a dare-devil lot. They had to be, for the strain of fighting in the air was tremendous, the work was dangerous, the chances of being killed so excellent as to be almost a certainty.

Yet the aeroplane was too useful for it to be given up. The enemy country could be surveyed and photographed, and the activities of the troops "spotted." Infantry on the march could be harried with machine-guns, bombs, and darts, while the aerial attacker was himself comparatively safe. Enemy positions could be bombed, or the pilot could, with the help of wireless communication, direct the fire of his own artillery on to its target.

German airships raided England. Raids of this type were the most spectacular feature of aerial warfare. On December 24, 1914, the first German projectile hit English soil. On January 19, 1915, two airships bombed Yarmouth and Cromer. By the end of the year London had been reached on four nights. There was no effective resistance, so that as late as the beginning of 1916 two airships were able to soar over Hull and remained unattacked.

Then, however, matters changed. An effective defence was built up and the Zeppelins suffered severe casualties. From now on they were valueless; their great bulk, which the efficient searchlights rarely failed to find, made them easy targets. From 1917 on, aeroplanes were used, but even they found their task gradually becoming more difficult as the defence gained experience and skill in dealing with their attackers.

It has often been said that the air-raids failed. Thirteen Zeppelins were used, and 128 aeroplanes. Between them they dropped 8,776 bombs, a total weight of 300 tons. Nearly 200 buildings were destroyed and over 600 seriously damaged. The total bill came to £2½ millions, while 1,316 persons were killed. Regarded from a purely material point of view, the success was small. What is £2½ millions when we consider that the nations between them spent an average of £25 millions *a day* on fighting, and that in 1918, when the last desperate efforts were being made, the cost was no less than £2 millions *per hour*?

The value of the air-raids cannot be estimated in money, however. Their object was to wear out the nerves of the population, to break its spirit and moral resistance, and in this the air-raids very nearly succeeded.

The Allies were slow to imitate the Germans, possibly because

they did not think the dangers worth while. Had the War lasted a little longer, then undoubtedly Berlin and other important German towns would have been raided. Meanwhile, the Allies had command of the sea, and by using that naval superiority to blockade Germany, they broke her spirit and her resistance even more surely than air-raids would have done.

The blockade is perhaps the most diabolical weapon known to war. It is not spectacular, nor obviously swift in effect. The word does not curdle the blood like the dramatic term "poison gas." That is no doubt the reason why people, when thinking of the World War, think last of all, and then only in passing, of the blockade. No one weapon was by itself responsible for the Allied victory. Each contributed its share, but of them all the blockade was the most deadly.

No one who did not live in Germany or Austria during the War can have even the vaguest idea of what blockade really means. Food was not plentiful in England, or in France; it had to be rationed, but there was enough, and the essential foodstuffs at any rate were of good quality.

In Germany and Austria the people starved, literally starved, not one, or a dozen, or even a thousand—but a whole people, the strong and the weak, the aged and infirm, no less than the youngest. Every morning the wife had to queue up for hours at the shops in the hope of receiving her scanty rations of milk, bread, meat, and potatoes. Often there was none. By 1918 the German had to live on 4 lb. of bread per week, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of meat, and about 2 oz. of fat; the Englishman's ration, on the other hand, was 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread per week, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of meat, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fat; moreover, he had little difficulty in getting extra supplies.

Not only was the quantity of food strictly limited, its quality was deplorable. Every conceivable article of food was adulterated. The bread contained sawdust and potato-flour. Milk was skimmed and made to go farther by the judicious addition of water. Substitutes abounded. Thus, there was no coffee, and people drank instead a "coffee" made from roasted barley.

And so the population starved, and with starvation came disease, especially among children and youths. Rickets increased; tuberculosis was common. People died from the simplest maladies for the simple reason that their weakened constitutions could offer no resistance to disease-germs.

Germany, too, tried to employ the blockade against England, and very nearly brought this country to her knees. She had no power on the sea, it is true, since the British Navy was so very much stronger than her own; but for a long time Germany was master in the green depths of the sea, and her submarines wrought havoc among the Allied ships which were carrying vital supplies of men and materials. No less than 8,500,000 tons of shipping were sunk by Germany, yet she never had more than 175 submarines and these working under the most dangerous conditions.

In the end, however, the British Navy won, breaking the ring which had threatened to throttle England. An unrelenting war was fought against the submarine. Merchant vessels, wolves in sheep's clothing, were sent out as baits, and when a submarine rose to the surface, believing it had but an innocent fishing-boat or cargo vessel before it, hidden guns opened fire.

The convoy system was devised, by which merchant or troop-carrying ships no longer sailed alone, but in batches, escorted by destroyers in sufficient force to make any attack highly dangerous to the attacker.

Aeroplanes, too, assisted in defending Britain's coasts. The observer, flying over the water, could see deep down into the sea. There was small chance of the lurking enemy escaping once he had been discovered.

And when, ultimately, Germany announced that in future her submarine war would be fought without restriction, and that any ship, enemy or neutral, found within certain specified areas around the British coasts would be sunk, then America, hitherto neutral though already considerably disturbed over the numbers of American ships destroyed and American lives lost as the result of the submarine campaign, took the final step and entered the War on the side of the Allies.

Thus Germany's doom was sealed. It was some time before America could send sufficient men to Europe to take an active part in the fighting. When she did, however, their influence was sufficient to tip the trembling balance to one side.

The Allies won. The Central Powers had put up an epic fight which reads like some saga of old. They lost, but their courage had gained the admiration of the world. And if they were ruined economically, the Allies, with the exception of the U.S.A., were in little better state. They, too, had piled up an incredible burden



HUNGER : WOMEN AND CHILDREN WAITING IN A FOOD QUEUE, HOXTON, 1917.

of debts, had lost their finest men, had seen their peace-time industries completely disorganised.

The War benefited none of the nations. Let us see what they have done to make the war of the future impossible.

CHAPTER XIII

PEACE : THE COVENANT

A MAN who has to walk along a lonely road at night is likely to feel more comfortable if he is holding a good stout stick. In a civilised country he probably won't have to use it, but that doesn't matter; the mere knowledge that he can look after himself should he be attacked by some footpad makes him feel at ease.

A nation is like a traveller on a lonely road. It too feels happier if it has some stout means of defence to ward off any danger. That is why it maintains an army and an air force, builds guns and warships, and that is what the nations of the world did during the years before the World War to a degree quite unprecedented in history. Each state was afraid for its safety, filled with distrust of its neighbour. Each state tried to build bigger and better armaments than its neighbour possessed. That is what gave rise to the race for armaments, turned Europe in 1914 into a huge armed camp, and made the World War possible.

As the struggle went on, people realised that they were fighting, not only against the ambitions of Germany, but against the militarism which fear of one's neighbours had produced.

It was a "war to end war." "Never again!" people said, and it was out of their passionate desire to prevent another 1914 from ever again happening, it was out of this resolution, "Never again!" that the League of Nations was born. They realised that the world had just quietly drifted into war because the nations had never troubled to make a really sincere, united attempt to maintain peace; and so the League of Nations was formed to achieve this object, to bring the states closer together, to organise peace and the well-being of mankind.

The discovery that peace is preferable to war is not novel. Disarmament proposals can be traced as far back as 546 B.C. in China¹; universal brotherhood has been the keynote of all organised

¹ A. C. F. Beales, *The History of Peace* (London, 1931)

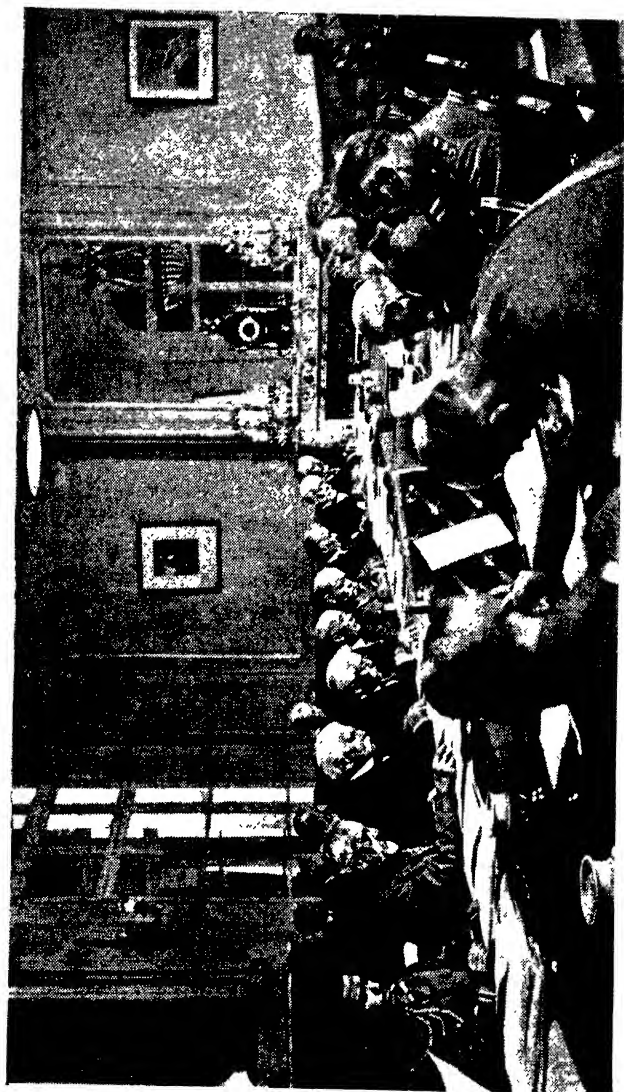
religion from the earliest days; the Middle Ages abounded in schemes for world peace and world unity. But the first organised movements towards these ends did not begin until the end of the Napoleonic Wars, when world politics had already long been international in the strict sense of the word, and when it was at last possible to appreciate the problem of patriotism versus internationalism. Yet, curious though it may seem, every single idea current to-day about peace and war was being preached by organised bodies over a century ago, and the world-wide Peace Movement of the present day can be traced back in an unbroken line to a handful of forgotten Quakers in England and America at the close of the Napoleonic Wars.

In the League of Nations, which came into being on January 10, 1920, these schemes bore their fruit. For fifteen years now that organisation has been put to the test of experience. In its many activities it has failed sometimes, and often succeeded beyond all expectations. It has used its influence to repress the passions of hot-tempered nations that had lost their heads. It has settled international quarrels and solved national problems. It is labouring—though perhaps with little immediate success—for the limitation of armaments. It has taken steps to prevent “white slaves” from being sent to South America, and opium from coming out of China and the Near East.

It has endeavoured to give a better standard of life to the sweated labourers of the East, and a more human diet to the cannibals of the South Seas. In innumerable ways it has striven to secure the co-operation of all nations in the interests of the best life for each.

The man chiefly responsible for its creation was President Wilson, who, in season and out of season, during the whole period of the War, worked passionately for his ideal. When at last the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, it was on the understanding that a League of Nations would form part of the Treaty of Peace.

Consequently, one of the first things done by the Peace Conference at Versailles was to appoint a Commission consisting of Viscount Cecil and General Smuts, under the Presidency of Wilson, to draft a constitution for the proposed League. On June 28, 1919, their proposals were embodied in the Treaty of Peace as



PEACE: THE SIGNATORIES, VERSAILLES, 1919.

the Covenant of the League, and signed by the representatives of the thirty-two nations who were present.

The Covenant is the constitution of the League. It consists of twenty-six articles setting out the rules and regulations which the members have undertaken to observe.

The first principle which the rules endeavour to secure is delay and publicity. Too often in the past have states been hurried into war by a few interested individuals. Too often have events been made to move so quickly that the unhappy nations concerned have had no opportunity of realising what was happening, of seeing dispassionately what the quarrel was all about and whether it was really worth fighting for.

By the Covenant of the League the nations undertake in no circumstance to attack one another, however good the excuse, but to submit their disputes to arbitration or inquiry. Thus delay is secured, and tempers are given a chance to cool. And publicity too is secured, so that the whole world may see what the quarrel is about. A person who wants to commit a crime prefers to do it at night; a nation which wants to do wrong prefers to do it as secretly and quickly as possible, so that the whole thing may be over before anyone has had a chance of investigating. Publicity and delay act like a cold douche; they make people see reason; they help to secure peace.

By themselves they are not sufficient, however. In every community one finds the big bully to whom conscience and right and wrong mean nothing. On the other hand, he is usually a coward, afraid of physical punishment.

The same thing applies to the community of nations. And so just in case some bullying state is tempted to forget its pledged word, the members of the League have agreed to outlaw any country which violates the Covenant by attacking some other country, and have promised to help the attacked state with all the means in their power.

Treaties, covenants, promises—by themselves they are not enough. Too many people are ready to treat them as "scraps of paper," "hot air." It is not sufficient to write words on parchment; they must be graven on the heart. And so what is perhaps the most valuable work of the League, if we take the long view, lies in its humanitarian activities which are not directly concerned with warfare. They cover the most varied subjects, from giving help to

political refugees to helping nations on the verge of economic ruin; from stamping out the pest of the drug trafficker to improving the conditions of labour throughout the world.

These things are valuable because they teach the nations to work together harmoniously for the benefit of mankind. The more they work together the friendlier they will become, and this is a surer guarantee of peace than any paper promise.

It was but natural that many people, whether from pessimism or from spite, should feel doubtful of the success of the League when first it was founded. Some of their objections have been removed. Germany became a member in 1926. Quarrels between small and large states have been settled. But still they can point with a kind of gloomy satisfaction to the fact that the U.S.A., for various reasons, is not a member. They can say that the League has failed to restrain Japan's greediness and acts of war in the Far East; they can say that the Disarmament Conference of 1933 was a failure. Like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, they can make our flesh creep with tales of horrors to come and amuse themselves by painting the devil on the wall.

Yet only foolish people would have expected complete success to come immediately, since world opinion must be educated up to the ideals which the League set itself before these noble visions can be changed into realities. And the tale of the League's successes is a most impressive one.

In 1920 there was a plague of typhus in Russia and Poland which the local authorities were unable to check and which might easily have spread over Europe. The League sent doctors and, thanks to the devoted work of these specialists, the disease was soon mastered.

Two years later Austria was on the point of bankruptcy and economic collapse. Through the League the Great Powers made a loan of £20 millions on condition that Austria should accept a League Commission to supervise the task of setting her house in order. Before the War no Power would have dreamed of allowing a foreigner to be appointed by other states to tell her how to conduct her own affairs. Austria accepted, and as early as 1926 the League Commissioners could be withdrawn, their work done.

In 1921 the League settled a boundary dispute between Yugoslavia and Albania. In 1925 there was a private quarrel between some Greek and some Bulgarian frontier guards. A Greek was

killed, whereupon the Greek Government hastily sent three army corps into Bulgaria. The Council of the League met promptly. Greece was ordered to withdraw her men within thirty-six hours. She obeyed. Then a League Commission was appointed to investigate the affair, and the result was that Greece was ordered to pay £40,000 compensation for the damage her soldiers had done. Before 1914 there would have been war. The molehill would have become a mountain, and untold misery would have been inflicted, the memory of which ten years of peace would not have wiped out. In 1925 the matter was amicably settled.

Typical achievements of two other sections of the League may be cited. The special province of the International Labour Office is to improve the harsh and unjust social conditions which exist throughout the world. As an example of its working we may take the case of yellow phosphorus, formerly used for making matches.

Yellow phosphorus is a very dangerous substance, causing those workers who have to handle it to develop a terrible disease called "phossy-jaw." It can, however, be made harmless by turning it into "red phosphorus." This involves a very slight extra expense, and so manufacturers refused to use this harmless substance, even though their workers became diseased. Some years before the War the manufacturers of fifteen countries agreed to use only red phosphorus. Their good example was not followed. Then the International Labour Organisation was formed and took prompt steps. The result is that the use of yellow phosphorus is now illegal in almost every country where matches are made.

The Court of International Justice, too, has been extraordinarily successful. It has got through an immense amount of work in spite of the difficulties involved. Thus, in 1921 Great Britain and France quarrelled with regard to the position of British subjects resident in Tunis, a French protectorate. The French claimed that these people were liable to conscription, and must serve a term in the French Army; the British refused to allow this. It was the kind of case which formerly might easily have led to war, and would in any case have given rise to much friction and bitterness. In 1921, however, the Court of International Justice existed, and to it the quarrel was referred. Judgement was given in favour of Great Britain, and France, feeling that justice had been done, was satisfied.



INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE IN SESSION, GENEVA, 1933.

In one case alone has a judgement of this Court been met with disapproval and resentment: that was the case of the proposed Customs Union between Germany and Austria, which we shall have to discuss in the next part of this work.

These few illustrations serve to show that her founders and those who have worked for the League have not toiled in vain.

PART V

THE WORLD TO-DAY

CHAPTER XIV

THE CONTINENTAL POWERS

§ I

FRANCE

IT was never easier than it is to-day for nation to speak unto nation. Yet misunderstanding between them does not lessen.

Modern Europe travels tirelessly—if not in trains and ships and aeroplanes, then in cinemas. Thanks to the last, even Darkest Africa has become a commonplace. The machinery of communication never stops. Besides the vehicles which transport our bodies there are the more remarkable inventions that carry our voices if we prefer to remain at home. The world hums with the activity of wonderful machines all busily communicating—what? Messages that promote trust and mutual knowledge between peoples? The present state of our world does not suggest it.

It was once said that even the closest friends are only islands shouting lies at each other across a sea of misunderstanding. If we accept that view of human relationships, the question of international ones does not arise. We throw in our hand at once. But if we take up a less defeatist attitude we realise that the work which as yet shows such meagre results must nevertheless go on. The world that becomes smaller every day is already too small for nations that cannot get on with one another. Two unfriendly individuals can still keep out of each other's way, but a nation cannot take itself off to another planet if its neighbour is too tiresome to live with.

It is very much in our own interests if we take some trouble to find out what lies beneath the actions of a "nation," to discover how much they are a reflection and how much a distortion of what

is in the hearts and minds of the people that make up those abstractions "France," "Germany," or the "U.S.A." The risks attendant on misunderstanding have become too dangerous. Instead of spending our time thinking up rich abusive adjectives to hurl at some foreign governmental system or political tendency of which we disapprove, it would repay us to examine the circumstances that made possible the development we deplore. Cool heads and a sympathetic curiosity will do much to bring nearer that internationalism which seems our civilisation's only hope.

No country in Europe is apt to feel herself more misunderstood than France. She is sometimes called a "feminine" country, and, indeed, to our sober Anglo-Saxon eye, she may seem at times to betray in her actions the caprice and impulse that conventionally go with that adjective.

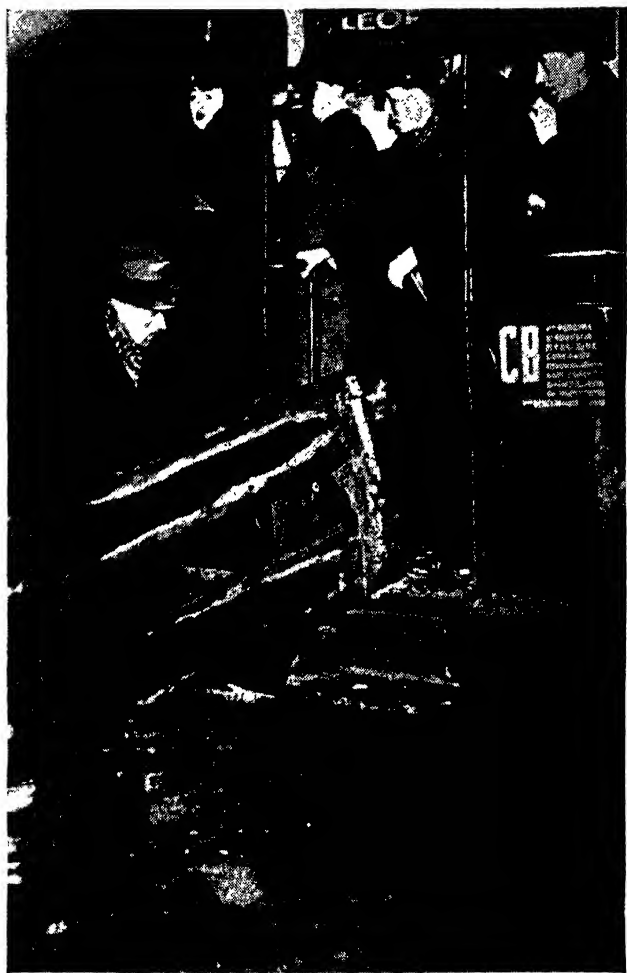
A little while ago a Paris crowd wrecked a race-course because the favourite had not won. Not long before that the barricades had once again been erected in the streets as a logical consequence of "l'affaire Stavisky."

In 1933 the Seine bargemen went on strike and stopped all traffic on the river by carefully making a barrier of barges across it. They were defeated in the end by hosepipes. In May of the same year all the shops and cafés in Paris closed their doors for three hours as a protest against the intolerable burden of national taxation.

In January the Stock Exchange went on strike because the Finance Committee had proposed to abolish bearer bonds and transferable shares.

Accompanying these events were the usual number of quite serious railway accidents, and changes of Cabinet occurred with the dizzy frequency that we have learned to accept as one of the many mysterious features of the French governmental system.

Occurrences such as these give the impression that the pulse of French life is fevered. They would seem to give colour to the belief that the Frenchman is an emotional, frivolous, gesticulating creature of incalculable impulses, whose ways one cannot pretend to understand. It is then easy for us, when we come to more important affairs, to put down France's unwillingness to "forgive and forget" her past national misfortunes to a chronic unreasonableness that makes everything very difficult.



"BARRICADES AS A LOGICAL CONSEQUENCE OF 'L'AFFAIRE STAVISKY.'"

Let us first look into the nature of the French national character and institutions, and then examine France's international position in the light of what we discover.

The country that the Frenchman inhabits and loves so well is twice the size of Great Britain, with a population which is about the same. No European country has been more favoured by Nature. It is generously watered and fertile. There are rich mineral deposits. It is a compact, self-sufficient, beautiful country. After the Revolution in 1789 the peasants inherited this smiling land on which they had previously toiled in bondage.

To this day the peasantry have a remarkable influence on French destiny. Politicians never forget their importance. Despite great advances in industry, France remains an agricultural country. Even the workers in the factories, if put to it, could, for the most part, leave the towns and take up work in the fields to-morrow and do it efficiently. Here in the fields, in the thrifty, hard-working owners of small farms, is France. More so than in Paris, which some say is not France at all. Among the French people are many differences of race and temperament. There are the dark emotional Mediterranean people of Provence in the south, and in the north the quieter, more contained Flemish. The fair people of Normandy are the descendants of Viking invaders, and in the Pyrenees are the Basques, an old and quite distinct people. The Celtic Bretons in the west are so racially conscious that there has in recent years been a movement for autonomy in Brittany.

There is no European type that is not represented in France. There are differences of language, dialect, custom, character, and appearance. Nevertheless, there has been moulded through the centuries a national character. It is possible to combine the most salient characteristics of the people and call the result a portrait of a typical Frenchman, without generalising too sinfully.

The first thing to note about our Frenchman is that he is an individual—intensely and thoroughly an individual—to an extent that a British subject, for instance, is not. This is one reason why his gift for organisation is inferior to that of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. He prefers to work singly, or at best in small groups. The small farm, the small business which shows no desire to expand, in accordance with modern American ideas, such abounds in France. In a world threatened with mass production France remains a stronghold of the craftsman—the man who finds a

sober joy in making an article with his hands, an article into which he has put something of himself. He gives his job the whole of his attention, and judges it critically when it is done.

The craftsman delighting in his work and the peasant lovingly cultivating his little patch of land. . . . There are so many of these independent beings in France. Their existence explains, for one thing, why the trade union movement there is so weak.

It is not so very long ago in France's history that the masses rose, in the name of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, to destroy the old régime. The passion for liberty and equality, at least, still endures in the Frenchman. To these ideals and to those of the Republic he remains faithful even while he shows a dark suspicion of all his country's institutions, including that of the Church. There are few things that he is not ready to jeer at; his critical faculty never stops working. But he remains staunch to the Revolution, is not ashamed of being a worker (though he does not glorify work), and hates the idea of aristocracy. He votes Radical-Socialist, for Radical-Socialism is the creed of the most powerful party in the country and one which, as we shall explain later, is not really so alarmingly "Left" as it sounds. In fact, we shall find that our Frenchman is socially a most stubborn conservative.

He strongly resents any interference with his personal liberty. Only one-half of French taxation is direct, that is, on income and inheritance, as against two-thirds in our own country. The Frenchman regards his income as his own affair, and is amazed at the way in which British subjects allow the State to poke its nose into their bank-books. And as for those anonymous beings of whom one reads from time to time that they have sent a sum of "conscience money" to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, their sanity would probably be seriously questioned in France. If the French peasant stops short at hoarding his hard-earned money in the traditional woollen stocking, he still regards it very much as his own private possession. He eyes an Income Tax form with dark resentment, and makes a false return as a matter of course. If a bitter pill must be swallowed, one naturally sees that it is as small as possible.

This acute sense of property, and the lack of public spirit that results from it, are two of the most marked of French traits. Big public donations are seldom heard of in France. In this she is far behind such countries as our own and America. But this,

to quote the French writer, M. André-Siegfried, "gives the nation a foundation of astonishing solidity. No matter what an ass a man may make of himself politically, as an individual he will stand firmly on his feet, so that being perfectly self-possessed he may indulge in any foolishness he likes in the realm of ideals." It has also been pointed out that whereas with us the national Budget will be impressively balanced while that of many an individual remains very much askew, the reverse applies in France.

"Surely," one finds oneself saying, "this peasant-farmer, holding grimly on to his small piece of land that was part of the share-out of many such small pieces after the Revolution, is quite different from the politically progressive Frenchman whose type we believed was so common." Not at all. They are one and the same person. The South is full of farmers who would never dream of voting anything but "Left," who believe sincerely in democracy and equality, and whose talk is always of "progress."

But while their heads are in the clouds of idealism, their feet remain solidly planted on their very own piece of land. And no Marxist ideas about property are likely to receive their support.

The peasant-owner is content to work his farm in his own—which is also his father's and his grandfather's—way. Modern methods incur his suspicion, or at least find him indifferent. A Soviet collective farm is just the sort of thing that does not appeal to him. It may come. But at present it is almost impossible to imagine its advent.

No Frenchman is ever far removed from the soil. It is not so much the English "love of the country" that he displays, as a deep attachment, with nothing sentimental about it. We are inclined to regard it as a sign of greed that his taste runs to vegetable gardens where we should plant flowers. In this we misjudge him. His primitive joy in the fruitfulness of the earth that he has so lovingly tended goes deeper than our romantic feelings for a field of daffodils. Where we are detached observers of Nature, he is part of it.

The Frenchman works hard and performs feats of cheese-paring to add to his savings—but he also knows well the joys of leisure. It was a German who said about him that "he is never so happy as when he . . . decides to enjoy himself, shuts his shop, shoos away his customers, and plants his chair before his front door

to watch for the first star." A Paris cinema, when summer has really come, will suddenly decide to close its doors and have a holiday. Patrons who have booked seats for a future date arrive to find one bored Casabianca remaining to refund their money.

It is attractive, this lack in the French of any Teutonic feelings about "uplift" in work as work. But its results are untidy. A nation of individuals who find it difficult to co-operate and are restive under discipline is not likely to make striking social advances. And it is true that the French social services are inferior to those of Germany or Great Britain.

To our eyes there are a lot of unnecessary, niggling little jobs being done in France in the way that they have been done for generations. The hands of a modern organising genius must itch to tidy up the slovenly, straggling social life, to trim the loose ends, to "rationalise." That little old woman who gets in our way at the theatre when showing us to a seat that we can easily find for ourselves; the redundant gentleman at the box office who make the buying of the seat so much harder—they are typical. But they are there because of the strong human element that runs right through the French system. Is it so strange to put happiness before efficiency and hygiene?

When we looked in this work at China's early development we found that her first institution was the family. Something of the same state of affairs rules in France. The many functions that the family performs compensate somewhat for the shortcomings in social services mentioned above. Yet because this important aspect of French life is not immediately visible during the first hour or two that one spends in the country, it is often presumed to be non-existent.

"Ah," we think, when we see what must surely be the whole of the population of Paris seated at café tables on the pavements, "no home-life!" And we give France a mental bad mark. It is true that the French eat out of doors to a greater extent than we do, partly because their housing accommodation is more cramped and partly because it is not only in their own homes that they can get food cooked well enough to satisfy them.

It is also true that the French have not our casual way of inviting the merest acquaintances to our homes, so that one can know a Frenchman for a long time without ever seeing the inside of his house. But this is precisely because a Frenchman's home is a

more sacred place altogether than an Englishman's. The fact that he frequents cafés (and if we had such good cafés, what then?) does not alter the more important fact that his family ties are very much stronger than ours.

The way in which we go about getting married, for instance, seems sinfully frivolous to a Frenchman. In his country such a grave event would first have been discussed at a family council at which would appear three members of the mother's family and three of the father's, a *juge de paix* presiding over the gathering. This council may, if it feels like it, forbid a son to marry until he is twenty-five, or a daughter until she is twenty-one. (It also concerns itself with such matters as minors' estates, the interests of lunatics, and the appointment of guardians.)

The wedding, when it does come off, is a much more official business altogether than a similar ceremony in England. The bride and bridegroom emerge at last from a cloud of documents. . . . And henceforth the daughter-in-law is very much one of her husband's family. So close are the ties that the suitability of the new member of the family to fit into the group must be a matter of anxious concern beforehand.

Amongst much that is Roman in France—and it must be remembered that France more than any other country has inherited the Roman civilisation—there is nothing more Roman than the power of the French father. We saw to what lengths Roman paternal authority could go when we examined that civilisation. Legally and by tradition the French father also has powers over his family that far exceed anything of the kind in Great Britain. And though his stature is decreasing, as is also the power of the family, with the spread of modern city life, he still receives much real respect, affection, and obedience, especially in the provinces.

The typical small business or small farm of France is often literally and exclusively a family affair. Father, mother, and children run things without anybody else's help—"it's all in the family."

The husband and wife relationship in France is a more business-like partnership than it is in England. The families of the young people concerned are inclined to think more of the sacredness of property than the sacredness of holy wedlock. The young woman's *dot* or dowry and the young man's fortune have much to do with the final decision as to whether they will or will not be married.



PARISIANS DANCING IN THE STREETS ON JULY 14, NATIONAL DAY.

In these matters we, the nation of shopkeepers, are the romantics, the sentimentalists. In the realm of practical affairs the French are realists first and romantics afterwards. This realism of hers, which is often mingled with cynicism, comes to the surface again and again in France's diplomatic dealings with Anglo-Saxon countries.

French women do not vote because their influence on French life is already profound. They have not bothered about demanding the letter of power when they already have the spirit. Legally a French wife counts for much less than her English sister. But this does not prevent her from frequently being the driving force in a business concern of which her husband is nominally the head, or from taking her place in the front rank of the professions. During the years 1914-18 she took over even the most physically taxing of male tasks and performed them with remarkable efficiency.

The formalities that accompany French marriage extend into every other phase of the people's existence. The amount of time spent in filling up forms whose usefulness seems to an unsympathetic eye to be obscure is really surprising. Officialdom is very firmly rooted. State servants comprise a large proportion of the population. Instead of one of them doing a job efficiently for an adequate salary, two will do it inefficiently for an inadequate one. All the public services are overstaffed with officials who would not dream of doing their pettifogging duties in any other way but that in which they have been done in the past. It is slovenly and, to us, irritating; but the French put up with it, and perhaps as long as the present financial system obtains they are right. Ill-paid mis-employment that at least gives the worker the illusion that he is performing a service to the State is better than unemployment and the dole. Efficiency that sacrifices humanity is too expensive.

France has never been much interested in the sort of barrack efficiency to which the Germans take so kindly. She has, in fact, regarded herself more as a teacher of other European countries than as a learner of their methods. For centuries her culture was the model for Europe, just as Louis XIV's Versailles was the pattern to which other European monarchs erected their own palaces. In her attitude there has been something of the Chinese exclusiveness—a feeling that what is French is civilised and what is not is barbarous. Germany is a comparative upstart. But unfortunately this is an industrial age and the Germans are an industrial people—a very efficient industrial people. France now

realises that she has been lagging behind in this sphere, and is making efforts to catch up. But she remains an adult nation, a little world-weary and cynical compared with younger, more vigorous countries.

With the cynicism, however, with the suspicion which she nurtures of all her institutions, goes a romantic love for "La France." All that is ardent, emotional, and flamboyant in the French nature is brought out by the contemplation of this ideal. Nowhere has the flame of patriotism burned more fiercely than in France.

In their less exalted moods, however, one of the institutions that comes in for much criticism from this contradictory people is the Parliamentary system. This is one of the things that France has had to import; it is based on the British method of government. Broadly speaking, the French Senate corresponds to our House of Lords and the Chamber of Deputies to the House of Commons. The Senators—one for each Department (France is divided, artificially, not geographically, into eighty-nine Departments)—are chosen by a college composed of representatives of the departmental and municipal councils, who are themselves elected by popular vote. One-third of the Senate retires every three years, so that the whole is renewed every nine years. Every senator must have reached the age of forty before he is allowed to sit in the Senate.

The members of the Chamber of Deputies are elected for four years. They represent, not only France, but also those of her possessions which are considered to be sufficiently developed. Corsica, Algeria, and Cochin-China, for example, are represented. Colour is no handicap in the Chamber of Deputies. The French are less prejudiced on this question than we are. There is one Deputy for every 75,000 inhabitants.

The President is elected by an absolute majority of votes cast in the National Assembly, *i.e.* the combined Senate and Chamber of Deputies. He is elected for seven years, and may be, though in fact he never has been, re-elected at the end of that period. He chooses the President of the Council of Ministers, that is, the Premier, and has it in his power to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies—a power which is never exercised nowadays. He takes the place in France of a constitutional monarch. His every act must be countersigned by a minister.

The Constitution was laid down in 1875, a Republic having been

proclaimed in 1870, and amendments were made in 1879, 1884, and 1926.

The Cabinet is nominated by the Premier and the appointments are made by the President. The Ministers are responsible to Parliament. They need not necessarily be chosen from Parliament, but may come from outside. They can speak in either the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies. The fact of their responsibility to the Chamber and that the acts of the President, as stated above, must be countersigned by one of them, affords a virtually complete check on the presidential powers.

The Chamber of Deputies is, like the House of Commons, by far the more powerful organ of government. It is more representative of the people than our own, in so far as its connection with them is closer—local and parliamentary government are more intimately bound up with each other in France than in England. A Deputy, who must be at least twenty-five years old, holds as a rule a local position before he is chosen to go to Paris to represent the district in Parliament. And after his election he continues to fill his former position. M. Herriot is a well-known instance of this peculiarity of French politics. He has been the popular Mayor of Lyons for some twenty-eight years. And after he became Prime Minister he continued to be the even more popular Mayor of Lyons, dividing his time between the latter city and Paris. He fulfilled the main requirements of a French Deputy: he was a local man, and one of the people. It is recorded that when he first went to Paris as Prime Minister he shocked the permanent officials by working in his shirt sleeves and smoking a pipe amidst the gilded splendour of his room at the Quai d'Orsay. Such splendidly democratic behaviour meets with the grave approval of the provincial electors, who deplore any signs in a deputy of Parisian influence. He must remain one of them. "How well I understand" (says M. Siegfried) "the Labour leader's hesitation to appear in a dinner jacket! The average French Deputy goes to his constituency every Friday night and only returns to Paris on Tuesday or Wednesday. The post brings him fifty letters a day, and he answers them all. He generally lodges in a modest room somewhere in the capital or the suburbs, and his electors prefer that he should live this 'simple life.'"¹

¹ *France: A Study in Nationality*, by A. Siegfried. Published for the Institute of Politics by the Yale University Press.

The Deputies keep a sharp eye on the Ministers, and do not hesitate to send them packing when they feel that such action is called for. The fall of a Ministry does not in France mean a general election, so that the Deputy who fires off the question that kills the Cabinet can still feel sure of his own position. The Government may, under the Constitution, dissolve the Chamber; but this has not been done for fifty-seven years, and it is assumed by all concerned that no such revolutionary step will be taken. The coming and going of Ministries, which seems almost frivolous to us, is an unfortunate feature of French political life. It stands to reason that such chopping and changing does not make for progress. A Ministry in setting a scheme on foot never knows whether it will live long enough to carry it out.

The history of political parties in England has been one of changing aims and unchanging outward forms. The history of political parties in France has been exactly the opposite. There the parties have undergone continual changes of form and leadership while their tendencies have remained static. "They still, although the party labels may have changed, represent the solid foundation of our political history."

French political discussions tend to concern themselves with ideas, principles, and theories rather than with purely practical issues. We have already seen that a large proportion of the people are socially content and unadventurous. So that their politics, no matter how fiercely they may be conducted, tend to be farther away from reality than is the case with us.

The growth of industrialism, slower in France than in Germany, Great Britain, and the U.S.A., is, however, producing a class of socially discontented workers such as the Paris factory workers who support Communism. Meanwhile, our typical Frenchman remains a good democrat, who votes "left" out of a deeply rooted dislike for discipline and authority rather than from a belief in Karl Marx and the class war.

The English party system is not so simple now as it was when W. S. Gilbert could say that "every boy and every girl that's born into this world alive is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative," but compared with the French system it is simplicity itself. The French not only have many more party-groups than we, but the lines of division between them are much more obscure. A well-known writer in France says that "one is obliged

to describe politicians vaguely as 'men of the Left' or 'men of the Right,' and in the same Parliament a Prime Minister of the Left or a Prime Minister of the Right may be equally acceptable. Thus, in the 1919 Parliament, which was taken to be a purely Nationalist Parliament, there were as Prime Ministers M. Millerand, man of the Right, and M. Briand, man of the Left.

"Such an alternation would be incredible in the English-speaking countries. One cannot imagine—for example—a Conservative majority asking Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to be Prime Minister instead of Mr. Baldwin. But in France the divisions are so shadowy that anything may happen."¹

Many parties find themselves represented in Parliament after an election, and many more fall by the wayside. The party that finds most support in the provinces is the Radical-Socialist. It receives the votes of the peasant-owners, who are neither of the working class nor of the big "interests" who vote Conservative.

Radical-Socialism stands for the small man, who is very conscious of his liberty as an individual, and who opposes modern "big" industrial ideas as well as the Church, which he regards as being on the side of those whose sympathy is with the old pre-Revolutionary order. This does not necessarily mean that he is not religious. He is simply anti-clerical. He is attracted by the idea of "progress," but in practice remains Conservative. On principle he keeps his eyes turned firmly to the Left, and is at heart satisfied with the existing system.

Moving farther left we find the Socialists. Of late the growth of modern industry has changed many lower middle-class Radical-Socialists into working-class Socialists. Nowadays, this party is inclined to model itself politically on our Labour Party, without, however, joining hands with the trade unions. In 1930 they sought the votes of the peasant-owners by assuring them that their property was safe from the threat of national ownership.

At the extreme left are the Communists. These are made up of the authentic revolutionaries of industrial Paris—the chief stronghold of Communism—and the flotsam and jetsam of economic misfortune. Discontent provides most of its support.

The Right, which includes the Union Republican Democrats, the *Démocrates Populaires*, and an Independent group, favours the Church, is supported by the big financial and economic interests.

¹ *France and the French*, by Sisley Huddleston (Cape).

and is nationalist in sentiment. What would have been the ruling aristocracy, in the old order, and the bourgeoisie vote Right. At the extreme right of the groups one which used to seek election was the Royalist *Action Française*, but since the Pope condemned the movement in 1928 it has refrained from electoral activity. Its aims and ideas are directly opposed to those of the Republic. Discipline and authority are not opposed, but regarded as essential. Democratic party government is condemned as feeble and ignorant. An ultra-nationalism involving a restored, absolute monarchy is its aim. There will be no parliament, because democracy is incapable of government. The movement is not sentimentally royalist, but is based on a serious constructive political programme according to the above-mentioned principles. The movement has attracted, not only the aristocratic class with their royalist sympathies, but some of the most brilliant intellects in France, so that its influence has been much greater than the numbers of its supporters would suggest. It has also received much publicity from the exploits of the ardent young men to whom the movement has a romantic appeal.

The Centre is composed of groups which incline respectively to the right, to the left, and to the centre of the Centre! They are Moderates whose "real essence is to maintain order in line with the republican tradition."

To the British elector this is a sufficiently bewildering list. But the Frenchman knows how to pick his way through the maze of names that confront him at an election. It is when it comes to the coalitions which the absence of any clear majority makes necessary that he is often hard put to it to say in which direction government is pointing. The Ministry, like a boat built out of odds and ends, soon founders in the stormy sea of French politics. Another vessel is run up with the same mixture of materials and meets the same fate, because there is not a sufficient supply of good uniform wood at hand. The process is repeated—long after we have tired of saying "What, *another* French political crisis?"

But the Chamber still sits, and the hard-working Deputies travel busily to and fro between Paris and their constituencies, performing numerous small services for the people who have elected them and tending to leave larger issues to take care of themselves. And this, to the majority of French people, is the main thing. They do not really want the larger reforms that a stable government would bring them. The sound and fury which they bring to political

discussions signify—well, not so much as they would in other countries, whose people are less certain about where to-morrow's meal is coming from.

The French have a pleasant, fruitful land, and they have developed a wise and civilised way of living in it. But there has been a price to pay. In the north are rows and rows and rows of crosses. . . . One and a half million Frenchmen died in the war of 1914-1918. France has known invasion four times in a century. For a little while she felt the joy and relief that comes with the conquest of an old and dangerous enemy. But now the fear is back again. She feels that her frontiers may once more be crossed by the enemy.

Poor France! No wonder she is apt to seem difficult in her dealings with nations more favourably placed by Nature. We, in our sea-girt island, have not perhaps realised the full force of her ceaseless cry during recent years for "security." We have been inclined to regard her attitude towards disarmament as betraying a desire for a hegemony—a leadership—in Europe. We have suspected her of being militaristic, of threatening the peace of Europe.

France is not militaristic. She is merely frightened. The barrack outlook of German militarism—the positive pride in being uniformed and disciplined—is not likely to appeal to so strongly individual a people as the French. They dislike convict hair-cuts and machine-like goose-stepping. Watch a company of French soldiers photographed in a news-reel. There is a freedom about their marching—almost a suggestion of sloppiness—that is different from the precision of German, or even British troops. One feels that they are men rather than units.

We have seen that the French are patriotic, but their patriotism is not jingoism. They are proud of their culture, and like to see its light shining beyond their own borders. As a nation France has fulfilled herself, and is satisfied. But her neighbour Germany is building herself up again into a nation after years of what she calls humiliation. Her militarism, she says, is a sign of re-birth. But no matter how much Germany insists on the symbolical nature of this militarism, France will distrust it—and it is hard to blame her.

It is true that her attitude during the first few years that followed the signing, under protest, of the Versailles Treaty by

Germany, has been partly responsible for the state of affairs that now confronts her across the Rhine. But there again it is not difficult to understand why she should have behaved in the way that she did. Her hereditary enemy was at last in the dust. The old menace no longer threatened her. Again she could breathe freely. Her wounds were deep. A million and a half of her sons were dead. The north was a ruin. Hundreds of thousands of houses, factories, and churches had been smashed to bits by shells. Naturally the nation that had done the damage would have to pay for it.

The Treaty had laid down the conditions for the payment of reparations, and added punishment clauses to cover default. The Treaty was, in France's opinion, if anything on the lenient side. Speaking with the voice of a strongly nationalist Government, she set herself to the task of enforcing every word of its every clause. During the next few years France, with the largest army in Europe, tried hard to bring Germany to heel.

She was the master with the whip, shouting commands to a dog which feels it has been unjustly punished. Germany remained sullen and intractable. In 1923 the French Government, headed by M. Poincaré, decided to occupy the Ruhr, with the object of compelling Germany to pay the Reparations. In the face of all economic considerations, this drastic policy was carried out. Germany, financially and commercially stricken, submitted to a new occupation five years after the Armistice had been declared. France's late ally, England, disapproved strongly of her action, and Germany, taking heart from the general unpopularity, outside of France and Belgium, of this new punishment, refused to give in.

If the leaders in France had some qualms at first as to the wisdom of their decision, they disappeared when Germany refused to budge. A pitiful stubbornness and anger at Germany took their place. Those Frenchmen who had opposed the occupation now felt that the country's prestige was at stake. France loudly declared that she would stay in the Ruhr until the last penny had been paid. She had placed her foot on Germany's neck and she would keep it there. (If nations would sometimes refrain from the expensive luxury of face-saving, they would lay up less future trouble for themselves.)

By 1924 France, in her natural desire to make the most of the victory which was disappointing enough in any case, had sacrificed

much of the good feeling that Great Britain had shown towards her and incurred deep resentment in Germany. The latter had lost Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar coal-mines, and her colonies. Her country had been slashed in two by the hated Polish "Corridor," which led to Danzig, and which threatened to remain an ever-open wound. Her Rhineland had been occupied and then the Ruhr. France had been impossibly exacting in her Reparations demands, and had entered into anti-German alliances with such Central European States as Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia.

Was it to be expected that a people which had just failed to lick creation should not feel bitter about their "humiliation"—should not meet anger with anger? It was asking too much of Germany to expect her to accept permanently the rôle of villain of the piece.

They say that it is always darkest before the dawn, but the dawn that followed this unhappy period of Franco-German relations seems to us now to have been a false one. Yet when the Poincaré Government fell in 1924, a new and more tolerant spirit was certainly born.

Faith in the Ruhr occupation had been shaken when the franc began to fall and M. Poincaré had been forced to impose a twenty per cent. increase in taxes just before the elections. While she was waiting for Germany's money to come in, France had been paying for the Reparations herself by means of internal loans. It was when the response to these loans became less that the franc fell and the tax increases were imposed. The Radicals and Socialists pointed out to the electors that the only result of attempting to force Germany to pay had been that they were now paying themselves. Poincaré went; M. Herriot took his place; and the European horizon grew steadily brighter.

M. Herriot at once adopted a more reasonable attitude towards Germany and extended a friendly hand to Britain, who had all along disapproved of the Poincaré method of dealing with the problem. In July 1924, the Dawes plan was agreed upon at the London Conference, and the evacuation of the Ruhr was promised. This plan, which was drawn up in order that the German budget might be balanced and her currency stabilised while the payment of reparations was at the same time made possible, came into operation in September. That same month M. Herriot himself attended the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva.

Up till then France had not taken the League to her heart, because it was less inclined to bind Germany firmly to the Treaty provisions than she was. Now all that was changed. The first-fruit of the new pacific attitude was the Geneva Protocol, which was adopted in October 1924.

This Protocol defined an "aggressor" nation, and set down the method by which the other members of the League would combine to defeat her warlike aims by force. The Protocol was not ratified, and in any case there was the big argument against it that such countries as Germany, the United States, and Russia were outside of the League. But in the following year a modified version of it, which, among other things, made it possible for Germany to enter the League, was drawn up at a little town in Switzerland whose name was immediately to become world-famous. The Locarno Treaties were joyously greeted as the heralds of permanent peace and understanding in Europe. Through the efforts of Herr Stresemann, M. Briand, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the German-French and German-Belgian frontiers, as established by the Treaty of Versailles, were guaranteed; and the nations promised to refer disputes to arbitration instead of going to war.

Germany, France, and Belgium each pledged themselves not to attack the other unless in legitimate defence; and in the event of a breach of this undertaking Great Britain and Italy would join in the defence of the attacked country. So that one aggressor would have to reckon with the hostile forces of four other countries.

The treaties were initialled on Austen Chamberlain's birthday (October 16, 1925), and signed later in London. In December of the same year the Garter was conferred upon him in recognition of his share in this historic achievement. Stresemann received the Nobel Peace Prize. No such assurance of peace in Europe had ever been achieved before. And although it was a local agreement, it was hoped that the "Locarno spirit" would live and that other treaties in other parts of Europe would follow. It was true that experts could pick technical holes in the Locarno Treaties. But surely the striking moral feeling behind them—the true will to peace—entitled one to ignore such defects.

A few months later Germany, now a member of the League, was asking France to carry out her promise to take her troops away from the Rhineland—and was being met with surly hedging.

France had been thinking over her Locarno promises. Had she been wise? Was not her presence in the Rhineland one of her main safeguards? There were those in France who said that their country had been "done." They said that the Pact allowed Germany a dangerous amount of rope. And they were not at all sure that England was to be trusted not to favour Germany to France's disadvantage. Such doubters were in a minority, but France still jibbed at evacuation, and the spirit of Locarno was to this extent dissipated.

By the time the move was made, Germany, annoyed at the delay, was in no mood to be grateful to France for the sacrifice that she honestly believed she had made. The relations between the two countries remained better in so far as they now debated on more equal terms. But France still distrusted Germany's intentions as to disarmament, and Germany, still faced by the France-Poland-Czechoslovakia alliance, suspected her old enemy of wishing to maintain a military leadership in Europe, and considered that she also had a right to talk about "Security."

And so the Locarno spirit, which had always been more important than the actual treaties it produced, gradually evaporated during the next few years in the old atmosphere of suspicion and misunderstanding which once again grew up between the two countries.

When, for example, the question of financial aid for Germany would arise, France would anger her neighbour by denouncing her expenditure on social improvements, forgetting that to the German mind, if not to the French, such things were necessities, not extravagances. She remained, in spite of them, an infinitely poorer country than France. Her hardships, in fact, during the inflationary period, had given birth to a development which more than anything else was increasing France's disquiet. This was the growth of nationalism.

In 1924 an organisation called the Stahlhelm (Steelhelmet) had made rapid advances. In 1925 Field-Marshal von Hindenburg had been elected President of the German Republic. Every military parade and demonstration that followed was viewed with increasing alarm in France. She saw in them a revival of the Prussian spirit rather than the desire of a great nation, which thought it had been punished enough, to regain its prestige. The

possibility of a future war of revenge increased her nervousness.

When she compared her birth-rate with Germany's, she grew even more alarmed. A nation which had been invaded four times in a century was naturally agitated to find herself at a grave disadvantage compared with both Germany and Italy if the birth-rate was considered in terms of man-power. This birth-rate problem has had a strong influence on France's attitude towards disarmament and security. She broods over figures (there were 1,126,000 births in Germany in 1930 as against 748,000 in France), and tries to encourage the nation by means of subsidy and propaganda to fill its cradles.

The distrust that comes so fatally easily to the French nature was shown in her frantic protests against the proposed customs union between Austria and Germany in 1931. In the same year in Germany the Nazis and Stormtroops, together with the Nationalist Party and the "Stahlhelm," formed the "National Opposition." In 1932 she was watching with apprehension the advent to power of Adolf Hitler. She attached more importance to his Nationalism than his Socialism, and after-events proved her to be right.

But events move swiftly nowadays, both for better and worse. If a successful economic plan comes out of the new German régime, it will ease the tension between the two countries. Internal distress can lead to external adventure, but France herself, though hit by the crisis, is an instance of an economically fortunate country whose innocence of any ambitions beyond her borders is unquestioned. Germany professes a similar disinclination to go to war.

The spirit of Locarno may yet come back to Europe to stay. But it will not arrive until France has renounced completely the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles.

§ 2

GERMANY

Simplicity, cleanliness, health, and happiness are the watch-words of Germany.

The Germans seem to be more alive, more cheerful, friendly, and happy than either the English or the French. Children, and not only children, but grown-ups, too, wave to the passing train or the steamer that is carrying the holiday-maker up the Rhine.

How seldom is one thus greeted in England, and yet what a great difference this simple wave of the hand makes to one's enjoyment.

We notice that the people, both young and not-so-young, are sunburnt and glowing with health. In part this is no doubt due to their clothes, which, in the country certainly and often in the towns, are so eminently sensible.

The women wear light, colourful dresses, simple and practical. The men enjoy the comfort of open-necked shirts and easily-washed linen jackets. Go into a restaurant during the dog-days and see men do the obvious and reasonable thing: they remove their jackets and eat in shirt-sleeves. Look at the labourers in the fields or by the wayside; more often than not, even on days which in England would be considered freezing, they are nude from the waist up. As for the children, whether in the country or the town, when it is hot they live in bathing costumes or drawers. Simple, comfortable, healthy; and Mother saves on her washing and clothes bills.

The post-War buildings are simple; no superfluous ornaments to spoil the impressive, beautiful proportions of the whole, or to send up building costs. Simplicity can be very beautiful. It can be very healthy, too. These new buildings seem to consist mainly of windows, enormous windows, to let in the sun and fresh air.

Few places can afford to be dirty. London is one of them: dirty streets and grimy buildings are part of its charm. But how dreary Hampstead Heath or the Surrey Downs looks after a Bank Holiday, when all the paper and the bottles and tins in the world seem to have been deposited where they will look most offensive.

It is otherwise in Germany. Almost one feels tempted to say that the Germans have gone to the other extreme, that they are too clean. Heaven knows how they do it, for warning notices and waste-paper baskets are not obvious. Cleanliness is in keeping with the modern buildings, and the happy, healthy faces.

Simplicity, cleanliness, health, and happiness: these are the qualities which first strike us when we come into Germany. Yet —there is another side to the picture.

We have reached the present day; but to understand it fully we must go back to the end of the War, when the nations of the world began upon an even more difficult and longer struggle than

that of 1914-1918. Their task was to restore order out of chaos. Victors and vanquished, they had to begin to build up a new prosperity, a new happiness, a new hope, out of the ruins and the wreckage which the World War left behind it.

Victor and vanquished—but the task of the vanquished was the more difficult. What was the position of Germany in those years?

We may picture to ourselves a convict toiling out his life behind granite walls and bars of iron. He knows he is not guilty of any offence. He believes that, to-morrow or the day afterwards, his innocence will be proved and his cause will triumph. But the days pass, and the years pass, and gradually, as he realises his helplessness and the impossibility of overcoming his enemies, hope dies within him and his spirit breaks.

Only when he is completely broken is he set free, still with the stain of guilt upon him, in a world where his neighbours feel nothing but hatred and the desire to wipe him out of existence.

Such was Germany in 1918. She had fought for four and a half years, at first hopefully, believing with all her heart in the justice of her cause and its ultimate success. Then, little by little, came the realisation that she was fighting against stone walls which no human power could break down. The blockade brought hunger, more terrible than any human enemy. She was physically worn out, and with weakness came disease. Her moral strength was sapped to breaking-point by the growing realisation of her own impotence and by the poison of foreign propaganda which was pouring in an ever-growing stream into her country, causing her to doubt all that she had hitherto held sacred. Little by little her spirit broke. Germany lay helpless at the feet of her conquerors.

The days of 1918 have slipped far back into the past. Even in Germany, where the events were grimmer than anywhere else except in Russia, they are but dimly remembered as a dream. Yet we must try to realise and understand what happened then, for unless we do so we shall not be able to interpret rightly what is taking place at the present day, when the seed sown in 1919 is beginning to bear its fruit.

In 1918 Germany lay helpless at the feet of her conquerors. She had been beaten, and she could not understand why, except, she thought, that traitors had been at work. She had believed, and still believed, in the justice of her cause, but God had not allowed

it to triumph. She had believed in the might of her armed forces, and it had not prevailed. She had trusted in her Kaiser, but he had not led her to victory, and, when the end came, had fled to a safe refuge instead of suffering with his people.

What of the soldiers—those who for four and a half years had fought with death? They had won great honour. They had not been beaten, but were forced to retire because their own people had failed them. Friedrich Sieburg has expressed their bitterness and despair: "How are we to go on living if it was all for nothing?"

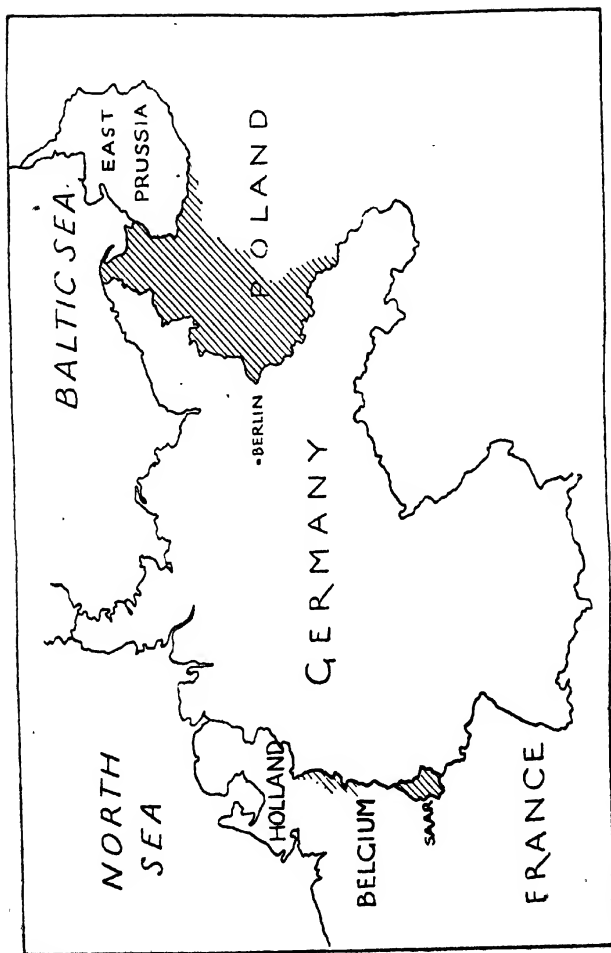
The most tragic feature of that time was the complete loss of faith in all those institutions in which Germany had hitherto believed. The rulers, the State, the Church, these words had lost their meaning. Patriotism, loyalty, and the old sense of duty—Germany's great virtue—had gone. Despair led to revolution and violence. Poverty and starvation drove many to theft and armed robbery.

Yet the sufferings had but begun. On paper there was peace, but peace in the sense that the Allies were now in a position to crush Germany without having to fight battles. The United States alone refused to take part in the work of destruction. The other countries settled down eagerly to the gentler task of wreaking vengeance.

Their attitude was natural enough. One cannot in a day, or a month, or even a year, forget nearly five years of suffering or wipe out the effects of a cunning and persistent propaganda of hate. Yet it was not until after the Armistice, when for the first time it was seen how really helpless Germany was, that the hatred of the Allied countries rose to a frenzy. Lloyd George realised the danger of embittering a beaten enemy by inflicting upon him an unjust peace; nevertheless, he won the Khaki Election of December 1918 with his slogan of the "Knock-out." "Make the Germans pay!" "Squeeze 'em till the pips squeak!" And years after the War the French were still firm in their demand: "*Le boche payera tout.*"¹

Never has there been a treaty so vindictive as that of Versailles. By it Germany lost Alsace-Lorraine to France; North Schleswig to Denmark; Eupen and Malmédy to Belgium; Memel to Lithuania; Upper Silesia, Posen, and certain districts of Prussia to Poland—

¹ "The Germans'll pay to the last farthing!"



POST-WAR GERMANY, SHADED AREAS SHOWING TERRITORY LOST UNDER PEACE AGREEMENTS.
(The Saar was returned to Germany in 1935, after a plebiscite.)

in all, 70,579,000 square kilometres of territory, and 10 per cent. of her population, of which more than 6 per cent. was purely German. In addition, her colonies were handed over to the Allies. Danzig was turned into a Free City, supervised by the League of Nations. East Prussia was separated from the rest of Germany by cutting off an intervening strip of land—the so-called Polish Corridor—which was given to Poland in order to afford her access to the Baltic Sea.

Through these territorial losses Germany was also deprived of important sources of raw materials. She lost 50 per cent. of her iron, 20 per cent. of her coal, 80 per cent. of her zinc supplies. The Saar Basin, with its valuable coal-mines, was placed for fifteen years under the administration of the League of Nations. The French were given the right to exploit it. At the end of the period a vote was to be taken among the inhabitants to decide whether the Saar should again be German, remain under the League's administration, or become French. France thus had fifteen years in which to teach the mainly German population hatred for Germany and love for France. If it failed and the popular vote went in favour of Germany, then by the treaty Germany was obliged to buy back the Saar coal-mines from the French.

The German army was reduced to 100,000 long-term volunteers. Various weapons, such as the tank, heavy artillery, and the military aeroplane, were forbidden. The fleet was limited to 6 battleships, 6 small cruisers, 12 destroyers, and 12 torpedo-boats. The left bank of the Rhine was to be occupied by the Allies for fifteen years, and all fortifications and defences over a distance of 50 kilometres east of the Rhine were to be destroyed. Germany's disarmament was intended to be the first step towards world-wide disarmament.

By paragraph 231 of the Treaty, Germany admitted that she, and she alone, was to blame for the War. Can it be said at the present day that this paragraph is not a lie?

The crowning evil was the question of Reparations. Nothing was to be settled until 1921. Even then only the amount of the instalments was to be fixed, but not the total payable. In the meanwhile Germany, deprived of important raw materials, exhausted by the War, and with her trade to be built up afresh, was condemned to pay, during the period 1921-6, a minimum of 60 milliard marks, partly in cash, partly in kind. The latter ranged from

railway wagons to swarms of bees; from barges to young fir-trees. Cattle and sheep by the million went from Germany to France. Because the diplomats of 1914 had made fools of themselves, therefore, five years later masters lost their dogs, farmers their pigs and goats, their chickens, geese, and ducks. Even hares and rabbits were taken to satisfy the French. . . .

Germany signed. She had to, at Versailles, or—in Berlin. And at the same time that she signed, a new resentment was born. Germany had asked for peace on the basis of President Wilson's "Fourteen Points," and on that basis, which was a just one, she had negotiated with him. The treaty, however, which was ultimately imposed had nothing in common with Wilson's proposals, mainly because the Allies realised after the Armistice that Germany was in no position to resist any of their demands.

Furthermore, Germany was excluded from the League of Nations. She was not allowed to co-operate with the other countries in their work for peace. She was treated, in fact, rather like a mad dog.

Germany, who had lost faith in her own institutions, lost faith in the world also. She realised that when the French said "Justice," they meant a peculiarly French "Justice"; when they talked of nationalism and the sacredness of democracy, they meant merely that parts of Germany ought to be cut off—regardless of nationalist and democratic principles—and given to other nations; when they praised universal disarmament and security for all, they meant German disarmament and security for France. And this disillusionment, too, has now borne its fruit. Truly, 1919 created a Europe as full of "danger-spots" and causes for hatred as was the Europe of 1914.

Germany settled down to make the best of things for the time being. She had to clear away the debris of 1919; she had to rebuild her whole life.

The first problem was a constitutional one. Already, in November 1918, Communist revolutions had broken out. When the Kaiser fled, the moderate Socialist parties seized the power in the hope of saving the country from Communism as well as from militarism. A provisional Republic was established on November 6. In a wave of joy and disorder the imperial emblems—symbols of a now hated system—were torn down. The princes and kings of the small States fled, or were deposed, and by the end of the

month every State had a republican form of government. The new rulers steered a middle course between the reactionaries, who wished to continue the Hohenzollern monarchy, and the Spartacists, who wanted to copy the Bolsheviks in Russia, by eliminating the capitalists and landlords, and by setting the rich and the intellectuals to work.

The Imperial Parliament was dissolved, and in January 1919, a new National Assembly was elected and met at Weimar on February 6. Friedrich Ebert, the son of a tailor and himself formerly a saddler, became provisional President, and Philip Scheidemann, Chancellor and head of the new Cabinet. The first task of the Assembly was to ratify the Versailles Treaty. Scheidemann resigned: "This hand will wither ere I sign such a treaty!"

The next task was to create a new constitution. Under this, the famous Weimar Constitution, Germany became a federal, republican commonwealth (*Reich*) of 18 States, "based on the will of the people." It provided for a president above thirty-five years of age, elected for a term of seven years "by the whole German people," and subject to removal by a vote of the people. He was given extensive powers in representing the nation in foreign affairs and in the appointment of civil and military officials, and was made supreme commander of the army and navy. He could conclude alliances and treaties, and make war and peace, with the consent of the *Reichstag*. The national ministry was to consist of the Chancellor, appointed by the President from the majority group in the *Reichstag*, and his associates nominated by him. The ministry was responsible to the *Reichstag*.

The Legislature was made up of two houses: (1) the *Reichsrat*, which represented the federal States, and was essentially an advisory body, though it had a suspensive veto over all legislation; and (2) the *Reichstag*, responsible for all legislation. It was "composed of the representatives of the German people," who were elected for four years "by the universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage of all men and women over twenty years of age, according to the principle of proportional representation."

The States of the *Reich* had similar constitutions.

What of the political parties which competed for the right to administer Germany until the advent of Herr Hitler swept all political parties out of existence—officially, at any rate?

The most important was the Social Democratic Party. In the

days of the Empire it was regarded as highly dangerous to the State. When war came, however, its Socialist principles did not force it to protest, and in 1914 the Party showed itself to be a supporter, not so much of the working classes, but rather of the bourgeois State and Society.

The Social Democrats have been among the staunchest defenders of the Republic, and the form of Society which is the basis of the Republic. They have done little to show that they are Socialists, but much to show that they are good citizens.

Under the leadership of Ebert, first President of the Republic, they joined with the Democrat and Centre Parties, in order to form the "Weimar Coalition," which guided the first footsteps of the new Republic. Co-operation with bourgeois parties was in accordance with their principles, for they were opposed to revolutionary methods, and believed that they could more satisfactorily transform the character of the State and Society by taking part in the Government. Thus they have been bitter enemies, not so much of the parties of the Right, but rather of the Communists. And, believing that it is possible to attain their aims by co-operating with the bourgeois parties, they might, even in the days to come, go so far as to co-operate with the National Socialists (Fascists).

The Democratic Party, which in 1930 became the State Party, was the Republican successor of the Progressive People's Party. It represented the more radical views of the nineteenth-century Liberals, and consisted mainly of Liberal intellectuals and businessmen.

It was one of the bourgeois elements in the Weimar Coalition, and preached loyalty to the Republic, the democratic and liberal character of which it emphasised.

Like the other parties, it earned disapproval by its apparent inability to tackle the economic crisis; its popularity was not increased by the fact that it had co-operated with the Socialists and bore part of the responsibility for signing the Treaty of Versailles. By 1932 it held only 24 seats in the Reichstag.

The Centre Party was formed to defend Catholic interests in what is a predominantly Protestant State. Its supporters come mainly from the Catholic portions of Germany, the west and the south, and are drawn from the middle classes of town and country.

On the outbreak of the Revolution, it changed its name to the "Christian People's Party" and came out in support of the

Republic. Under the leadership of Erzberger it helped to form the Weimar Coalition with the Democrats and Socialists, but its more conservative, Bavarian elements then split off to form the Bavarian People's Party. Since then the Centre Party has shared in all governmental coalitions. Thanks to its close connection with the Catholic Church, its efficient organisation, and the prestige it gained when its leader, Dr. Brüning, became Chancellor, it did not lose as much support as the other parties which had failed to save the country from economic distress. Nevertheless, in November 1932, it polled only 15 per cent. of the votes, the lowest total in its history.

The Party advocates the unity of the people and the nation, and tries to compromise all class antagonisms, on the basis, however, of the present bourgeois State.

The German People's Party—before the War the National Liberal Party—represented German big business. It was highly imperialist and ardently supported the War in the hope of gaining for German industry new territories and new markets.

In 1918 the National Liberals were discredited. A part split off and joined the Democratic Party. The remainder reorganised as the German People's Party, with a programme midway between that of the Democrats and that of the German Nationalists. Its sympathies lay with the monarchy.

After the Ruhr occupation and the crash of the mark, it decided to give up its attitude of aloofness towards the Republic and joined the Weimar Coalition in order to gain a more direct control over the Government. The "Large Coalition" was formed under its leader, Stresemann. Their foreign policy of getting as much as possible for German industry at home and abroad, by diplomacy rather than by melodramatic gestures, gained them, and chiefly their leader, great fame abroad. At home their achievements passed almost unrecognised, being generally misrepresented, and, after the economic crisis increased, their popularity diminished. At the July 1932 elections they gained a mere 7 seats, but in November 1932, they were able to increase that number to 11.

The German Nationalist People's Party stood for Conservatism and reaction. Before the revolution called the Conservative Party, it was the answer of the Prussian aristocracy to the attacks of the bourgeois Liberals.

The Conservatives felt themselves to be the only party which

stood for "God, King, and Fatherland," for monarchy and autocracy, for the social and political privileges of the aristocracy, and for the glorious German traditions of the past, which were being endangered by all sorts of unhealthy "modern" ideas.

Nevertheless, they did not oppose the Weimar Republic, since it seemed to be the only safeguard against Bolshevism; neither, however, did they give up their monarchist ideas. The economic crisis gained them new adherents. This, coupled with their need for agricultural tariffs—since they represented very largely the landed aristocracy of Prussia—led them to enter the Government, and to form a coalition with the People's Party and the Centre.

The hopes of their supporters proved illusory. Nationalist co-operation did not succeed in stemming the economic crisis. The fact, too, that they accepted the Young Plan, which they had condemned while out of office, and their programme of re-establishing the monarchy, lost them many votes.

In 1932, however, they gained a wonderful strategic position in the Reichstag, in which there was a complete deadlock of the parties. They held the balance of power. Their leader, Von Papen, had great influence with Hindenburg, the President. They dominated the Government, and ultimately Von Papen became Chancellor, until he was ousted by Hitler.

The Communist Party is the answer of the working-classes to the economic distress of post-War Germany. Its roots go back to the pre-War years, when the left-wing section of the Social Democrats, under the leadership of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, was gradually converted to revolutionary ideals. It broke away from the Social Democratic Party during the World War, and organised the Spartacist Group, which was responsible for revolutionary outbreaks throughout Germany in the months immediately preceding and following the Armistice. They failed, for when the Imperial régime collapsed, the Spartacists were still too weak and unorganised to be able to carry the Communist revolution to a successful conclusion. In December 1918, it became a definite parliamentary party, the Communist Party, but was soon weakened by the notorious murder of its influential leaders, Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, while under arrest after some street-fighting in Berlin. The revolts in Bremen, Brunswick, and the Ruhr were suppressed, and the Soviet Republic which had been set up in Munich was overthrown.

The Party gained strength, however, from the despair in Germany. At the elections of May 1924 it polled 4 million votes, or nearly 13 per cent. of the total national vote. Economic conditions improved somewhat, and the Party in consequence lost some of its support. But by 1926 the storm which was to break over the whole of the world had set in. More and more Germans, driven desperate by the terrible economic conditions, turned to Communism as their last hope. In November 1932 the Party received 6 million votes, about 17 per cent. of the total.

The German Communist Party was a section of the Communist International, and pursued a similar programme. It set out to destroy the existing State and Society in order to establish a proletarian dictatorship, as the first step towards the elimination of class-distinctions and the setting up of a class-less Communist Society. It fostered an international outlook and regarded itself as part of the international workers' revolutionary movement. It believed that only by abolishing capitalism in every part of the world could the economic evils which are inherent in the capitalist State be removed. Towards this end the Communist Party worked. It denounced the Versailles Treaty, less because it was an act of oppression directed against Germany than because, in the view of the Party, it weighed most heavily on the German working classes. It became a parliamentary party, not because it respected the Reichstag or the Republic, but in order to expose its shortcomings and defects at every possible opportunity.

Such were the chief parties which faced the task of rebuilding shattered Germany. None of them ever succeeded in getting an absolute mandate from the country, and from 1918 until 1932, when the new, National Socialist Party came into power, the government of Germany and of most of the federal States was almost continuously conducted by Coalition Cabinets supported by the Middle and Moderate-Left parliamentary parties, of which the Social Democrats and the Catholic Centre were the most important.

From the point of view of foreign politics, that period may be divided into three parts—the fight for Germany's life, which reached its crisis with the occupation of the Ruhr in 1923; the fight to re-establish her as a member of the comity of nations, which ended with the Locarno Treaties and Germany's entry into the League of Nations; and finally, the fight to restore Germany to equality among

the nations of the world. Truly, it was a herculean labour to undo what the World War had done, and even now, sixteen years after the Armistice, it is not complete.

Short and bitter was the struggle of the Weimar National Assembly with regard to the acceptance or rejection of the Treaty of Versailles. But there was really no alternative to acceptance, especially since Germany was politically disunited and in the throes of revolution. Germany accepted, and it seemed as if Clemenceau were right in his view that "the peculiar nature of the Germans" could be met only by force, and that the slightest concession on the part of the Allies would be regarded as a sign of weakness.

The burning question which remained for settlement was that of Reparations. The Allies had not originally expected much; at the most, perhaps, reparations for actual material damage, but no more. The acceptance of the severe Armistice conditions were an unexpected victory; the news of revolution in Germany sounded promising.

In November 1918 Lloyd George was suddenly inspired to use these happy circumstances in order to strengthen his own parliamentary position, and the Khaki Election of December followed. His quick mind, sizzling under the news from Germany, had leapt to the idea that Germany must pay all the costs of the War, which, in the case of England, he estimated would amount to at least 160 milliard gold marks. On February 1, 1919, this decision was announced officially to the Allied Commission for Reparations. Klotz, the French Minister for Finance, in a flash of enlightenment, saw his opportunity to snatch world fame and immortality, and trumpeted forth proudly: "*Le boche payera tout!*" Whether Germany *could* pay or not no longer seemed to enter into the question.

Conference succeeded conference. England, which had soon recognised the folly of a policy of destruction, tried to check French greed. Germany struggled against the demands of the Allies. In January 1921 the amount of reparations, which until then had been controlled by some provisional measures in the Versailles Treaty, was fixed at 132 milliards of gold marks (£6,600 millions), payable by annual instalments of 2 milliard gold marks, together with a sum equivalent to 26 per cent. of German exports.

Germany, led by Chancellor Dr. Wirth, head of a Social Demo-

cratic Government, undertook to pay. The "policy of fulfilment" had begun.

Germany's road continued downwards. As a result of inflation, the mark slowly began to lose its value and so to bring new misery to the people. Political quarrels at home increased. There was much shooting in Germany, with revolutionary outbreaks in many parts of the country. French hirelings strove to bring about a separation of the Rhine district from Germany and the setting-up of a new State to be controlled indirectly by France. In the south of Germany, too, the French encouraged by all the means in their power the activities of a small discontented element which wanted to separate the south, including Bavaria, from Germany. These disruptive movements never had a chance of success, but they caused great unrest, besides embittering Germany still further against France.

In normal times Germany might have succeeded in her "policy of fulfilment." The difficulties were too great, however. Already in January 1922 she was forced to ask for a temporary reduction in the annual instalments. Lloyd George was willing; so too was Briand, the peace-loving French premier, but he could not prevail against Poincaré, the fighter, and his hatred of Germany. Briand's Cabinet fell, and Germany's attempt failed. Thereafter she turned to Russia. On Easter Sunday, 1922, the Treaty of Rapallo was signed. Germany recognised the Soviet Republic, and the two countries agreed not to make any claims for war indemnities upon one another. From that time on Germany's hopes for the future lay in the East and she began to cut herself adrift from the countries in the West.

Meanwhile, German currency broke down completely. Two and a half billion marks bought one dollar; the country was flooded with paper money, prices increased, and the value of property and income depreciated to vanishing point. There was complete economic chaos. In August 1922 she was granted a moratorium (suspension) of payments until the end of the year. Nevertheless, when payments were resumed in 1923, she again fell behind with her instalments. Poincaré had his wish. On January 11, 1923, French and Belgian forces seized the Ruhr Basin, the heart of German industry. The seizure was illegal, though Poincaré attempted to justify it under the Treaty of Versailles. The

Germans adopted a policy of "passive resistance," which meant in effect that the miners in the Ruhr went on strike and refused to bring up coal for the French to remove.

Neither the seizure of the Ruhr, nor passive resistance could be called practical politics. World opinion condemned the French, and they did not like that. Germany spent enormous sums to support her subjects in the Ruhr who were now unemployed. Not till the following year did the French come to their senses and agree to the appointment of the Dawes Commission, which was to investigate methods by which Germany could meet her obligations. In August 1924 the Dawes Plan was accepted. It provided for annual payments rising at the end of four years to a sum of $2\frac{1}{2}$ milliard gold marks (£1,250 millions). A prosperity index was devised in accordance with which, after six years, the instalments might be increased. France agreed to evacuate at once Dortmund and other districts occupied at the same time as the Ruhr, and a time limit of one year was agreed upon for the evacuation of the Ruhr.

In the meantime the mark had collapsed completely. With it, the property of millions of Germans had been destroyed. The employee was paid every evening and rushed straight from his work to the shops, in order to convert his money into goods, for by the following morning what he had painfully earned the previous day would be worth exactly nothing.

For the foreigner in Germany it was a great period. With his sixpence (English) a week pocket-money, the child could every day buy pounds and pounds of the finest sweets. The grown-up, if his fancy inclined that way, could buy a house for a mere song. And the Germans suffered. Those who had retired from active business were the most unfortunate. Their capital or their pensions had disappeared. In their attics they might have boxes full of money to a face-value of billions of marks. It bought nothing. Many used it to paper their walls, for it was far cheaper than wall-paper.

The Dawes Plan marked the turning-point for Germany. With the occupation of the Ruhr the French flood which was threatening to overwhelm Germany had reached its high-water mark. Poincaré went, and his successor, Herriot, adopted a saner policy. England and the United States, too, became more active in their efforts to prevent the collapse of Germany, which was now led

by Chancellor Stresemann. Slowly Germany began to gather up her forces.

The Dawes Plan was a hard one, and one which Germany ultimately found it impossible to fulfil. But at any rate it showed that common sense was again coming into its own, and that people were beginning to realise that force was an unsatisfactory instrument of national policy.

The Plan depended upon the raising of international loans for Germany, to enable the latter to rebuild her shattered economy. There was danger, however, in the fact that Germany might be forced to use the borrowed money in order to pay off her Reparations debt, rather than in financing productive work, and this is what did happen. Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul is bad business. Much of what Germany received from American bankers went into the pockets of the Allies, and Germany received no benefit from the transaction. This was one of the factors which contributed to the world crisis of 1931.

Stresemann was in charge of foreign affairs. He was a great patriot. He restored Germany to a position of respect in the eyes of the world. He was a friend of peace and was fittingly rewarded with the Nobel Peace Prize. He strove mightily, and yet, by some tragic irony, misunderstanding and suspicion, both in Germany and abroad, have undone much of his work.

As a patriot, his policy was to secure Germany from the repetition of such adventurous French exploits as the Ruhr occupation, and to give her breathing-space to recover her strength. As a pacifist, he recognised that peace in Europe was not possible until an atmosphere of peace had been created—by redressing Germany's grievances, by stilling French fears of German aggression, and by making it possible for Germany to co-operate on an equal footing in the work of other nations.

Towards these ends, hand in hand with Briand, he worked until his death.

His first success was the Treaty of Locarno in 1925. By it Germany, France, and Belgium bound themselves to respect each other's frontiers, as settled by the Treaty of Versailles; and under no circumstances to attack one another, but to settle their disputes by peaceful means. Britain and Italy undertook to guarantee the fulfilment of the Treaty.

Thus Germany gained security in the West, and consequentlv

breathing-space, and was able to devote more attention to the East, to such matters as the Polish Corridor, Silesia, and German minorities in Poland. France and Belgium gained relief from their anxiety with regard to German "revenge" and the safety of their frontiers.

The second success was Germany's entry into the League of Nations, which took place in September 1926. She was given a permanent seat on the Council. Thus she was better able to protect the interests of her minorities in Poland—a serious problem, this; and her voice was once again powerful in international affairs.

The high hopes of a more peaceful atmosphere which had been raised by Locarno and Germany's entry into the League were doomed to disappointment. Many French thought that the only safe Germany was an impotent Germany, and suspected that any breathing-space given to her would be used for rearmament. Many Germans, on the other hand, thought that Germany had received too little and given too much. They wanted the war-guilt clause removed immediately from the Treaty of Versailles. They believed that by entering the League Germany had tied her hands with regard to any revision of the Versailles Treaty, and had bound herself to the chariot of the Western Powers.

Once again there was ill-will on both sides. Germany's chief grievance, the continued occupation of the Rhine, was not settled immediately, as Stresemann had hoped, by the removal of the French and Belgian troops. Distrust and suspicion continued to poison the political atmosphere in Berlin and Paris, and became even more intense when Germany had the audacity (in the French view) to suggest that it was really high time that other nations began to disarm, as had been promised in the Treaty of Versailles.

And so Locarno and Germany's entry into the League, though they were helpful to Germany, did nothing to further the cause of peace and international understanding.

It would be foolish to blame France entirely for that failure, or for the many other mistakes she has committed since 1919. She was in a most difficult position. The War had given her all she required. She could go no farther. She could only stand still, and to stand still means, in all human affairs, to slip back. Germany, on the other hand, an extraordinarily vigorous young nation,

had lost everything, and could be expected to fight tooth and nail to regain what she had lost. Every day, as she reorganised her national life and her army, she became stronger. France could only sit back and watch helplessly, knowing that the time must come when her rival would be as strong as ever before, and believing that she would not hesitate to use that strength to exact revenge.

France could do one of two things: keep Germany suppressed, or win her real goodwill by giving her real friendship. The former was in fact quite impossible for any length of time. The latter seemed too dangerous and uncertain; the events in Germany were not of the kind best calculated to reassure anyone. Germany had never been fully disarmed, as the Treaty of Versailles provided. She evaded its clauses. It was known that, since Rapallo, she was training men—and especially flying-officers, though she was forbidden to own a military air force—in Russia. She owned armaments factories in Holland and Switzerland. She was perfecting poison-gas. She was building up a huge fleet of commercial aeroplanes, and these could, at a moment's notice, be converted into bombers.

No, France's fears were not entirely groundless, in spite of the Locarno guarantees. The two nations drifted farther and farther apart. France was too nervous to adopt firmly a policy of friendship. The hand held out one day would be hastily withdrawn the next. The concessions she made were made too late and with too great show of hesitation to win any gratitude from Germany: thus the last occupied portion of the Rhineland was not released until 1930, shortly after Stresemann's death. The Germans felt that France was still trying to lord it over Europe; and that she was trying to keep them in their position of inferiority upon the most childish excuse—that Germany, in their eyes so obviously weak, was "dangerous" to France.

It is just possible that Stresemann and Briand might ultimately have triumphed over these difficulties and have laid the foundations of a lasting peace. But Stresemann died in 1929 and Briand could not by himself convert a suspicious and hostile French public opinion.

Curtius and Brüning, Stresemann's successors, though they enjoyed the respect and goodwill of the world, were also helpless to pursue Stresemann's "policy of understanding." The National

Socialist opposition was growing too strong, and its hostility to France, coupled with its aggressive nationalism, stimulated foreign distrust. Curtius himself was thoroughly discredited in Germany when he brought forward Germany's long-cherished project for a Customs union with Austria only to have it rejected almost contemptuously by France, Poland, and the Little Entente Powers.

From that time on Germany began to give up all hopes of a successful policy of co-operation with the Western Powers. From them she would get what she could, giving as little as possible in return. Beyond that she wanted nothing further to do with them.

Let us see what the German citizen was doing while his country's representatives were struggling in the field of international politics.

For him a tradition had died, the tradition of Imperial Germany which had taught him worship of the Kaiser, worship of the Army, worship of the State, and a complete subordination to the divine right of these institutions. He was no longer a mere cog in a militaristic machine. A new State had been set up which recognised the divine right of his own individuality. He was free. Autocratic Germany had become democratic Germany.

We said at the beginning of this section that one of the most striking things about modern Germany is the apparent health and vitality of its inhabitants. How difficult it is to connect this description with the well-paunched figure, clad in Tyrolese leather shorts, bright shirt, and a comical hat with a shaving brush tucked in the band, who, Baedeker in hand, struts about the musical stage or stares through thick steel-rimmed spectacles from our cartoons.

That figure may once have been true to life. It has long ceased to be so. Already, before the War, some Germans, mainly students, tired of the materialism and pompous glitter of their country, had learned to value the simple beauty of Nature. In small parties they wandered through fields and forests, healthily clad, eating simple food, singing old German folk-songs to the accompaniment of mandoline or guitar. By contact with Nature they hoped to recover all the old Germanic virtues.

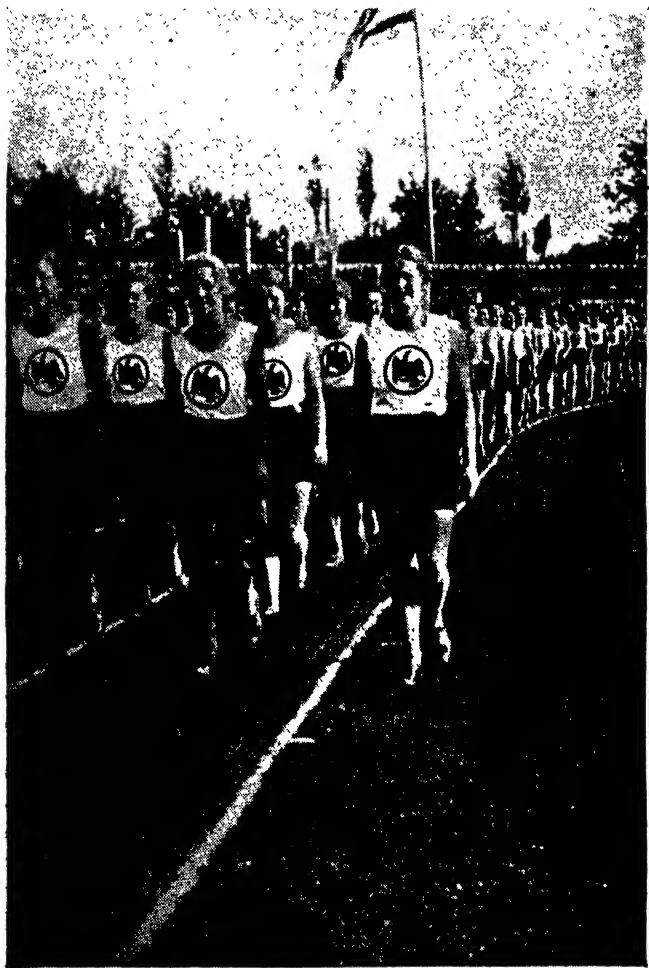
During and after the War this movement gained tremendous popularity. The numbers of *Wandervögel*, or "wander-birds," as they called themselves, increased by leaps and bounds. But now other considerations were also being taken into account. Germany, a country in the grip of a blockade, tortured by starvation, recog-

nised that only by living a healthy open-air life could it maintain its vigour and prevent its hope for the future, the younger generation, those who had been children during the War and had suffered most severely from lack of food, from becoming a race of physical degenerates.

For that reason every form of healthy activity is encouraged. Sports clubs sprang up like mushrooms. The German took to gymnastics, to swimming, to tennis, to rowing and canoeing. Football is played all the year round. The "week-end" habit has crossed the Channel and has become a new thing in Germany. It does not mean house-parties. It means a healthy open-air life, unhampered by any excess of clothing, in primitive wooden cabins or tents put up in some beauty-spot far away from the town. Since after the War most Germans were poor, cheap hostels were built for those who sought health and pleasure from tramping the country-side. There shelter and a bed can be had for the night. The visitor may prepare his own food: cooking facilities are provided. He is expected not to smoke or drink alcoholic drinks; he has to clean up any litter. These are his only obligations, and the price of this comfort is a few pennies per night.

An amazing institution, the *Jugendherberge*, cheap, efficient, clean, and friendly. How successful they are may be gauged from the fact that at the present day there are about 3,000 such hostels dotted about Germany.

As noticeable as this new popularity of sport and physical exercise is the spirit in which the German has taken it up. To the Englishman who created it, it is a game; to the German it is, well, not exactly work, but at any rate something to be taken very seriously. To him sport is not so much an enjoyment as a means of getting fit. He is very self-conscious about it. He most earnestly tries to improve himself, because improvement means greater physical fitness. That is why he takes such an interest in international matches, whether they are played in Germany or abroad. The Englishman isn't too interested in Olympic Games which take place at Amsterdam or Los Angeles. The German studies the form of every competitor and breathlessly follows the result. To him a German victory is a sign that the Germans are physically an A1 nation. Success becomes a matter of national prestige. We may smile at this attitude; we may point out that earnestness during a match too often leads to bad temper, and is, therefore, not in the



ATHLETIC GERMAN SPORTS GIRLS.

"best interests" of the game. And yet—what wonderful results it has had on the young German of to-day.

The present-day German does not cultivate his body only. He works and he cultivates his mind also. He works like a nigger, not so much because he has to earn his living, but because he enjoys it. Work seems to him to be a blessing in itself and to carry with it its own reward. He does not count the days from Monday to Friday. He looks forward to the week-end, but his hours in the office seem to him to be at least as important.

His affection for work overflows all bounds when it becomes a question of learning. Again it is not only a question of economic necessity, though poverty and hardship make it an increasingly important factor; but education is respected as something noble, and so the young Germans crowd to the universities. Parents will make untold, unbelievable efforts to give their sons the very best education. And often these sons, too, must make incredible efforts, for their poverty is very great.

We have seen plays like *Old Heidelberg* and *The Student Prince*. We have heard so much of the gay, carefree student who spends his days duelling, his nights in fantastic drinking-bouts. True, there is both drinking and *Mensur*, the duel. The latter, while often bloody, is rarely dangerous. It is indulged in chiefly as a method of teaching courage; and it does indeed take a good deal of courage to stand facing an opponent, knowing that at any moment his sword may find your cheek.

Nevertheless, even before the War the numbers who could afford to waste their time were comparatively small, and now they have dwindled almost to nothing, especially since the inflation, which meant sheer beggary to so many.

At least 50 per cent. of the students are obliged to earn part of their expenses, and of these a considerable proportion must earn the whole. Some work only during the vacations, others even during term-time, at night. A few achieve tutorships and private lessons. Others work on farms, take their place in some dance-band, drive taxis, act as waiters, do anything in order to enable them to complete their studies.

The State has helped, but, being poor, has not been able to do much. Nor did these independent young men, with their admirable principle of self-help, desire charity. They organise their own restaurants, where the poor student can obtain an excellent

hot meal for as little as sevenpence. An experienced cook is engaged, but everything else is done by students, who are paid for their services. The principle of self-help has been carried to such lengths that at some Universities the students have even organised their own industries. They run printing-presses and book-binding establishments, laundries, and shoe-repairing shops.

Truly there is much that is admirable in young Germany's private life, and since, as a nation, it works hard and keeps fit, there can be little doubt but that it will soon be as powerful a nation as it was in 1914.

Yet there is always an "if." In the case of the German, it is to be found in his political life.

With the departure of the Hohenzollerns autocratic rule disappeared. For the first time the German was permitted to hold political opinions of his own. The Revolution had given him a new toy—representative government. Earnest and passionate in all his pursuits, from football to higher mathematics, he took to this new game as a duck takes to water, and he played it earnestly and passionately. Even his sports and social clubs became political associations. Unfortunately, he knew not the first thing about it. He expected immediate results, especially in the economic sphere, where lay his greatest problem. He was profoundly disappointed when the immediate results did not materialise and the promises made by Government after Government turned out to be bubbles.

The Reichstag has not been a particularly successful experiment. This is no doubt due in part to world circumstances, over which Germany had no control. It has also been due to the extraordinary number of political parties which wooed the favour of the electorate. Occasionally there were twenty-six of these represented in the Reichstag, some half-dozen main parties, and the rest "splinter-parties" representing special interests as well as the broad political programme of one of the more important parties.

This state of affairs is due entirely to the system of proportional representation which was adopted in Germany. The elector does not vote for an individual candidate; he votes for a party-list, and 60,000 votes are sufficient to elect one person on that list. Extra votes in adjoining constituencies may be added together and go to swell the party's score, so that if a few individuals in South Germany decide to form a party with a purely local appeal and

succeed in getting 20,000 votes in one constituency and 40,000 in the next, they will have the right to send one member to the Reichstag. Thus much money and effort are wasted, for that one-member party certainly cannot put its programme through; it can merely hinder the work of the other parties.

It consequently happened that from the time the new Reichstag came into being until the time Hitler became dictator, no single party was ever strong enough to govern by itself. Every Government had to depend on the uncertain support of a coalition, in a country where party rivalries are very much stronger than in England.

There was always something unreal about the German political system, for, owing to the fact that the elector voted for a list of people few of whom he knew, even by name, there was no sort of contact between the party and the nation. The individual German felt frustrated, for his keen desire to play with politics could not even be satisfied in so harmless a manner as heckling.

The weakness of Governments and their failure to deal effectively with the economic crisis destroyed the last of his confidence in parliamentary government.

As his poverty increased, as the number of unemployed shot up until it eventually topped the 5-million mark, the German turned more and more towards political extremism which rejected parliamentary government.

The Communist Party increased by leaps and bounds, until, at the election of November 6, 1932, it was able to claim no fewer than 100 seats in the Reichstag.

The National Socialist German Labour Party (Nazis) was formed during the period of inflation. It consisted of officers, middle-class elements, and students. It was the response of the bourgeoisie to the threat of Communism.

We can readily understand the success of this Party. It indulged in an orgy of popular propaganda and promises, against which the other parties could make no headway. It won over the masses of the despairing and weary, of the hungry and disillusioned, by promising to everyone the fulfilment of his desires, and work and bread for all. The Party programme was a vague and pompous mixture of Nationalist, Anti-Capitalist, and Anti-Semitic tags, which was expounded, according to the needs of the moment, by a small but well-trained group of youthful and enthusiastic

agitators who skilfully concealed their complete ignorance of economic matters.

They appealed to the reactionary bourgeoisie by promising to sweep away an apparently impotent parliamentary system, and to bring back the old Prussian ideals, an autocratic government and a militaristic nation, wherein a sense of duty and blind obedience to authority are the chief marks of the good citizen. They wore smart uniforms. They undertook to regenerate the German race by excluding all "non-Aryans," by which they meant those who were not of Nordic stock, and by sterilising the unfit.

They made use of the anti-capitalistic feeling among the majority of workers by attempting to change the antagonism against German capitalism into an antagonism against foreign and Jewish capitalism. They taught what the pre-War Germans had never doubted, that woman's place was in the home, and that she must not be allowed to compete in the labour market.

They flogged up German nationalism by teaching that Germany had lost the War only because she had been "stabbed in the back" by Jewish and Marxist "traitors." They repudiated all obligation to pay Reparations. They launched a campaign against the "oppression and forcible subjugation" of Germany by jealous foreign Powers.

The Germans, harried by hunger, disillusioned by party politics, suspicious of foreign nations and foreign appeals for international peace, turned to Hitler.

On January 30, 1933, Hitler became Chancellor, at the head of a Cabinet in which the Nazis were in the minority. He determined to consolidate his power by increasing the number of his followers in the Reichstag. On February 27, a week before the elections, the Reichstag was set on fire. The Communists were accused of the deed. Van der Lubbe, a half-witted young Dutchman, Torgler, a leading Communist, and three Bulgarian Communists, Dimitroff, Popoff, and Taneff, were arrested as the guilty parties. The event caused a wave of patriotic fervour throughout Germany, and at the elections the Nazis gained 17 million votes and showed themselves to be the strongest party.

From now on, Hitler was undisputed head of the State. All opposition was crushed, the trade unions dissolved, the opposing political parties destroyed, the Jews boycotted. Thousands were

arrested. Of those accused in the Reichstag fire trial only Van der Lubbe was convicted. The court had risen above political considerations. Nevertheless, Hitler's old promise was fulfilled. "Heads shall roll," he had said, and throughout the country there were killings.

The Germans, as a whole, seemed satisfied. They believed implicitly what they were told, that the people murdered or put in prison were traitors to the nation. Friedrich Sieburg, a prominent Nazi writer, while deploring the excesses and the senseless anti-Semitic movement, has expressed their feelings, and no one can deny his sincerity: "The night is not yet past, but the dawn will come, and its cool breath will soothe our hot, sleepless eyelids. For we are a sleepless nation. We have lived through the last years with wide-open eyes, and because we have had no rest, we have felt no joyful anticipation of the morning. And if now, when morning seems near, we begin to forget the agony of sleeplessness and are ready to march all day, to suffer hunger and thirst afresh, and to heed the tumult of everyday life, this is merely because the time of *becoming* is drawing to a close and the time of *being* is about to dawn. The endless succession of years, in which one generation and one epoch was like another, will soon be past, and we shall enter upon our national existence."

That is the source of strength of Nazism, the number of honest, decent people who love their country and see in Hitlerism its only salvation. They are ignorant of the excesses of which that party has been guilty. The newspapers are under its control. They are swamped beneath the flood of propaganda.

Nevertheless, Hitler's great danger, as it was the great danger of his predecessors, is economic distress. The Young Agreement of 1928, which took the place of the Dawes Plan, had finally fixed Germany's Reparations Debt and reduced the amount of the instalments. Then had come the Hoover Moratorium on June 20, 1931, which had suspended payment of all Reparations and War Debts for one year and had finally killed Reparations, though that fact was not finally acknowledged until the Lausanne Agreement of 1932.

Germany no longer pays Reparations, but her trade is crippled. Fine sentiments buy no bread. A country does not grow prosperous by posting up notices outside her villages and shops: "Jews not wanted here"; for the Jews can get their own back by declar-

ing a world boycott of German trade; and they have done so.

Thus, whether Hitlerism succeeds or fails depends entirely on the development of Germany's economic situation.

The outlook is not hopeful. There are already signs that dissatisfaction is returning with increased strength. Communism, though driven underground, is very far from dead. The Nazi workers, many of whom are strongly Socialist, see no trace of the longed-for attack on big business. They begin to suspect that Hitler himself is but a figure-head behind which stand the hated capitalists, people like Krupp, Thiessen, and Hugenberg.

Hitler's private army, the brown-shirted storm troops (S.A.), suffered a severe shock when its most prominent leaders, like Captain Roehm, were shot out of hand on June 30, 1934, accused of plotting revolt, and their private life, which was vicious and immoral to a degree, was suddenly exposed to the public gaze.

The storm trooper does not like it. He resents the public shame. His loyalty has been shaken.

The Army, the backbone of Germany, a State within the State, never has liked Nazism, being jealous of its own power, contemptuous of Hitler, the former corporal, and well aware that some of the Nazi leaders would like to use the Army for their own purposes.

In August 1934, Hindenburg, one of the most honoured figures in the world, died after having been President of Germany since the death of Ebert in 1925. His mantle descended on the shoulders of Hitler. The question is: Will Hitler prove capable of wearing it? Will Nazism succeed in holding its power?

§ 3

RUSSIA

Soviet Russia is becoming respectable in the eyes of the world. Immediately after the overthrow of the Tsarist régime the Revolution fought for its life against a ring of enemies. Troops from Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, White Russian forces backed by the Allied Powers, Japan, Poland—all attacked her.

When this concerted military intervention failed, there followed a long period when Russia was the Scarlet Woman among virtuous Capitalist countries. We were at once fascinated and scandalised by her behaviour. No story about her goings-on was too lurid to be believed. The reports of her war on religion and her over-

hauling of moral values took on an increasingly melodramatic hue the farther away from Russian frontiers they travelled. We shuddered at the blasphemies of the anti-God campaign. The stories of the new morality—or, rather, immorality—depicted Russia to us as one gigantic stew. And a new word of the most sinister import crept into our vocabularies: Ogpu.

This attitude has still completely to disappear seventeen years after the Revolution. It was revived recently when the British engineers were on trial in Moscow. Then the Bolshevik was again the sub-human criminal of the old days. The Soviet régime was "the godless menace." But many of us are a little ashamed now of that outburst.

In 1933 the United States at last joined the other Great Powers in recognising the Soviet Russia. In 1934 Soviet Russia entered the League of Nations, at the League's invitation. With the exception of protests from such Powers as Switzerland, Portugal, and Holland, the presence of the Communist nation at the Capitalist table was welcomed. This happy development was not wholly one-sided in its origins. If the world's attitude to Russia is more reasonable, so is Russia's to the world. Her Communism to-day is not the out-and-out Communism of yesterday. The adoption of the New Economic Policy (which will be dealt with later) shelved the world revolution theoretically necessary to Marxian Socialism. It then became easier for Russia, whatever her hopes for a future non-Capitalist world may still be, to live with her Capitalist neighbours.

Russia covers one-sixth of the land surface of the world. From the Arctic Circle to the Black Sea, from the middle of Europe to remotest Northern Asia stretches the territory of the greatest of modern dictatorships—the largest State, as regards area, in the world.

One hundred and forty-seven million people live in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. They represent some two hundred different nationalities. They speak one hundred and fifty languages. Still backward compared with the industrialised peoples of the West, they have made the most titanic efforts at reorganisation within a given period that the world has ever seen.

Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Dostoyevsky interpreted the Russian character to the world in pre-revolutionary days. Those writers showed us a very human, rather lovable creature, slow to action

but quick to extreme sorrow or joy, and marvellously talkative. He talked and talked of his misfortunes; and if he did rouse himself to active protest it was as often as not to go out and hang himself in the barn.

The new Russian's achievements are still more impressive on paper and in his oral harangues about them than they are in actual fact. He still talks excessively, as those who endured the floods of oratory in the first Russian talkie, *The Deserter*, well know. But what a justification he now has for this failing—if failing it is! What upheavals, what cyclonic changes in his daily life he has seen! And if he still talks he now acts too.

His efforts in the exciting new sphere of mechanics are still at the mercy of his temperament. His enthusiasm for the machine too often outruns his knowledge of its workings. So that it is not unusual to come across broken, rejected tractors, killed by the unskilful hands of those that loved them. Such tragedies were inevitable. But on the credit side there is a brave showing.

In 1861 there were 22 million serfs in Russia. In 1914 the country was ruled by an autocrat cursed with the fatal stubbornness of a weak man. The year 1917 found the people exhausted and hungry. Revolution broke out, and, unlike those of 1896 and 1905, was successful. In Zurich the news came to a neatly dressed little man with a very clean collar—Nikolai Lenin. The son of a petty nobleman, Lenin had devoted himself to the revolutionary cause ever since his brother had been executed in 1887 for complicity in a plot to assassinate the Tsar. He himself had been sent to Siberia and had escaped. London had been the scene of part of his exile—particularly the reading-room of the British Museum, which had also sheltered Karl Marx, the prophet of the world-revolution of the proletariat. Now Lenin saw in the news from Russia the beginning of the fulfilment of Marx's prophecy. He travelled by train to Petrograd.

The Russian drama moved on to its climax. A Congress of the Soviets had been called for October. Then would be decided whether or not power would pass from the Provisional Government to the Soviets. Lenin, who had again fled from Russia to Finland after the Provisional Government, and who had suppressed a revolt by workers and soldiers with whom the Government's war policy was very unpopular, now returned. In secret he plotted a second Revolution, whereby power would be seized by the Bolsheviks. He

would not wait for the Congress elections. (The literal meaning of the word "Bolshevik," by the way, which was soon to become a synonym abroad for all that was horrible, is nothing more sinister than "member of the majority.") Lenin's view was that the first Revolution had overthrown the land-owning aristocracy, and had delivered the power into the hands of the bourgeoisie. A second Revolution would overthrow Capitalism.

When the Winter Palace was seized by the Bolsheviks in November, the old régime, prostrate from the blow of the first Revolution, received its quietus. It could have had few mourners even among those to whom the methods of its enemies were repellent.

Tsarism was rotten to the core. It was a rule of oppression, exploitation, and cynical disregard of social and cultural progress. It was bolstered up by a Church peculiarly suited to keeping the masses in superstitious ignorance. The War, which took an awful toll of lives and reduced the people to famished desperation, sealed the fate of Romanov autocracy. The Little Father—the Tsar of All the Russias—went with his wife and family to a violent death.

Nicholas II was tragically unsuited to the rôle he was called upon to play. His life and that of his unhappy wife, dogged in their last years by the shadow of the monstrous Rasputin, make one of the most pitiful chapters in recent history—and one of the most melodramatic.

In the end they and their family were murdered in a cellar.

When the Bolsheviks seized power Russia was in chaos. The Congress of Soviets declared that the power of government was vested in the Council of People's Commissars, composed for the most part of members of the Bolshevik Central Committee, Lenin to be Premier and Trotsky Commissar of Foreign Affairs. The first act of this new Soviet Government was to issue a decree to the effect that henceforth all land was the property of those who worked it. An eight-hour day was established. Industry was placed under the control of factory Soviets. And if any bourgeois industrialists attempted sabotage, their factories were nationalised and placed under the management of the newly founded Supreme Economic Council.

Peasants had already been seizing land and workers factories, but now such action was legalised.

Thus Communism began. But it had not yet taken the extreme form that it later acquired. The campaign that the Revolution was fighting for its existence against intervening Powers made increased control of industry and commodities necessary. So, in the middle of 1918, Russia became militantly Communist. Private trade was abolished. Instead of wages, workers received cards for food, clothing, etc., and lived rent free. Such surplus crops as the peasants had after supplying their own needs were collected in exchange for commodity cards. Speculation was forbidden and offenders ran the risk of having their misdeeds discovered by the Cheka—the dreaded instrument of the Red Terror. The Soviet had enemies within and without its frontiers. If the Revolution was not to die an early death it had to act quickly and drastically to establish itself.

There was a good deal of savagery about the terrorism, reports of which, often exaggerated, shocked the rest of the world. It is true that a large number of its victims were taken in secret and shot without trial. But this was inevitable. It would have been surprising indeed if the leaders of such a vast and profound Revolution had not been driven to some such methods.

It would also have been surprising if this new experiment of Communism, launched in the most unfavourable circumstances, had been a success. Handicapped by civil war and the hostility of the world, it struggled on until 1921, when a disastrous harvest dealt it a blow from which it never recovered. Militant Communism ended in famine. This was the time when Russian children with the swollen bellies which ironically signify starvation crawled about looking for grass and roots to eat.

So the first phase of Revolutionary Russia, begun in chaos, ended in chaos.

The second phase is summed up in three letters: N.E.P. They stand for the New Economic Policy, whose foundations were laid on the ruins of Communism. Private property and private enterprise again became legal. Peasants were allowed to sell their grain in the open market. Their surpluses were no longer requisitioned, but a tax in kind imposed instead. Wages again took the place of cards. Foreign capital was welcomed. Collectivism, not Communism, became the order of the day.

Recovery now set in. Under Militant Communism peasants who had been expected to hand over surplus crops to the State without

receiving any return simply did not grow surpluses. Now the case was altered. Incentive to individual effort returned. Production increased. A more "business-like" and therefore more Capitalist economic system was adopted. Many enterprises which had been nationalised now competed in the open market. Trusts were formed, which were represented on the Supreme Economic Council. A new and prosperous class arose in a nation governed by the proletariat—the Nepmen. And in the country were the wealthy peasants—the *Kulaks*.

Neither class was popular with the people. So that when they had served their purpose (which was to help along the development of commerce) steps were taken to stop their progress along the broad and inviting road of Capitalism. First the Nepmen were attacked by the imposition of a crushing load of taxes on private commerce. This was in 1924. In 1927 there began a war with the *Kulaks*, many of whom found themselves dispossessed of their goods and sent away from the rich and smiling "black earth" lands of the Ukraine to the timber camps in the north.

In Russia at the present time there is practically no private enterprise any more. All industry has one owner—the State. This development began in 1928. That date will always have a lustre for citizens of Soviet Russia, for it marks the beginning of the first Five-Year Plan. The scheme, breath-taking in its scope, aimed at nothing less than the intensive industrialisation of an enormous agricultural country. Instead of relying on foreign countries for her industrial requirements, Soviet Russia intended to lay down her own heavy industries as a foundation for the complete, self-sufficient economic unit which she meant to become. The plan involved the reorganisation of agriculture, the development of communications, and the redistribution of the population. And it was a success. The people went hungry to make it a success; for they knew that the more foodstuffs and commodities Russia could spare for foreign export the more foreign currency she would have with which to buy the machinery so necessary to the success of the plan.

Another movement away from the Communist elevation of the proletariat above the "white-collar" brain-worker took place at this time. It was realised that the Plan would fail if there were not education and technical ability to direct it. So that people possessing these qualifications were given higher wages and more privileges. The expert again came into his own.

Engineers and such-like technicians had, of course, come to Russia in large numbers from abroad. There were not enough of them at home. But with the spread of education and mechanical skill Russia intends, in time, to build up within her own borders that organised body of technical ability which she still lacks.

This "planning" period brings us to the Russia of the present day. She looks out on a world that has still to see the universal Revolution which was for ever in the minds of orthodox followers of Marx and Engels in the early days of Bolshevism. The Russian Revolution has managed to exist in isolation in spite of Trotsky's disbelief in such an achievement.

Conditions in Russia favoured Revolution. Those in other countries did not. She was terribly backward. And after the swiftest journey forward in time that any nation has ever made, she is still very far behind. One after another great enterprises are completed. Everywhere is a hurry and bustle of building. There is talk on all sides of the greatest this, that, and the other industrial scheme in the world. Yet still the queues stand patiently in front of the wretchedly stocked shops. Still there is overcrowding. Communications are still inadequate, so that the spectre of famine is not yet laid. The standard of living is low.

New Russia is shabby and down-at-heel. There are simply not enough clothes to go round. Apart from the new buildings which stand out in the clean austerity of modern architecture, ancient Moscow and Leningrad, the eighteenth-century creation of Peter the Great, have a grey look. When Stalin and the rest of the front rank of the Communist Party, which is the real ruler of Russia, appear from the Kremlin on such an occasion as a review of the Red Army, they wear caps.

The clean lines of the Lenin Mausoleum in Red Square are in the style favoured by Soviet architects. Here the hero, the idol of Soviet Russia, lies for ever in embalmed state. Always there is a line of people filing past it. His portrait is everywhere. It has replaced the ikon of the days when Russia had a religion. If she still has a religion it is Communism, and Lenin is its god.

The old days were more colourful, when the shops in St. Petersburg's fashionable Nevsky Prospekt were packed with fine things; when the gaudy onion-shaped domes of the Cathedral of St. Basil in Moscow re-echoed to the organ-notes of Russian basses, and the

pomp of the Greek Orthodox ritual proceeded in majesty.

Such gilded splendour has gone—and with it most of the misery and grinding poverty which it partly concealed. In Russia to-day there is neither the liberty nor the prosperity enjoyed by those western countries where constitutional democratic government still exists. But compared with the days of the Tsarist régime, there is no doubt about Soviet Russia having infinitely more to offer its people. A clean hygienic wind is blowing through the country. Eyes are keener and hope is abroad. Already better off than in pre-Revolutionary times, the people look forward to real prosperity. Everyone has a job to do. The grey-faced loiterers round our Labour Exchanges have no equivalent in Russia. Purpose, drive, and enthusiasm have come to the people, and especially to the young people growing up in the faith. These in themselves are important assets to a nation. In addition, the sum of positive achievement is large. Not only, for instance, has the creative activity which is in evidence on every side made for mental health, but much has been done for the physical health of the people.

The old Russia annually produced a rich crop of epidemic diseases. Millions of people died every year from tuberculosis, typhus, syphilis, or even plague. Sanitary precautions were of the most sketchy kind. The lack of social development and the ignorance of the masses did not make for improvement in this appalling state of affairs.

Now the health of the nation is in the care of the People's Commissariat of Health, a State body, of course. Under this central department there are health departments which have been established throughout the U.S.S.R.—one to each local Soviet. These departments are assisted by voluntary workers drawn from the ranks of the proletarians and peasants. Their duties include everything connected with the health protection of the people. They work to prevent and combat epidemics, act as sanitary inspectors of houses and public institutions, inspect food, promote infant welfare, look after maternity cases, and so on.

The health sections are represented in every factory and *kolkhoz* or collective farm. They work in concert with the labour protection committees of the factories in such matters as the prevention and cure of occupational diseases. They inspect the food supplied in the workers' communal dining-rooms, and generally see to it that



GUARDING HEALTH: DOCTORS TESTING THE QUALITY OF FOOD IN A COMMUNAL KITCHEN, STALINGRAD.

sanitary conditions are maintained. Their work is well advertised by means of all the propagandist wiles in which Soviet Russia is so expert: lectures, cinema shows, exhibitions, the theatre, and pamphlets are all brought into play to educate the Russian citizen in sanitary matters. The new labour conditions themselves make for better national health.

Every fifth day in Russia is a holiday for the worker. The seven-hour day is in force in the large majority of industries. Holidays with pay lasting from a fortnight to a month are compulsory. Workers are insured against sickness, disablement, and old age. There is no unemployment insurance because there is no unemployment.

Women, who are on a basis of complete equality with men, are enabled to take an equally active part in the affairs of the nation by a system of maternity holidays, and by the institution of the crèche. Here children are well cared for while their mothers are working or studying. So that in spite of the new part that woman is playing in Russia, the population is growing. In spite, also, of the legalisation of abortion. While doing all it can to make this practice unnecessary by improving social conditions, the authorities realise the dangers of hole-and-corner operations. So they allow the operation to be performed in their hospitals. And at the same time they discourage it by making known its harmful effects.

Sports and athletics are encouraged, but here again, as in every activity that is blessed by the Government, there is a serious purpose behind them. The object of games is not so much enjoyment as the improvement of the physical standard of the nation. In promoting physical culture the rulers of Russia also have an eye to military defence. For Russia lives in constant fear of attack from outside, and has built up a formidable army and air force.

In the south of Russia, by the Black Sea, is the Crimea. It is a lovely region, where the air is soft and scented by the flowers and trees that grow there in luxuriance. The loveliest town in the Crimea is Yalta. It lies peacefully in the sun at the foot of pine-clad mountains looking out to the sea. Hither the Tsar used to come to his beautiful Livadia Palace, and the nobility and rich people of Russia to their scarcely less splendid summer mansions.

The sun still pours down on Yalta's flowers and parks. The great houses still stand in their spacious grounds. Only the people who visit them are different. Royalty and the aristocracy do not

come here any more. Instead, thousands of workers enjoy the sun and air of this coast every year. The summer mansions of the former ruling classes are now rest-homes and sanatoria for the new rulers of Russia—the workers. They come in their thousands to lie about in the sun, and to live, some of them, in the rooms once occupied by the Tsar, his family, and his suite.

State health-resorts, which are being developed in many other parts of Russia besides the Crimea, are administered by the Commissariat of Health and the Health Resort Administration. There are commissions to decide who shall be sent to them. And those who are sent not only go there free of charge, but receive full wages into the bargain. The expenses incurred in running the resorts are met by the insurance fund.

So much for the health-protection activities in the U.S.S.R. which have already made striking decreases in annual mortality. When we come to more concrete achievements, we are met by the impressive results of the industrialisation section of the first Five-Year Plan.

In what was, so to speak, just the other day a painfully backward agrarian country have arisen such great enterprises as the automobile plant in Gorky, the Amo motor-car factory in Moscow, the vast tractor plants at Stalingrad and Kharkov, the Magnitogorsk steel plant, and that titanic undertaking, the Dnieprostroy dam. This great hydro-electric achievement is a big step towards the realisation of Lenin's dream of the electrification of Russia. To harness the Dnieper, one of the greatest electric stations in the world, and certainly the greatest in Europe, has been constructed. Above this dam, by the side of the Dnieper, a great new city is planned to rise, and it will be fed by the power given by Dnieprostroy's generators.

Stalingrad, where is the famous tractor plant, was, before the Revolution, a town of 100,000 people called Tsaritsyn. Now it is part of a new industrial city named after Lenin's successor, with a population of over 300,000. Here tractors are produced in the mass—two hundred of them a day. And the amount of enthusiasm and fervour that goes into the production of those two hundred is remarkable. The workers get through their shift and then are off to the technical schools to put in some more time at the study for which all young Russian citizens have a passion. In the early days of the tractor plant there was no less enthusiasm,

but there were also many mistakes. Now there are not so many. Peasants are being turned into good mechanics. The foreign engineers who, especially the American ones, did such valuable work in directing the greatest industrial schemes and educating the Russians, are not so indispensable now.

When mistakes and muddles occur the culprits responsible for them are pilloried by having their botches exhibited in the factory and their names prominently displayed. It is implied that their inefficiency is a shameful betrayal of the Revolution. The workers are spurred on by the example set by the *udarniks*, the "shock-brigade" workers, who are allowed more privileges. Thus the proletarians are urged along in the industrial campaign. Competitive feeling is encouraged. The earnestness with which the campaign is conducted takes on something of the nature of a holy Crusade. . . .

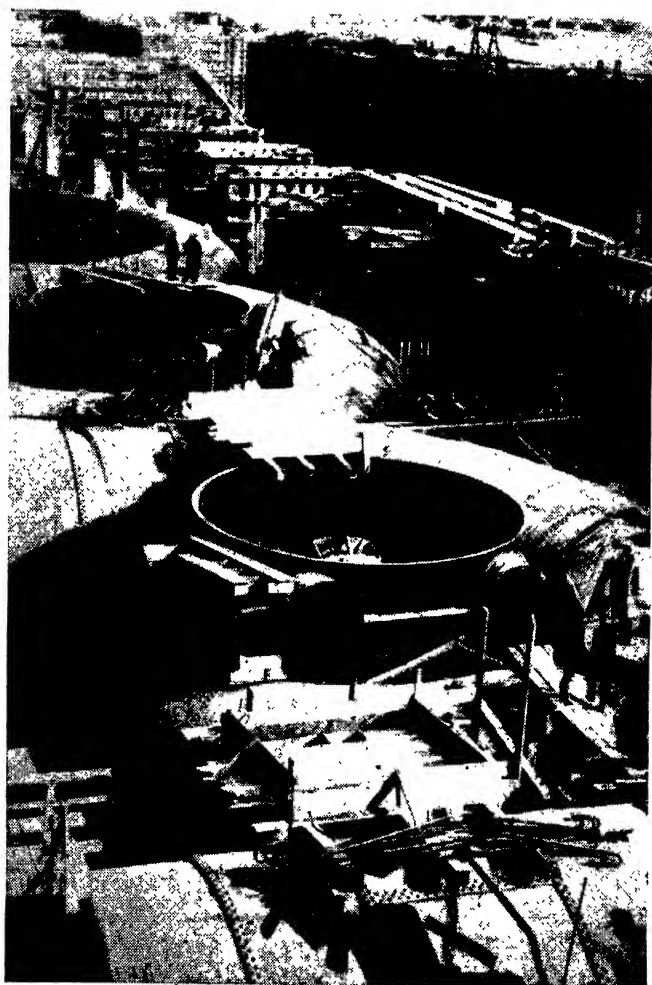
The inefficiency of the Russian worker seems bound to disappear if all the new technical schools which have been, and are being, built, do their jobs properly. *Energo* (Electrical Trust) alone controls some sixty technical institutions. The amounts allotted for expenditure on such education under the Plan run into astronomical figures.

Another city which, like Stalingrad, has been transformed almost overnight from an ancient trading town of moderate size to a large industrial city of nearly 500,000 population, is Gorky, the new name of Nijni Novgorod. (The novelist Maxim Gorky is one of Soviet Russia's great men.) Now they build steam-engines there, also tram-cars, Diesel engines, tools, and Ford automobiles. There are factories, some of which employ tens of thousands of workers.

Stalin stated that Russia has increased her industrial output "threefold compared with the pre-War output, and twofold compared with the output of 1928." He admits "defects and mistakes, bad management and muddle," but claims, on the whole, and with justification, a victory of "world-historical significance."

It is worthy of note that the above projects were realised without the aid of foreign capital—with what hardships on the part of the population we have already noted.

The Plan was not a victory all along the line. Results in some departments fell short of expectations, but others greatly exceeded them.



INSTALLING TURBINES AT THE DNEIPROSTROY HYDRO-ELECTRIC WORKS.

The area of land brought under collective and State farms was three times greater than had been hoped for. But this rapid collectivisation was a mixed blessing. As the individual farms were quickly merged into collective ones, the supply of workers who knew how to handle modern machinery became exhausted. So that crops and tractors both suffered. Then there were the wealthy farmers to be reckoned with, men who did not take kindly to being levelled down to the collective standard. These indulged in some sabotage. Co-ordination in agriculture was not wholly achieved. So that in spite of 200,000 collective and 5,000 State farms having been organised in three years, there were hunger, under-nourishment, and even death in some parts during the winter of 1932-3.

But the collective system in agriculture has come to stay, and it will in time be perfected. All over Russia the village of small individual peasant holdings has become the *kolhoz*, where land, implements and live stock are pooled and wages and profits come from the returns. The change, however, is not only economic but social. And a very great change it is. The peasant has been given such a violent jolting out of his old way of life that he is still feeling a little dazed about it all. He has been dizzily propelled from the past into the future, and has not yet recovered his breath. Yesterday he existed in muddy mediævalism. To-day, he is a rather bewildered member (especially if he is of the older generation) of a society which is making a clean sweep of the standards and institutions of centuries.

The peasant of the old days tilled his narrow strip of land with the tools of his ancestors, and did not bother his head about education or hygiene or anything implied in the term "progress." His children died of bad feeding and disease; the houses he and his friends lived in were hovels, and a limitless ignorance prevailed which let the outer world go by at such a distance that it was almost non-existent. (Years after the Revolution there were peasants who believed that the Tsar still reigned in St. Petersburg.) Yet his home and his bit of ground, though poor things, were his own. Life was hard, but its rules were simple. One knew where one was. And there were always God and the saints to turn to for aid in time of stress. The peasant's faith was as deep as his religious understanding was limited. He lit his candles and went regularly to church, a model of Orthodox piety.

Then everything was suddenly different.

The Communists ruled instead of the Tsar. It appeared that the Church was nothing but dope, trickery, and mumbo-jumbo. Cocksure young men from "the Party" came to the village with new-fangled ideas which, if carried out, would leave him without even a soul to call his own. He was to hand over his land, his tools, and his animals to the common good. Only by pooling resources would the great advances promised by the devotees of the Revolution be brought about. His children would be cared for free in a common nursery while their mother was contributing her share of work to the *kolhoz*, and they would be fed according to enlightened principles of dietetics. Later they would go to the new school of which the village had previously been innocent. He himself would buy his goods at a co-operative shop. The *kolhoz* would have a library where the peasant could try to make up for his cultural deficiencies. And so on.

The older peasants in Russia have seen the young people turn away from the old order and embrace the *kolhoz*. Some of them still hold out, still go to church, still cling to their land and farm it as individuals. But the very large majority of peasants in Russia now work collectively. The *kolhoz* is at once their workshop, their club, their playground, and their hospital. Besides working in the fields the members attend meetings and lectures, read the books in the library, perhaps act for the dramatic society. When they are ill the *kolhoz* gives them free treatment.

Wages, which at first were scaled according to the nature of work done, are now on a piece-work basis. Members have advantages in taxation over individualists, and find it easier than the latter to procure manufactured goods. So that many have been forced, still protesting, to join the *kolhoz*. And as the distribution problem in Russia is not yet solved, and such things as clothes and meat are scarce, they still have plenty to grumble about.

Meanwhile, under the *kolhoz* system the soil is being wooed by science. The advantages of experiment and research are being brought to it. Over the broad lands that once were divided by fences into countless little strips the tractor now sweeps freely. And what of the institutions of the family, the Church, individual liberty? The few die-hards who still stand back and look on in

Russia shake their heads and say that they too are being swept away.

There is no head-shaking amongst the young. In town and country youth is arrogantly Communist. The prejudices still held by their fathers and by the rest of the world do not bother them. The sturdy young men and maidens who march, lightly clad, in Moscow parades or lie unclad on Crimean beaches have no doubt of the rightness of Bolshevik views on religion, morality, education, the equality of the sexes, and so on. They believe fervently in the new society that is in the making in their country. The discomfort and deprivations that worry their parents they hardly seem to notice, so steadily are their eyes fixed on that future when Communism will have brought happiness and prosperity to all.

The new Russia is for them. They are attuned to the quickened tempo of its life. They band together in youth organisations similar to those of Fascist Italy. Boys of the age of Mussolini's Balilla belong in Russia to the Octobrists; the Young Pioneers roughly correspond to the Italian Avanguardisti; while Russians of the age of the young Fascists belong to the Komsomol. Both groups of youth organisations are subjected to strict discipline and both publish their own periodicals.

These extremes meet, of course, only superficially. One of the differences that lie beneath their similar surfaces is in the relationship of the sexes. In Italy Mussolini has bundled woman back into the home and slammed the door on her. In Soviet Russia there is exact equality between male and female. There is no position in Russia that a woman need feel herself handicapped to achieve, provided she is capable of the job. This is proved by the surprisingly large number of Russian women who are highly responsible and highly capable officials to-day. They are neither resented nor made much of by their male colleagues. They are accepted without surprise or question.

There is no sphere of life from which woman is barred. There are women judges, barristers, doctors, engineers, even soldiers. Literally as well as metaphorically a woman can go everywhere in Russia. She works, studies, and plays on terms of perfect equality with men, and can travel about on her own just as safely as can a man. Nowhere in the world has woman so much theoretical and actual freedom as in Soviet Russia. Socially, culturally, economically, and legally she is completely liberated. Nor does she

suffer from political discrimination. There remain the handicaps imposed by Nature. And she sometimes must surely look at pictures of women of other countries with a pang; for the pretty and fashionable clothes they wear are not for her—yet.

She is hard-working, unsentimental, and as thirsty for education as her male friends who march with her in the vanguard of the Revolution. She has not much time for feminine day-dreams. Her wedding-day, when it comes, will not be a day of religious ceremony and material display. Not the odour of sanctity, but the atmosphere of waiting-rooms surrounds a Russian wedding. Getting married is achieved with about as much ceremony and formality as go to the buying of a railway ticket.

This brusque and business-like treatment of a solemn occasion is not so remote from our own custom as are the Russian divorce laws. These are just as simple, speedy, and inexpensive. If one or both of our young married pair finds out in a day or two that all is not as he or she had hoped and freedom would again be desirable, the *status quo ante* can be regained by another visit of a few minutes' duration to the same bureau. A man or woman who wants a divorce explains the case to the registrar, and there is no question of its not being granted. Two roubles, and the couple are put asunder. For cases that are disputed, there are the courts. Children remain under the care of the mother if she is deemed fit to have them; but the responsibility is not solely hers. While the children remain children the father contributes to their support.

It is true that our system helps to maintain the institution of the family, whereas in Soviet society the family is everywhere threatened. The virtual abolition of private property and the onslaught on the Church have dealt it staggering blows. And the collectivist way of life as followed in the *kolhoz*, the city clubs, trades unions, and organisations connected with industry all attack it.

Yet morally Russia is in a healthier state now than she was. While scorning conventional "bourgeois" morality, the young Russian remains a decent-living, healthy individual who is primarily busied about a number of things connected with work and study. When the young Communist man or maiden does tend towards extremes, it is as likely as not to be towards a rather stern Puritanism.

The most typical examples of young Russians who work tirelessly to establish a Soviet Society according to these principles are to be found in the Communist Party, which is the only political party allowed by law to exist in Russia, and is the real and high-handed ruler of the country. The Communist Party has over 3 million members. It has a Central Committee which is its directive body, elected by the members at the party congresses held every year; and a Political Bureau, the executive body which directs the policies of the Soviet Government. This little group of bureaucrats is supremely important in Russia. It is they who exercise the dictatorship. One of its members, Kamenev, once said that in it is concentrated "at the given moment for a limited period of time the entire political will and thought of the labouring classes."

A member of the Political Bureau is Joseph Jugashvili Stalin, the Secretary-General.

The party's influence extends everywhere. Its members are subjected to the strictest discipline. They enjoy privileges, but the price they pay for them is high, for their duties are many and exacting, and a very high standard of character and achievement is set for them. A commission exists to look closely into the public and private lives of members to see that the standard is maintained. Periodically, what are called "cleansings" are held, at which the shortcomings of members are exposed and judged, for many fall by the wayside, unable to stay the vigorous course. Thus the party is always being purged of inferior material.

If a party member falls so far below the prescribed code of behaviour as to commit a criminal offence, the sentence he receives as a party member is much harsher than would have been pronounced in the case of one outside the party. Woe betide any member who tries to add to his privileges by lining his pockets with more money than the modest salary earned by even the most exalted in the party! Such material ambitions, when discovered, are at once crushed with the full weight of the outraged party's power.

A Communist of the highest status—a Stalin, for example—drives in a Rolls-Royce, is granted an official residence and boxes at the ballet and the opera. But his salary is only about £25 a month. The non-material principle extends right through the party. You can enjoy enormous prestige, but you are not allowed to be much the richer, materially, for it.

Another privileged class in Russia are the proletarians—those who work with their hands—the producers. When a member of this class presents his card at a co-operative or Government store, he is allowed a larger ration of food than his comrade the clerical worker. But this inequality can be defended on the ground that the manual worker needs more food to keep him going than does the clerk.

Children are also privileged where food is concerned. The Soviet rulers realise their value to the State, and see to it that whoever goes short it is not they. The best food is set aside to feed the Soviet citizens of to-morrow. They are given special children's parks to play in; everywhere are crèches and nurseries dedicated to their use; and an infinitely greater number of them are receiving the benefits of education than ever before. There is not the slightest doubt that these children are going to grow up with unquestioning faith in the aims and principles of the Revolution.

They will regard religion as a dead letter and the private amassing of wealth as a sin, and they will consider that the U.S.S.R. is marching in the vanguard of civilisation. Education in Russia, even that given to the veriest toddler, is saturated and dripping with politics. These youngsters do not grow up into jingoes, however, for of course it is internationalism not nationalism that is fed to them. Anything that smacks of flag-flapping is taboo. Their banner is the red banner of universal socialism; their national anthem, the *Internationale*.

The People's Commissariat of Education, which functions autonomously in each of the Republics, includes a department called the Board of Education in non-Russian Languages. Its duty is "to direct education in non-Russian languages in accordance with the requirements and customs of the various national minorities within the Republic." Russia fosters the national cultures of her minorities, besides supporting Nationalist movements against imperialism beyond her frontiers—a policy which has naturally done much to create bad feeling between the U.S.S.R. and the Home Country of the British Empire.

As for the cinema, it is a commonplace that Russia has given the world the greatest works in this medium that it has seen. The Revolution was their theme, and, fired by its inspiration, the cinema suddenly came to turbulent life. It was as if a dumb man should suddenly speak "with most miraculous organ."

Direct education has made large strides. In 1917 only about 30 per cent. of the population were literate. Now the figure is over 90 per cent.; that is, illiteracy is practically abolished. In 1930 compulsory education for children was introduced for the first time for a four-year period, and in 1933 this period was extended to seven years. In 1932 there were 400,000 students studying at the higher institutions. Over 300,000 were members of the workers' faculties which are run in co-operation with the trades unions. Thirteen million people were attending the schools for illiterates, and 7 million children were attending kindergarten preparatory to school. The number of students at elementary schools was 20 millions, and at secondary schools nearly 5 millions.

Special commissions exist for the encouragement of home studies. Education is, in fact, active everywhere—in the home, the factory, on the walls, in the cinema and theatre, and in the barracks. Just as all Russian males must learn how to be soldiers for a period (military service is compulsory), so the regular soldiers are kept in close touch with their comrades the workers. "To establish closer relations between the army and the workers" (says the *Soviet Year-book*), "a system of patronage has been introduced, whereby factories, trades unions, political organisations, and public bodies 'adopt' regiments or companies to which they render material and cultural aid, while the regiments in their turn assume patronage of different villages. This system assists in maintaining cordial relations between the population and army."

Education is welling up all over Russia and sweeping away the darkness that prevailed a few years ago. Russia is not all sweetness and light; but neither is it the land of misery and tyranny visualised by the more violent of its enemies. It is still fighting a battle, and its methods are dictated by the fortunes of that battle. Those to whom the Soviet outlook is repellent must admit the courage and selflessness which have been remarkably evident in this people's painful progress towards a new society. They cannot deny the enthusiasm and endurance shown by the people that lead Russia to-day nor the hope and faith in the hearts of those that follow them.

Russia wants to be left alone to work out her problems. No country is more sincere in her desire for peace. Russia claims that she is purely materialistic, denies religion, and

scoffs at idealism. Yet there is not a little religious and idealist feeling going to the building of the new Russia. It is difficult to look on at her efforts and remain uninspired by them. It is difficult to believe that they will fail.

§ 4

ITALY

In ancient Rome the *lictors* who preceded the chief magistrates used to carry a bundle of rods, tightly bound together, and including in the centre an axe. These had a symbolical meaning. The rods, which singly could be easily broken, but when tied together defied the greatest strength, stood for unity; the axe for authority. The rods were called *fascēs*. In our own time they have given their name to one of the most important of the post-War political and economic developments—Fascism.

The kingdom of Italy occupies the whole of the long narrow central peninsula which stretches down into the Mediterranean. It is cut off from France by the Maritime Alps, from Switzerland by the Swiss Alps and from Austria by the Dolomites. Another great range of mountains runs like a backbone down the centre of the peninsula—the Apennines. Between the Alps and Apennines is a great northern plain watered by the river Po. Here the soil is richer and more fruitful than anywhere else in the country. In Central and Southern Italy there are many regions that are arid and rocky, and many that are marshy and malarial. In recent years much has been done, by irrigation and drainage respectively, to make such regions fertile and inhabitable. Eruptions by such volcanoes as Vesuvius, overlooking the Bay of Naples, and Etna on the island of Sicily, are other afflictions which Nature has imposed on Italy.

It is a lovely, sunny land. In the north the snowy Alps stand out clear against a sky of almost unreal blue—a blue which is reflected in the lakes, Lugano, Como, and Maggiore. Farther south the scenery is less majestic and more lyrical. The plains of the Roman Campagna stretch away to the far hills, with here and there a quiet ruin as a reminder of ancient times. It is a coloured country of blue sea and red rocks, green and purple vines, and old temples white in the sun.

In the most fertile parts grow oranges, lemons, figs, olives, pomegranates. Wheat grows almost everywhere; so does the vine. In some of the driest parts wine has been known to be cheaper than water. The mulberry and the chestnut are grown, and the stately poplar provides a characteristically Italian note to the landscape.

Italy is badly off for mineral deposits. She is especially poor in coal.

She is one of the most densely populated countries in Europe—and her lack of colonies leaves her no room for expansion. In 1932 she had 41,176,671 people—344 to the square mile. *

Agriculture is her chief industry.

The War of 1914-18 left Italy, although one of the victors, in a sorry plight. Finance was upset, trade had not recovered from the abnormal conditions of the War, discontent was rife in the country.

Italy had won a brilliant victory over Austria after the retreat at Caporetto, and had suffered enormous losses since she entered the War in 1915. Yet her allies, in spite of their promises, had refused to give her what she considered to be her fair share of the spoils. President Wilson's infatuation for Jugo-Slavia had prevented her from getting Dalmatia and the formerly Hungarian seaport of Fiume on which she had set her heart; Smyrna and its hinterland had been allotted to Greece; and the German colonies had been mainly shared out between countries which had less need of them than Italy, with her large population and restricted territory.

Everywhere was disillusion. After 600,000 men had been killed and a million wounded, Italy was worse off than she had been before she "came in" on the side of the Allies. When Orlando, the Italian Prime Minister, who had failed to look after his country's interests at Geneva, returned, he forfeited his office as the price of his weak-kneed attitude. He was succeeded by Nitti.

Affairs in Italy at this time would have tried the mettle of a very strong Premier. Nitti was far from strong. He was a good economist; but as a leader of his country's destinies he was less impressive. The disorder and lawlessness that were to be a feature of his administration had a distinguished advocate in Gabriele d'Annunzio.

A few weeks after Nitti had become Prime Minister, this romantic poet-politician, supported by a force of soldiers and other followers,

took Fiume and held it picturesquely "for Italy" against the Government until threatened with an unromantic bombardment.

Other disturbances were less fantastic. Events in Russia had had their effect. The widespread discontent improved the chances of Communist propaganda. Even before the War, Italy had known many serious strikes, economic, political, and revolutionary. Bloodshed had marked not a few of them. Parliamentary government was weak, and Socialist revolutionary feeling strong.

One of the leading trouble-makers in these pre-War days was a young man with a strong chin and fanatical eyes, by name Benito Mussolini. The Socialist Party contained no more ardent revolutionary than this blacksmith's son. Sedition flowed from his lips. Frequent periods in prison only spurred him on to new efforts in the cause of the victory of the workers. He became the Editor of the official Socialist paper *Avanti!* When, on June 28, 1914, the Sarajevo assassination let slip the dogs of war, he was still a revolutionary. As lately as June 7 he had led a revolutionary general strike as a protest against the banning by the authorities of an anti-militarist demonstration.

But the War brought him new ideas. What if the new Italy—a regenerated country with the people victorious—were to be won through nationalism? Italy had declared herself neutral. The greater part of the people did not want to go to war. But there were strong forces, including the Army, in favour of intervention. Among them were the Nationalists and the Irredentists. (The last-named were those who sought the recovery of Italian-speaking districts then subject to other countries, especially to Austria-Hungary. (*Irredenta* is Italian for "unrecovered.") The Allies, too, were dangling rich prizes before Italy's eyes as rewards for her help.

Mussolini brooded for a month or two over the possibility of revolution through intervention and at length decided in favour of it. He adopted the new rôle of patriot, and as such fervently harangued the Socialists at Milan in October. His surprised colleagues, who were, of course, good pacifists, hastened to rid themselves of this seeming turncoat. Hardly noticing his expulsion in his new enthusiasm, Mussolini started a patriotic paper in which he called on the people in clarion tones to throw in their lot with the Allies.

Italy entered the War in May 1915, and Mussolini fought in it.

He was wounded, and returned to work on his paper when he recovered.

Such was the man who now enters the post-War Italian scene which we have partly sketched.

In November 1919, there was a general election. A new party, the Fascists, appeared. Its founder was Mussolini. It aimed at abolishing the existing system of government and setting up a National Assembly to make the Constitution of the new State. Its social programme included an eight-hour day and a minimum wage for all workers; workers' representatives would be entitled to take part in the running of factories and workshops, and public industries and services would, "provided they merit it on moral and technical grounds," be handed over to the "same proletarian organisations"; all property belonging to religious bodies would be seized and heavy taxes "at progressive rates" would lead to "a partial expropriation of all wealth."

These were some of the features of a revolutionary programme which did not win a single Fascist a seat. The Socialists, on the other hand, made big strides, gaining 156 seats. Meanwhile, whether under Nitti or Giolitti, who succeeded him as Prime Minister, national conditions continued in their state of near-chaos. Apart from the now usual strikes and disturbances, there was a serious flare-up at Bologna. A Socialist Town Council had been elected in this city, and a revolutionary outbreak occurred on the day of its inauguration. The Fascists now appeared for the first time in a capacity with which the country was soon to become familiar. They attacked the Socialists and drove them from the city. The council was later dissolved by the Government.

From now onwards bands of Fascists roamed the country, doing the work which they considered the Government ought to have done. They were composed "very largely of ex-service men, all with the memory of the War vividly impressed upon them, with its heroisms, its horrors, and its sacrifices; many of them had been wounded, many decorated for valour. From the first Milanese nucleus, the movement soon spread to all parts of the country and to all classes. It attracted ever larger numbers of ex-soldiers, as well as many others who had been too old or too young to fight, but were filled with a deep, burning sense of patriotism, and a determination to wipe out the shame inflicted on the country by

the anti-patriotic revolutionaries and traitors and the fatuous, incompetent, and selfish politicians."

These are the words of an eminent champion of Fascism, Signor Villari. But the force behind the "Red" movement was of itself decreasing. The workers had found that the strike game was hardly worth the candle, and the leaders were finding themselves at variance as to the future course to be pursued.

One cause of the growing weakness of the Communist-Socialist movement had been the famous affair of the seizing of the factories in August 1920. In order to prevent a threatened lock-out, the workers had seized hundreds of factories and tried to run them themselves. The Government followed its usual course (for which it has been denounced by some and praised by others) of refusing to take firm steps against the workers. This was certainly wise in so far as the men who had taken over the factories found that they could not run them, so that the movement petered out without causing much disorder.

But the Fascists had now resolved that if the Government refused to bring order out of the Italian chaos, they would do so themselves. Industrialists, whose dividends depended on an orderly system, backed these energetic young Blackshirts. A kind of civil war began between Fascists and "Reds," the Government for the most part sitting back and looking on. Whenever it did enter the ring, it was to support the Fascists.

The period of murders, ambushes, and outrages of all kinds that followed is described by anti-Fascists as "The Terror" and by sympathisers as a kind of noble crusade, admittedly illegal, but necessary in view of the Government's feebleness. Probably, as in the case of "the troubles" in Ireland, when Republicans and Black-and-Tans sought to wipe each other out, there was not much to choose between the methods of the two sides.

Both Fascists and "Reds" have, of course, called the organised murders respectively committed by them "reprisals." A Fascist will tell us that, whereas his side employed bludgeons, the "Reds" used knives with which to stab Fascists in the back. The "Reds" will counter this by declaring that Mussolini's bravoos were supplied with Army equipment and were backed by the police and the courts.

The break between Socialists and Communists in January 1921 certainly encouraged the latter to commit acts of greater irresponsibility.

bility. And the Anarchist outrage in March of the same year, when a bomb killed twenty people in the Diana Theatre, Milan, did not help matters. The Fascist ranks swelled, and after the general election of April 1921, thirty-five Fascists, including the leader, Mussolini, entered Parliament. It should perhaps be noted, however, that one writer has explained this fact by alleging that "Fascists and police drove the Socialists from the booths or destroyed their voting papers, or marched them to the poll and forced them to vote for the reactionary candidates."

In November 1921, a Fascist Congress was held at Rome, and the National Fascist Party came formally into being. Its programme of social reform was rather less sweeping than that which the revolutionary leader had drafted soon after the War. Mussolini's craving for power was beginning to show its traces on his principles. He had already accepted the support of the industrialists. It was not to be long before he was to declare for the Monarchy—a move which made it possible for the Army and Navy to support Fascism without breaking their oath of allegiance to the King.

At the congress Mussolini made his much-quoted statement that "the nation is not merely the sum-total of living individuals, nor the instrument of parties for their own ends, but an organism comprising the unlimited series of generations of which individuals are merely transient elements; it is the supreme synthesis of all the material and non-material values of the race."

Fascism would rectify the national finances and would balance the budget by stringent economies. "Parasitic organisms" would no longer be subsidised. Unions of both employees and employers would be formed under the supervision of the State. No strikes in the public services would be allowed; all disputes would be referred to courts of arbitration. The functions of parliament would be restricted to matters having to do with the individual as a citizen and the State "as the organ for realising and safeguarding the supreme interests of the nation." Technical councils would deal with the individual as a producer.

On the subject of foreign affairs the programme asserted that Italy should "reaffirm her right to complete historic and geographic unity, where it has not yet been achieved, and fulfil her mission as the bulwark of Latin civilisation in the Mediterranean."

All through the programme the main theme was stressed—

the authority of the State. The liberty of the individual is governed by the needs of the State. He exists for the nation. The State is sovereign, not the people.

Such was the discipline that Mussolini proposed to impress on a nation of Latin individualists. The explanation of the fact that he did succeed in bringing their necks under the Fascist yoke may lie in Villari's summing-up of the Italian character.¹ He states that the Italians, though they have for centuries been known for their lack of discipline, are capable of submitting to it if convinced that it is necessary—that its aims are right. And he instances the Roman Catholic Church and the World War. Fascism, then, was willingly accepted by the people as the remedy for the nation's ills. This is a Fascist viewpoint. There are those who hold that a minority seized power by force and inflicted on the country a "remedy worse than the disease."²

But we are anticipating. Fascism had not yet triumphed. Squadrons of Blackshirts still roamed the country offering provocation to, and being provoked by, their enemies, the "Reds." Again the facts about this warfare are obscured by clouds of Fascist and anti-Fascist prejudice. But there seems little doubt that the Blackshirts were becoming more confident and aggressive.

On August 1, 1922, a general strike throughout Italy was called as a protest against the Government's inability, or disinclination, to suppress the Fascists. It quickly petered out, but it was enough to encourage the Fascists to attempt to seize power. All Blackshirts throughout the country were mobilised. Four columns were concentrated on the capital and the famous "March on Rome" began. The King was asked to sign a decree proclaiming martial law, and refused—an action that has been interpreted both as characteristic weakness which prevented the Army from stamping out the Blackshirts, and as a humane gesture to avoid civil war.

Whichever it was, it resulted in some 50,000 Fascists pouring unchecked into Rome. The King, after having taken part in attempts to form a new Government, summoned Mussolini, who quickly formed a Cabinet, which was distinctly Fascist in feeling, even though some of its members belonged to other parties.

Thus Fascism triumphed and Parliamentary Government received its death-blow.

¹ *Italy*, by L. Villari (Benn).

² *Fascism in Italy*, by Bolton King (Williams & Norgate).

Admittedly it had never taken very firm root in the Italian nation. Its life had been comparatively short—Italy herself is a young nation—and it had suffered from instability and intrigue. Democratic government was certainly sick, but it is arguable whether it was so sick as to require putting out of the way.

There were indications that conditions were improving without any help from Fascism. On turning up the *Annual Register* for the year 1922 we find that "from the economic point of view the year was not altogether an unsatisfactory one for the country. There were fewer strikes than in the previous year; the adverse trade balance experienced a further considerable reduction; and there was a certain revival of the tourist traffic."

On November 16, Mussolini asked Parliament to grant him full powers for a year. He added that if these were not granted him he would nevertheless take them and dissolve the Chamber. The Chamber gave him his authority. The dictatorship began.

The Duce first set about reorganising the administration throughout the country. Many public officials who were not Fascists were dismissed and replaced by others who were. Soon all the posts in the municipal bodies of Italy were filled by Fascists.

At the same time the National Militia was organised. Some 200,000 Fascists were enrolled and supplied with arms. The *Guardia Regia*, or Royal Guard, which had been a special civic force under the old régime, was, after some rioting in a few parts, disbanded.

Economic measures included the abolition of a Ministry and the imposition of income-tax on the salaries of all public servants.

The electoral system was changed. The country was divided up into electoral districts, each of which voted for a party list. The party which received the most votes was given two-thirds of the seats in the Chamber, the remaining third being divided between the other parties in proportion to the respective totals of votes received. Thus the strongest party was assured of a permanent majority.

An election was announced for April 1924, and carried through with such hectoring and intimidation on the part of the Fascists as to intensify the opposition to the régime, which had been driven underground, and cause the former President of the Chamber to withdraw his name in protest from the list of candidates. After the tumult and the shouting—to say nothing of the rioting—had

died, the foregone conclusion was announced. Three hundred and fifty-five Deputies from the official list were declared elected, and the rest, about half that number, were divided among the half-dozen opposing parties.

Nevertheless, an event occurred soon afterwards which was to shake the régime very seriously—was indeed to threaten its existence.

On May 30, 1924, a violent speech, in which the electioneering methods of the Fascists were denounced, was made by one Giacomo Matteotti. This brave man was a leading Socialist and the author of a work roundly condemning the Fascist régime. A few days after making his rash speech, he disappeared on his way to the Chamber. Suspicions of foul-play were at once aroused. As the days passed and Matteotti was still missing, an outcry against the Government arose, and the non-Fascist Deputies left the Chamber, refusing to return. In spite of the Duce's protestations that everything possible was being done to solve the mystery, and if there had been a crime, to punish the criminals, there were many who were saying Mussolini had been responsible for a murder.

Weeks after his disappearance Matteotti's body was found partly buried in a wood on the outskirts of Rome. Clearly he had been murdered.

Public indignation now rose to fever pitch. Prominent Fascist officials were arrested, and though some were exonerated before the trial (which did not take place until two years later), five were charged, not with murder, but "unintentional homicide" (they had stated in previous examinations that Matteotti was not murdered, but had surprisingly died after quite a mild beating). Two of the accused were acquitted, and three were sentenced to just under six years' imprisonment. But owing to a general amnesty they were in prison for only two months.

Later, two of the men who had been exonerated and had left the country made statements which could only mean that Mussolini had instigated the crime. It is difficult to believe that he could have done anything so foolish, for nothing would be more likely to do grave injury to his cause. He may have spoken of Matteotti in terms which led the murderers to believe that his death was desired. The truth about the whole shameful business may never be known. But there is no doubt as to the effect it had on the prestige of Fascism both at home and abroad.

There had been such an outcry in the opposition newspapers that steps were taken to ban them. So strong was the feeling in the country against the Government that had it been properly led the Fascist State might have died an early death. But the anti-Fascist Deputies still stayed away from the Chamber. The opposition was directed into no effective channels.

For a little while after the discovery of the murder the Duce had bowed to the brewing storm. But when it did not break he himself supplied the thunder and lightning. By a number of swift moves he made his position as dictator more powerful than ever, while a fresh series of murders, lootings, and similar outrages was set on foot to "learn" opponents to object to Fascism. In 1925 Giovanni Amendola, who had headed the exodus of anti-Fascist Deputies from the Chamber, was beaten so cruelly by Blackshirts that he died. The renowned Italian philosopher, Benedetto Croce, had his house looted. The historian, Salvemini, was imprisoned for writing an article which appeared in an opposition paper. (Since then many of Italy's finest minds have known persecution, and some have found themselves confined on one of the notorious island prisons in the Mediterranean.) A reign of terror in Florence followed the killing of a Fascist official, the crime being thoroughly avenged by several murders and considerable sacking. All over Italy the Fascist fist was truculently shaken. A muzzled country could now have no doubt that a Dictatorship had been established, and that individual freedom had departed. The Fascist revolution had come to stay.

To-day Benito Mussolini is Premier, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Corporations, and Minister of War in the Italian Corporative State.

Since 1926 industry has been brought under the supervision of the State. Employers are divided into six National Confederations, namely, Industry, Agriculture, Commerce, Maritime and Aerial Transport, Land Transport and Inland Navigation, and Banking. The Confederation of Labour is divided into seven federations of workers, including the federation of intellectuals or members of professions.

Each province and city has its corporation. These represent syndicates both of employers and employed—a syndicate to each trade in the district. Under the Labour Charter of 1927 a

syndicate makes a collective contract in which "the solidarity between the various factors of production finds its concrete expression through the conciliation of the opposing interests of employers and workers and their subordination to the superior interests of production." Labour Tribunals enable the State to intervene and regulate disputes regarding existing contracts or proposed new conditions.

The Charter lays it down that "the action of the syndicate, the work of conciliation of the corporative bodies, and the decision of the Tribunal of Labour guarantee the approximation of salaries to the normal exigencies of life, to the possibilities of production, and to the actual output of Labour. The determination of salary is not controlled by any general rule, and is entrusted to agreements between the parties in collective contracts." The State can control, assist, or directly manage a concern which is lacking in initiative, or one in which the State's "political interests" are involved.

Strikes are illegal. Employees must be engaged through employment exchanges under the control of the corporations. The corporations are kept going by contributions from employers and workers; the former pay an annual sum equal to one day's pay for every man employed; the latter, an annual sum amounting to one day's pay. Even those who do not belong to syndicates must make such contributions.

Such is the impressive system which Fascism has built up according to the principle that "the whole body of production is a single unit, from the national point of view; its objects are unified and are summed up in the well-being of the producers and the development of the national strength."

The abnormal economic conditions that have ruled throughout the world since the establishment of this system make it impossible to pass judgment on its results. Its punishment of strikes has naturally made for peace in industry—the peace of the death of liberty. But there must be much stifled resentment behind the imposing façade. And on May 31, 1933, there were over a million unemployed—a bigger total than in any previous year.

Still, the corporative State is a vast experiment which must be watched with interest.

The electoral side of the new system was completed in 1928 by an Act which limited the membership of the Chamber to 400. The

Fascist organisations of employers and workers draw up a list of 800 candidates from which the Fascist Grand Council (Mussolini, his Ministers, the Presidents of the two Houses and so forth) choose the 400 whose names are to go down on the list of that number which is to be submitted to the electorate. The people vote on the list as a whole, either accepting it or rejecting it. At the same time the suffrage was restricted to men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one who are married and have sons; to men over twenty-one who pay at least 100 lire in annual taxation or who own State bonds to the minimum value of 500 lire; to civil servants, and to the clergy of religions recognised by the State.

The Fascist Grand Council, besides having the final say as to who shall or shall not be named on the list of parliamentary candidates, determines the powers of Parliament and, theoretically, those of the Premier himself. But in practice it is only the means by which the Duce, who lives fully up to his title, decides what is or is not good for some 40 million people. He is the law of the country. All opposition parties have been abolished. The Fascist Party is supreme. No newspaper dare breathe a word of adverse criticism of the Government.

Nevertheless, the new Italy which Mussolini has erected as a monument on the tomb of democracy is very handsome and impressive. Not only is a new Rome arising in the blocks of fine new flats and the new suburbs that have been built since the coming of Fascism, but more and more of ancient Rome is being revealed. Excavations and building are carried on side by side. Old monuments have been discovered, others restored, and still more cleared of buildings which had grown up round them and robbed them of their dignity. Temples, markets, and arches now stand out in fit surroundings to remind Romans of the new State of the glories of the old. What Mussolini called the overgrowth of the ancient oak is gradually being stripped away.

Great new roads stretch straight for miles under the Italian sun, and along them Fiats and Bugattis and Isottos race. In cold figures, 6,500 miles of main highways have been rebuilt.

The fact that Italian railways now run up to time has gone round the world. The days of the once chronic Italian unpunctuality are over. The railways are owned by the State. Mussolini got rid of some 50,000 unnecessary employees after he came to power, and the present-day efficiency of the railways is entirely

due to Fascism. A great work of electrification and modernisation is now in hand.

In Venice in 1933 a new million-pound bridge for motor-cars, built over the two-and-a-half miles of the lagoon, was opened.

The work of developing the resources of the south, where the climate, too hot and dry in summer, and too wet in winter, puts a handicap on agriculture, and where malaria lurks in the plains, has been speeded up and reorganised under Fascism. Swamps have been drained, land has been reclaimed and reafforested, great artificial lakes have been made to store water for use in the long dry months of summer, and many aqueducts have been built. Agricultural experts have experimented in new crops which are suited to the peculiar climatic conditions of the region. Irrigation, road-building, development of hydro-electric resources, and drainage are proceeding apace.

It was announced that during the winter of 1931-2 the Minister of Public Works would provide 7 million days' work on public buildings and earthquake-stricken regions; on reclaiming the Pontine marshes which then had "4,768,027 acres capable of being reclaimed, 1,863,660 acres already drained, 2,145,602 acres in course of draining, and 835,765 acres still to be drained"; and on hydro-electric plants with the object of bringing the national production of energy to more than 12 billion kilowatt-hours.

The newly drained area of the Pontine marshes which formerly extended to hundreds of malarial square miles, will in a few years be for the first time habitable. When finished, this reclamation will be one of Mussolini's greatest achievements.

His "battle of the wheat" campaign is likewise winning victories. The crop has increased greatly. The average pre-War figure for the nation was 5 million metric tons. The total for 1932 was over 7½ millions.

Thus Mussolini is building the new State. He himself has said that he considers architecture "the greatest of all the arts." He is building Fascists too. In the organisations of the Balilla and Avanguardista, in the Piccole Italiane and Giovane Italiane Italian boys and girls learn to become good Fascists.

In the ranks of the Balilla march small male Blackshirts from eight to fourteen years old. The name harks back to the days when Italy was ruled by Austria. It was a boy called Balilla

who, in 1846, by throwing a stone at an Austrian officer, raised all Genoa in revolt.

The Balilla boys—in 1931 there were over 800,000 of them—wear besides their black shirt a blue tie, grey shorts, and a black cap. Unlike those of the Boy Scouts (which no longer exist) their activities are not restricted to such harmless pursuits as lighting a fire with two matches or earning a musician's badge. While they are trained in sport and athletics, the influence exercised over them is both political and militarist. They step out smartly in companies. Already they are small units in the Fascist State. When at fourteen they become Avanguardisti (there were 280,000 of these in 1931), they enter upon a training definitely intended to make them capable of fighting for their country. On reaching the age of eighteen they enter the Fascist Party. The defence of Fascism, the heroism of Italy in the late War, the sacred duty of patriotism—everything calculated to invest aggressive nationalism with glamour—are carefully instilled into the young Italian mind.

These miniature soldiers provide food for some rather anxious thought on the part of the pacifist. They do not appear to augur well for the peace of Europe. The man who is responsible for them has been called a "bad European." And did he not once say, in one of those speeches with which every now and again he makes Europe's flesh creep: "Words are a very fine thing, but rifles, machine-guns, ships, aeroplanes, cannon are much finer things."

When, however, we put over against this defiant militarism the fact that Italy was one of the only two Powers (the other being Soviet Russia) to agree at once to America's proposal at the Disarmament Conference for an all-round reduction of one-third in armaments, there seems to be good reason to believe that the Duce's bark is worse than his bite.

One of the loudest barks came in 1934, when Mussolini announced that every Italian male was to become a soldier from the age of eight to fifty-five—forty-seven years of military service! "In the Fascist State," thundered the Duce, "the functions of citizen and soldier are inseparable." Under the new Spartan laws "youths from eight years of age until the moment they are called under arms (twenty-one) are spiritually, physically, and militarily prepared by the civil organisations (that is, National



IL DUCE, SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, ADDRESSING FASCISTS IN THE FORUM, ROME.

Balilla Corporations, Juvenile Fighting Fascists, or the National Voluntary Militia). By these means, when they take their place in the armed forces, they will be able to devote themselves exclusively to war-like training and to the profession of arms." ¹ From the ages of eight to eighteen the Italian boy not only receives practical military training, but must be given military instruction in the classroom. After serving as a conscript he starts his post-military training, and is liable to be called up at any time until he reaches the age of fifty-five. Not until then does he cease to be a soldier citizen and become a civilian again.

Mussolini may sincerely desire peace, but to "prepare for war" as a means of achieving it is a dangerous method. He is creating a strong war spirit in his country, which may demand satisfaction in some outlet more earnest than parades and manoeuvres.

The Piccole and Giovane Italiane are Fascist organisations of girls from eight to thirteen and thirteen to eighteen, respectively. Their training is very different from that of the boys. They are well instructed, of course, in the glories and ideals of Fascism, but they may only serve the State as wives and mothers.

The Fascist girl is trained to take her place in the home—and nowhere else. Mussolini will have no truck with any feminist nonsense. Women must play "a passive part." Not theirs to vote or take any part in politics, theirs but to be good wives and produce more and more little Fascists.

Everything possible is done in Italy to increase the already high birth-rate. Parents of large families enjoy special privileges; bachelors and childless parents are specially taxed. Birth control is combated by provisions in the Penal Code of 1931, which lays down punishments for those who encourage such practices. The Church on this point zealously supports the Government. And so the large population of a small country grows and the need for expansion becomes more acute.

No wonder France, a rich country with colonies which Italy would dearly love to possess, looks on gloomily at Italy's successful efforts to fill her cradles, and tries hard by similar means to do likewise.

Children are well looked after in the "new Italy." Colonies have been founded in high, healthy country, and by the sea, to

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, September 19, 1934.

which even the poorest child may be sent for a summer holiday, free of charge. There are also, on the outskirts of the big cities, institutions to which parents may send their children during the summer holidays. The children spend their days in fresher air than they would breathe at home, and good care is taken of them. The children are called for in the morning and brought back again at night.

Fascism is still a youth movement. *Giovinezza*—youth—is the burden of the Fascist hymn.

But the State does not take a hand in organising the children's leisure only; it looks after the grown-ups, too. An organisation with the resounding title of *Opera Nazionale Dopo Lavoro*, or more conveniently, *Dopolavoro* (After-work) provides recreation, sport, and education for workers in their leisure hours. Recognising that, formerly, many workers had only the wine-shop to go to in their spare time, *Dopolavoro* set about supplying courses of lectures, libraries, travelling cinema shows (in which are included propaganda films glorifying the work of the Government, and illustrating the achievements of public health bodies), sports, gymnasiums, travelling theatres, and excursions.

Under Fascism strenuous sports have become popular in the land of opera, poetry and *dolce far niente*. Italian fervour is aroused by a spectacular try in a Rugger match. Liquid tenor voices acclaim an artful Soccer pass. Football now stirs southern passions in every town and village in Italy. Motoring, rowing, sailing, tennis, and cycling are encouraged. The Duce himself is given to mounting a motor-cycle and fleeing from the cares of State at some 60 miles an hour.

There is no doubt the Italian has improved physically under the Fascist régime. It is true that the athletic movement was in being before the War, but it was Fascism that gave it its great impetus. Crack teams now come from northern countries to engage those of Italy, often in the presence of the Duce; and it is not always the Italians who lose.

One of the most important of Fascist achievements has been the completion of the Vatican Agreement. Since 1871 the question of the restoration of temporal power to the Popes had been a bone of contention between Church and State, for in that year the Papal States of some 16,000 square miles, over which the Popes had

held temporal sovereignty, were incorporated in the Kingdom of Italy, and Pius IX became the "Prisoner of the Vatican."

In 1929 the question of the Pope's temporal power, which had caused much bitterness and divided Italians between two loyalties, to the Church and the State, was settled. The Agreement recognised the Papal sovereignty over territory that included the Vatican and its gardens, St. Peter's and the ground in front of it, and some additional acres. This was to be known as the Vatican City-State. Certain buildings beyond the Vatican City boundaries would enjoy extra-territoriality. There would be no interference from Italy in the affairs of the new State. The Pope was no longer the "Prisoner of the Vatican." The Church's independence and dignity had been restored.

In previous years Mussolini had made friendly moves towards healing the breach between Church and State. He had reintroduced the crucifix and religious instruction in the schools, and had permitted religious processions to be held once more. But now the Roman question was declared "definitely and irrevocably solved."

Now the Vatican City has its Secretary of State, its legal system, its flag, its nationals, its stamps, and its coinage. A railway station has been built in the Vatican Gardens, where the Pope may board his own special train. The masts of the Vatican City wireless station now point to the sky, and the Holy Father has been able by this means to address the faithful throughout the world. A gentle constitutional takes you from one boundary of this city to another, but tiny though it is, it is a complete and independent State.

The Vatican accord was a feat of diplomacy. Beyond Italy's borders Mussolini has had other diplomatic successes. In 1924 a treaty was concluded with Jugo-Slavia by which the port of Fiume, which had long been an obstacle to friendly understanding between the two countries, was annexed to Italy. Jugo-Slavia retained only Porto Baros and the Delta. Italo-Jugo-Slav relations improved. But in 1926 Jugo-Slavia was again crying out against Italy. The latter country had signed a Treaty of Friendship with Albania. Jugo-Slavia professed to see in this a threat to Balkan independence; a charge that Italy countered by accusing Jugo-Slavia herself of having had designs on Albania. In 1927 a defensive alliance between Albania and Italy was signed. Italy lent her smaller partner 50 million gold francs. In 1931 she arranged to provide ten annual

loans each of 10 million francs to help her in agriculture, public works, and education. Albania is an excellent customer for Italy's goods.

Relations with Greece improved after the crisis of 1923 when Italy occupied Corfu as a result of Greece's non-acceptance of the ultimatum which followed the murder on Greek soil of the Italian leader of an inter-Allied commission which was dealing with Græco-Albanian frontiers.

By the Treaty of Saint-Germain Italy received from Austria the land south of the Brenner, comprising the Trentino and the Alto Adige. In the latter region were some 200,000 Germans. With the coming of Fascism an intensive process of "Italianisation" of these one-time inhabitants of Austria began. The methods used came in for a good deal of criticism abroad, but Germany went further and accused Italy of cruel persecution. Mussolini met the German agitation with one of his more truculent speeches. So strong was his language that serious things might have happened had not Herr Stresemann turned away the Duce's wrath with soft answers.

To-day Italy plays the rôle of protector of Austrian independence against Germany, the country whose present political ideals seem most closely to resemble her own. When the Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss was killed in the Viennese Nazi *putsch* of 1934 it looked for a little while as though Italy might send troops into Austria to defend her against Germany. But they stopped short at the frontier and Italy has since contented herself with joining France and her Central European allies in completing the anti-German "ring"; while the Duce makes remarks of scarcely veiled rudeness about the upstart nature of Teutonic culture compared with that of the heirs of Rome.

The new understanding with France is interesting, because relations between the two Latin countries have not in recent years been too cordial. France, while viewing with some alarm the growth of Italy's population, has been inclined to treat her with less respect than the younger nation considered as being due to her new and powerful status in Europe. Italy has resented this, and is also jealous of France's resources at home and her colonies abroad.

While the successful "Battle of the Babies" continues, Italy grows no larger. In some seventy years Italy's population has

increased by 17 million. There has been a great departure of emigrants to foreign countries, but this exodus is now controlled and discouraged. Fascism is also doing its best to prevent the many Italians now in foreign lands from losing their national identity. Fascios are established in each consular district which see to it that their members remain Italians.

Italy entered the nineteenth-century scramble for colonies too late. All the plums had been snapped up. She has never got over her disappointment at the meagre helping of territory doled out to her at the Peace Conference. She sees large undeveloped spaces which belong to other nations already surfeited with colonies, spaces which her own hard-working nationals could very well exploit.

It is a disturbing thought that this dissatisfied nation is also intensely militaristic. On the other hand, it has been said that no country has entered into more treaties of friendship and arbitration.

If the Fascist régime settles Italy's problems of expansion amicably, and the corporative system lifts her out of the very serious economic depression that is now afflicting her, the new Italy will be entitled to present a proud front to the world.

§ 5

SPAIN

As the Spanish ladies used to hide themselves behind barred windows, so the country of Spain is secluded from the rest of Europe by an almost perfect system of natural barriers. The great range of the Pyrenees shuts off France. And from the high coast-line of the Iberian peninsula rise walls of mountains. Between the walls is a high table-land which itself is divided up by further ranges of mountains. So that the people are not only cut off from other countries, but those of certain regions from other parts of their own land. Rivers dry up in the summer and help the mountains to make communications more difficult. Nature has arranged that Spain shall not easily become a unity.

Yet she has been kind to it in other ways. Spain is a beautiful country—high, bare, vast, and majestic. The sun beats down on great mountains and still, vast plains. The huge central table-land is hot and dry, but there is a fierce grandeur in its land- and sky-scapes. The air is clear and outlines are sharp. Limitless vistas greet the eye.

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Old and New Castile make up the great central table-land. A mountain range divides them. To the south of New Castile is Murcia. To the south-west of Murcia and cut off from it by the Andalusian range is Andalusia. Valencia is a narrow strip squeezed between the sea and the eastern barrier of the table-land. In the north, facing the Bay of Biscay, are Galicia, Asturias, and Santander. To the north-west of Valencia is Aragon. And right up in the north-west corner of Spain, at the Mediterranean end of the Pyrenees, is Catalonia, now enjoying autonomy. These provinces comprise continental Spain. But the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean and the Canary Islands in the Atlantic are also Spanish. In addition, she has colonies in Morocco.

The capital, Madrid, is in New Castile, in the centre of the peninsula. Toledo is in the same province. In up-to-date Barcelona Catalonia has the largest city in Spain. In Andalusia are Granada, with its wonderful old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, Cadiz, and Seville, with its great cathedral. Corunna, the scene of the famous battle of the Peninsular War, is in Galicia. And in Old Castile is the mediæval city of Segovia crowning a lofty promontory. The soft musical names evoke the sounds and scents—the lazy voices and the orange trees under a velvet sky—of a murmurous Spanish night.

Andalusia perhaps best lives up to this conventionally romantic idea of Spain. The soil is kinder there than in the hard, scorched, central parts. Life is easier. The dark, graceful people like to smile and sing. A seductive Carmen with a rose between her teeth. . . . It is an Andalusian picture. What a contrast when we go as far north as Andalusia is south, and find the Basques of the Pyrenees—hard-working, forceful people! The thriving industrial town of Bilbao expresses the Basque energy. A mysterious people, these. Their origin, and the language to which they still obstinately cling, are a problem for scholars to this day. The Aragonese is known for his stubbornness and his sturdy independence. The old nobles demonstrated this characteristic when they swore their remarkable oath to the King. It ran: "We who are as good as you swear to you who are no better than we, to accept you as our King and Sovereign Lord, provided you observe all our statutes and laws; and if not, no." A very left-handed expression of allegiance!

The Catalans are a Mediterranean people, with the commercial

aptitude of most Mediterranean peoples. They have made Barcelona the largest and most progressive city in Spain. They speak their own language, and are very conscious of the distinctness of their own culture from that of Spain. The most advanced of the separatists who for long worked for Catalonia's independence deny that they are Spanish at all. The Catalans were the most individual of a nation of individualists.

Valencia with its brilliant colours speaks a dialect of the Catalan tongue. Its life is less strenuous. It is nearer to the languor and leisureliness of Andalusia. The novelist Blasco Ibañez was a Valencian, and wrote vividly about his people.

Castile, surrounded by these other provinces, provides the type most characteristic of the country as a whole, a type which has certain traits in common with all of them. If anybody in this country of diverse peoples is to be called a Spaniard it is the Castilian. He is the best example of the national character. And what is the national character?

In the first place, a typical Spaniard is like the Frenchman, an individual. With his individualism goes a strong feeling that he is as good as the next man and the next man is as good as he. Personal dignity exists in the beggar as well as in the aristocrat.

The sense of equality is very real in Spain. Pride, dignity, and an instinctive politeness are not the characteristics of one class, but of all. Professor Peers has written of the Spanish tolerance for beggars, who are not only treated considerately by their luckier brethren, but themselves have no doubt of their place in society. "It was in Toledo," he says, "that one such sought alms 'for the love of God, for in the fullness of my youth He has taken away all desire to work.' To an individualist the reasoning is perfectly sound. For by personal dignity one must hold, whatever else be lost; and, as it is expected, so it is freely conceded even to one's enemy. 'Gentlemen of Granada, although Moors, hidalgos,' begins a border ballad."

We are apt to think of the Spaniards as an indolent lot, with no idea of the value of time, and of Spain as a country where trains habitually run anything up to a day late. Say "Spaniard" to us and we automatically visualise a picturesque figure lolling about with a cigarette hanging from its lower lip, and strumming a guitar.

It is an incomplete picture if we are not to allow that this same

Spaniard has a deep sense of the value of life as it is now as distinct from what it may be the day after to-morrow. His individualism and sense of equality help to make him into a very completely satisfied individual, unconcerned with progress or improvement. "He is spontaneous, 'all-round,' always entirely present and wholly engaged wherever he happens to be. He shuns abstractions as much as any Englishman and is as free from inhibitions as any Frenchman can be. He is neither a citizen of an equalitarian State, nor a partner in a national society, nor a subject in an empire. He is a man."¹ These are a Spaniard's words about his own typical countryman.

We are not surprised, then, when we find that these individuals, these Spaniards, do not co-operate easily and therefore tend to let things slide when it comes to social reform. Spain has been judged by our standards many times and called "backward." Now that our progressive Anglo-Saxon mechanical civilisation is showing signs of running off the rails, in its swift journey to an obscure destination, such an epithet has become rather less forceful. It no longer serves to put either the Chinese or the Spanish civilisations in their place.

Continental Spain has an area of 190,000 square miles and its population is nearly 29 millions. The British Isles have an area of 94,000 square miles and a population of 46 millions. The difference in the relative densities is great. In fact, no country in Western Europe is so thinly populated.

Spain is a parched country. The sun has no mercy on the high plains of the interior. It leaves them arid and gasping. Vast tracts of hard-burnt Spanish land are uncultivated, and that which is tilled and sown by farmers yields poorer harvests than those of other European countries. Those regions of Spain with better irrigation and a more merciful climate produce rich crops of oranges, lemons, figs, chestnuts, almonds, and olives, but the country as a whole is much less favoured by nature than her northern neighbour France, with its temperate climate and fertile, well-watered soil. The agrarian problem caused by the lack of cultivation and the unfair distribution of land (vast tracts of land have been owned by a few proprietors) has for long been one of Spain's main problems.

¹ *Spain*, by S. de Madariaga (Benn).

At the beginning of this century some real advances began to be made when a scheme of reservoirs and canals was drawn up and approved, and irrigation enterprises were subsidised. The antique implements which the peasant used in his fields began to be replaced by modern machinery, and agricultural schools were fostered by the Government.

One of the first acts of the present Republic was to frame a new law which aimed at repopulating the land and establishing farmers on land taken from the nobility.

One important matter, however, in which Nature has been kind to Spain, is her rich endowment of mineral resources. These have not been developed to their full extent because, for one thing, the natural barriers to communication meant a shortage of roads and railways.

During this century there was a marked improvement in the mining industry, and the war of 1914-18, when Spain was neutral, proved a strong impetus. Iron and steel are produced in Asturias (the main coal district) and Valencia, Bilbao being the famous centre of this industry. Copper, zinc, and lead are produced in large quantities as well as gold, silver, and tin. Asphalt, manganese, quicksilver, salt, sulphur, and phosphorus, are also found.

Silks are woven in Murcia and Valencia and cotton in Andalusia. Wool has for long been important. Spain's long coast-line gives employment to many fishermen.

The Spanish peasantry live in houses which often shock visitors from northern countries by their extremely primitive nature. To an extent which also disturbs foreigners they remain placidly independent of schools. Illiteracy is still widespread in spite of the improvements made in education since the formation of the Republic. But an illiterate Spanish peasant can still possess a quick intelligence and a wisdom in practical affairs. When these qualities are added to the natural dignity and grave good manners which we find in the typical Spaniard, we have an excellent type who is at least worthy of comparison with his Anglo-Saxon equivalent who enjoys greater social advantages. The Spanish individualism, like the French, has tended to hinder social reform.

We saw that instability of government has been one of the causes of France's shortcomings in this sphere. This factor has applied also in Spain. But there problems of government in recent years have been much graver. For long the Spanish people were allowed

no say in their government. For three hundred years the Throne and the Church were all-powerful.

In 1700 Spain's first Bourbon, Philip V, came to the throne. During the reigns of the Bourbon kings who succeeded him, Spain, which had once been the most powerful nation in the world, declined to the position of a backward and politically dead country ruled by a line of monarchs showing all the signs of degeneracy.

It was not until the nineteenth century that Spain again came politically to life. In 1812 a little group of Liberals won her a Constitution. The wretched Fernando VII had no intention of respecting it, and indeed flouted it at the first opportunity. Constitution or no constitution, he would remain an absolute monarch. Revolts against his despotic behaviour were crushed with great ferocity. And so began that long era of "revolt and counter-revolt in Spain, of Constitution granted and of Constitution violated, of pronunciamiento, of rule by the garrison." Meanwhile, education was almost completely neglected and the country undeveloped. It was enough that the people remained loyal to King and Church.

In September 1868, there was a revolution. Queen Isabel, who had been forced to allow a group of generals to rule for her, fled the country. But the people who had had so little to do with government for so long proved incapable of managing the country's affairs now that they were so suddenly free. A monarchy was decided on as the necessary form of government. The throne was offered to Don Amadeo of Savoy, and a new Constitution adopted, which gave the people much greater freedom than before.

The new "gentleman-king" (a novel combination to the Spaniards) abided honourably by the new Constitution and agreed to some striking reforms proposed by his Prime Minister. But the King could not cope with the chaotic political conditions. He could not even speak the language of his adopted people. He abdicated in 1872 and in 1873 the first Spanish republic was proclaimed. The Republicans mismanaged their new responsibilities, and a state of anarchy existed in the country. President succeeded President until power passed once again into the hands of a military dictator. And in January 1875 Isabel's son, Alfonso XII, entered Spain. A Bourbon was again King.

Alfonso XII was a true Bourbon, if a more subtle one. He made a show of behaving constitutionally while in reality he was.

"the greatest corrupter of political life that modern Spain has known." During his reign, and the regency of Queen Maria Cristina that followed his death, power was in the hands of the Throne, the Church, and the Army. The elections were shamelessly "cooked." Finance was one big scandal.

After Alfonso XII's death an amnesty was granted which meant that "no less than seven hundred sentences against the Press had to be annulled. Some time before his death there were twelve hundred and sixty prosecutions in two months. For ten months the Press had been mercilessly gagged, and popular feeling took those underground channels which are so very apt to lead to bloody riots and revolts. . . . The rising tide of national anger and disgust was very formidable." ¹

Such was the background of terrorism, injustice, corruption, and degeneracy against which the young Alfonso XIII, king from his birth, took his place at the end of his mother's regency. His accession took place in 1902, when he was sixteen years old. Four years later he married the English princess, Ena of Battenberg, and had a bomb flung at him on his wedding day. The royal couple were uninjured, but a dozen or so harmless spectators were killed.

The young Alfonso had engaging ways and as a "sportsman" was particularly popular with the British public. But a dashing personality and an ability to play polo are hardly a complete equipment for a modern constitutional monarch. He made no attempt to bring about the reforms for which his sadly misgoverned country was crying out. The Church and the Army continued to crowd Parliament out of the picture. The Church, immensely rich and with a finger in every pie, was doing its best to stifle all progressive feeling. Education, particularly, suffered at her hands.

True reformers could do little in the face of ever-changing Governments (Alfonso had thirty-three ministries in twenty-one years). The parliamentary system itself was becoming a mockery as a result of the King's habit of consulting his generals and his courtiers in preference to his ministers. Labour troubles were treated with stern repression which in turn resulted in violence. General strikes in 1909 and 1917 brought about martial law. The first, which had started by being a revolt in Barcelona (always a storm-centre) against the calling out of reserves for the unpopular war in Morocco, gave the authorities an excuse for the "trying"

¹ *Spain in Revolt, 1814—1921*, by Joseph McCabe (John Lane).

and shooting of Ferrer, a sincere reformer, humanitarian, and educationist, as its instigator.

Radical feeling continued to grow, but as the elections remained as corrupt as ever, the temper of the country still could not be reflected in Parliament. The political power of the Army increased until it was able to break ministries at will. The elections after the war of 1914-18 (very profitable years for Spain) were still corrupt, but the exasperated electors now cried out against the way in which they were being duped, and Parliament began to represent the people to a certain extent. The turbulent behaviour of Catalan nationalists had for years been adding to the nation's troubles. But it was the Moroccan War, still dragging wearily on, which led to the crisis that had now become inevitable.

Spain lost Central and South America in 1826, and the loss of Cuba and the Philippine Islands in 1898, after the Spanish-American War, marked the end of the Spanish Empire. In 1906, the Conference of Algeciras offered Alfonso the protectorate of the mountainous Riff, and thither Spanish troops were sent to subdue the fierce hillsmen. It was an opportunity for the King to satisfy his military ambitions. But it cost the country much in money and lives.

Year after year Spanish soldiers were sent to Morocco to leave their bones with those of thousands of their comrades. Defeat followed defeat. The nation groaned under the cost of the huge forces. There were many who said that the war was an attempt to gain the rich Riff mines for favoured people in high places.

The greatest disaster in the sad history of the war came in 1921, when a force of 8,000 Spanish soldiers was defeated and slain almost to a man at Anoual. Blasco Ibañez accused Alfonso XIII of being directly responsible for this massacre. The King, he says, arranged the whole plan with General Silvestre (who was killed with his men), without breathing a word about it to his Minister of War. A telegram from the King, he states, was found on the dead general. It read: "Ole, hombres, I'm waiting!"

A committee was set up to investigate the Anoual disaster. "The King" (says Blasco Ibañez) "watched the proceedings of the Committee with great uneasiness. It was going to make public matters he preferred to keep private—his meddling in the conduct of the war, his disregard of the Constitution, the arbitrary nature of some of his acts. . . .

"There would be a tremendous scandal . . . a scandal which must be smothered at the outset. The *coup d'état* which the Army had been hatching for a long time must be hurried up. It must be sprung at once to save the King's prestige! Hence the uprising which established the Directorate of Spain. . . ."

Whether this theory, which was held by other Republicans besides the one quoted above, is true or not, the fact remains that on September 13, 1923, General Primo de Rivera, Captain-General of Barcelona, declared a dictatorship and the findings of the Anoual Committee disappeared.

General Primo gave out that the *coup d'état* had been sprung because of the reign of terror of the Syndicalists and the threatened revolt in Catalonia. He declared his intention of solving such problems as "the depreciation of money, political intrigue, social indiscipline, and the Moroccan impasse." Three months, he said, would see the completion of his task. The dictatorship lasted six years.

Alfonso acquiesced in the Directory and thus broke his coronation oath in which he swore "before God upon the Holy Gospel to maintain the Constitution and the law." The Cortes (the Spanish Parliament) was dismissed. Martial law was proclaimed. An iron censorship was imposed. The country bristled with bayonets. Yet the new régime was welcomed by a people which had almost despaired of seeing a competent Government. For the illegal, tyrannical Dictatorship did restore order.

In material things—in the making of roads, in public services—the new order was efficient. Railways and such things as the telephone service were greatly improved. The country became more prosperous economically. General de Rivera resolved to stop the crippling outflow of money to maintain the Moroccan campaign. He secured France's help and went personally to Africa. The Riff leader Abd-el-Krim was beaten in 1926 and forced to surrender. Peace was at last secured in Morocco.

These certainly were achievements. But they were gained at a heavy price. They cost the people, to use Señor Madariaga's words, their "liberty, justice, and self-respect." They were forced to submit to "the opening of letters, imprisonment without limit, cause, explanation or guarantees; petty and vexatious interference with the most innocent activities such as after-dinner



ALFONSO XIII WITH GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA, SPANISH DICTATOR.

speeches; spying over telephonic and even oral conversations; removal and coercion of civil servants."

All free discussion was banned. Justice did not exist. Opposition to the illegal tyranny did not become less because driven into hiding. It thrived. The students opposed de Rivera to a man. The eminent Spanish scholar, Professor Unamuno, was sent into exile to one of the small Canary Islands because he denounced the dictatorship in a letter to a friend in Buenos Aires, the letter being published in the Argentine press without his knowledge. This was by no means the only incident of its kind.

Education was largely brought under the sway of the Church, but the Universities rebelled and, after many professors had resigned or been imprisoned, after riots and closings-down, won. Spanish students opposed the Dictatorship to a man.

In 1927 de Rivera had begun to think about a new constitution and summoned what he called a "National Assembly" (its members were nearly all nominated by the Government) to work on it. In 1928 he balanced the budget for the first time in twenty years. But opposition to the régime had become stronger than ever. Even the Army, the Dictator's only stand-by, had resented his attempts to reorganise it. When Sanchez Guerra, the Conservative leader, withdrew his allegiance from the King he obtained military support in a rebellion. It failed, and Guerra was court-martialled. But the court of army officers acquitted him. It was another nail in the Dictatorship's coffin.

In 1929 the peseta began to fall. This was the beginning of the end. In January 1930 the King dismissed this Dictator who had failed in his promise to stabilise finance and who was losing the backing of the Army. De Rivera's outrageous rule over, he went to Paris, and died there two months later.

General Berenguer succeeded him. The Dictatorship continued, but the Republican rage at the monarchy which had supported the years of assault on the public liberty was now shared by an alarmingly big measure of opinion. In December there were two unsuccessful Republican revolts in Jaca and Madrid. The latter took place at the airport from which aeroplanes with the national colours blotted out by red flew over Madrid dropping leaflets in which the soldiers were urged to join the Republican movement. The airport was bombarded and the outbreak put down.

In April 1931 came the *bona-fide* municipal elections which

could no longer be withheld from the people. It was the first time since before the Dictatorship that they had been allowed to vote. The issue was a clear one—Republican or Monarchist.

On Sunday, April 12, Spain went to the polls, and it was not long before the results in the cities began to come in. They all told the same story—Republican, Republican, Republican. Madrid, Barcelona—every important city and large town had cast a huge majority against the throne.

The excitement was intense. Joy and relief were in the faces of the crowds who paraded the streets of the cities. When, on the evening of April 14, the Republican leader, Alcalá Zamora, just freed from prison, announced over the radio the second Republic, the rejoicings reached their climax.

While Madrid echoed with cheers, Alfonso XIII, in the quietness of his Palace, was preparing to leave the country. That same night he departed in a motor-car for Cartagena, where he boarded a cruiser. The rest of the royal family followed him into exile.

The provisional Republican Government, headed by Zamora as President, declared its intention to "submit the individual and collective acts of Ministers to the judgment of the *Cortes Constituyentes*, the supreme direct organ of the national will."

It stated that it would fix the responsibility for "those governmental acts pending examination when Parliament was dissolved in 1923, as well as those following"; and would also "hold an open inquiry into the revision of official, civil, military, and administrative decisions, so as to prevent a continuation of the prevarications and arbitrariness habitual in the late régime." It would respect individual conscience and strive to increase individual rights. Private property was declared guaranteed by law but could be expropriated for public use on payment of compensation. This referred to the new government's declared policy of sharing out land more equally.

The Constituent Cortes was elected in June, and at once set itself to the task of preparing a Constitution. After months of debate in the Cortes the new Constitution became law on December 9. It began by stating Spain to be "a democratic Republic of workers of all classes, organised in a régime of liberty and justice." It declared all Spaniards equal before the law. It renounced war as an instrument of national policy. The

State had no official religion, nor would it maintain any churches or religious institutions.

The religious order of the Jesuits would be expelled, and the activities of other orders would be drastically limited; for example, they must not teach, or engage in industry. Orders endangering the State would be dissolved. (This article, inspired by repugnance at the former privileges and powers of such an order as the Jesuits, but alien to the principle of liberty running throughout the Constitution, had provoked much debate in the Cortes and had caused Zamora to resign, Azaña succeeding him as Prime Minister.) Private property would be subordinate to national interests, but could be taken over by the State only on payment of compensation.

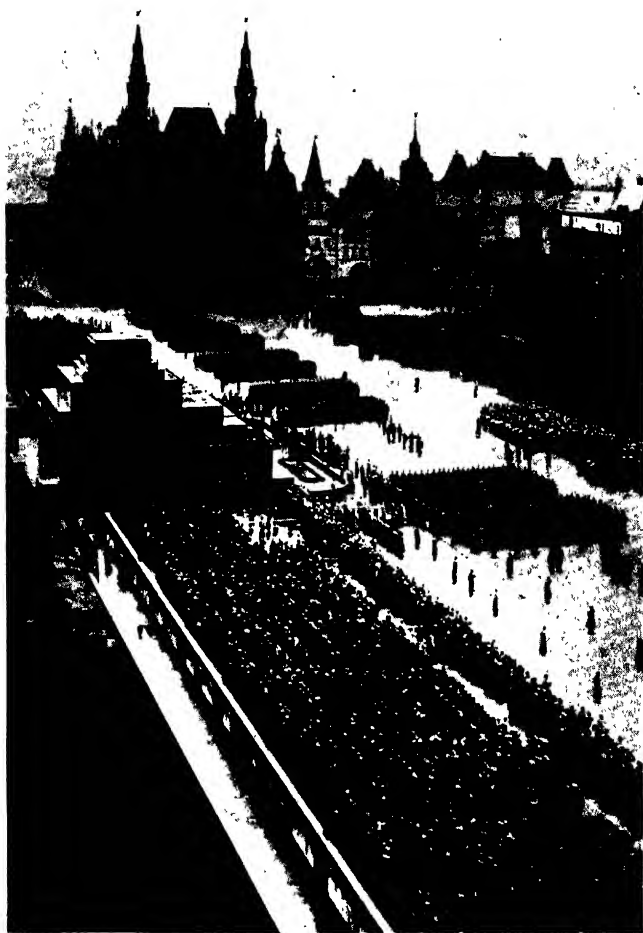
Primary education was free and compulsory. The State would make laws with a view to ensuring that no child should be prevented by economic circumstances from receiving all grades of education.

Rights of men and women were declared equal. For the first time in history a Latin country had given its women voting powers equal to those of men and had opened State offices to them. All men and women citizens over twenty-three now have the vote.

On the important question of regional independence the Constitution laid down that "If one or more neighbouring provinces decide to form an autonomous region, a petition carrying a statute duly passed by a majority of its municipalities by a two-thirds vote of the electors is to be submitted to the Government and can only come in force when approved by the Cortes." Before the Revolution the Republican leaders in the famous Pact of San Sebastian had agreed to recognise Catalonia's independence after the Republic was achieved in order that differences which meanwhile barred the way to that goal might be sunk, and a united front be presented to the Dictatorship.

When "the day" arrived Catalonia proclaimed its own Republic a few hours before that of Spain was proclaimed in Madrid. Later an agreement was reached whereby Catalonia would become a "Generalidad" within the Spanish Republic under the Constitution. Its President, Macia, stated that Catalonia was willing to relinquish some of its "rights." A Statute was drawn up and passed by the Cortes on September 9, 1932.

POLITICAL THEORY AT WAR



COMMUNISM: RUSSIAN ARMY PARADES BEFORE LENIN'S MAUSOLEUM, RED SQUARE, MOSCOW, 1930.

POLITICAL THEORY AT WAR

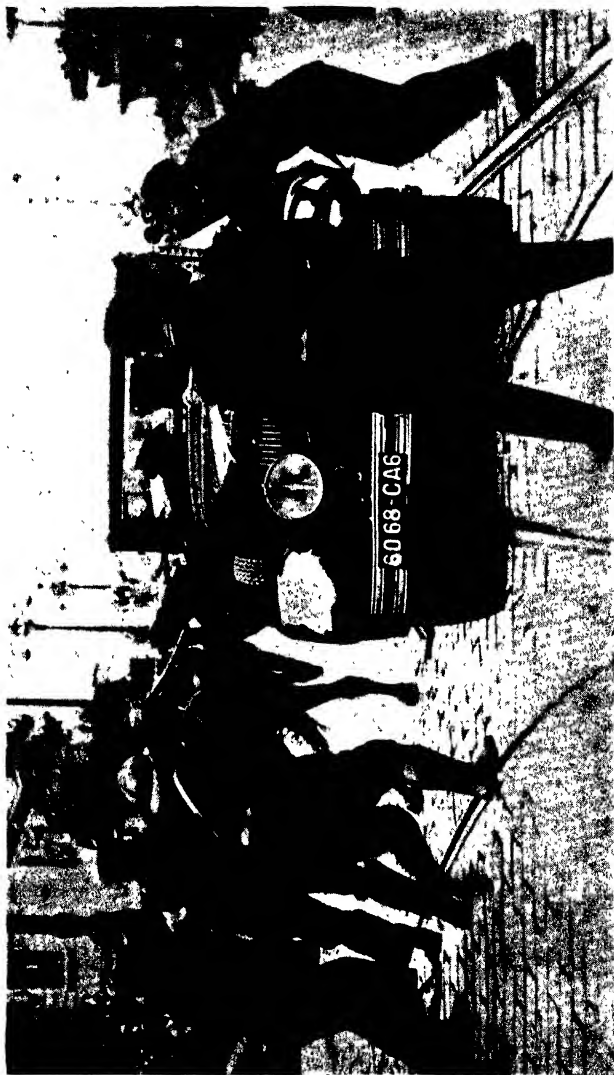


NATIONAL SOCIALISM : HERR ADOLF HITLER, NAZI " FÜHRER " AND CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY, AT A PARADE OF STORM TROOPERS.

POLITICAL THEORY AT WAR



DICTATORSHIP: THE BODY OF DR. DOLLFUSS, MURDERED CHANCELLOR OF AUSTRIA, BEING BORNE THROUGH THE STREETS OF VIENNA, JULY 1934.



MONARCHY : AN ASSASSIN STRIKES DOWN KING ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA, MARSEILLES, 1934.

In it Catalonia was declared an autonomous State within the Spanish Republic.

It would have a Parliament elected for five years, a President, and an Executive Council. The Catalan language would be the official language, but for relations with the Spanish Government the official language would be Spanish. Strongly pacifist, the Statute laid it down that no Catalan citizen could be made to fight beyond the frontiers of Catalonia.

Again Catalonia governed herself. Not since 1714, when Felipe V took away her Cortes, had she enjoyed such freedom. When the Statute was passed Barcelona was *en fête*.

On the same day there was passed in the Cortes an Agrarian Bill, by which the lands of the nobility were expropriated. Twenty royal estates and those of over three hundred other families (the Duke of Veragua, a descendant of Columbus, being the sole exemption) were to be taken over and redistributed. Those eligible to receive such lands were farm labourers possessing no land of their own, and landowners who paid less than 50 pesetas annual tax and who cultivated less than ten acres of non-irrigated land, or less than one acre of irrigated land. In November of the previous year Alfonso XIII had been declared an outlaw in Cortes and his Spanish fortune confiscated.

The Jesuit order was dissolved and its members expelled. Their valuable property was ordered to be devoted to social welfare.

The Church's old ally against reform, the Army, was drastically reduced in strength. Twelve thousand officers were retired and over thirty regiments disbanded.

Such were the great achievements of the early days of the Republic. But they were stormy days, too. It was not to be expected that the country would immediately settle down after such a sudden and profound change of government. The revolution itself was marred by no outbreak of violence. The people were extremely orderly and contained. But during the days that followed, the defiant attitude of the monarchists and their journal, *A.B.C.*, annoyed the public. When the offices of the journal were attacked by crowds, a machine-gun was turned on them. A week or so previously, Cardinal Segura, the Primate of Spain and Archbishop of Toledo, had preached against the Republic. (He was later expelled.) These events caused an outbreak of burning of convents and monasteries by an unruly minority who were

severely punished for their action. The unrest in the air had stimulated Communist and Anarcho-Syndicalist activities, and revolutionary strikes began to break out in many parts of the country.

In October 1931, the Government was forced to adopt a measure, the spirit of which was regrettably similar to that of the old régime. This was the temporary "law for the Defence of the Republic" which gave the Government drastic powers to suppress opponents both of Right and Left.

Measures such as the suppression of newspapers and the banning of meetings, together with the continued disturbances throughout the country, had by the middle of 1932 produced a certain reactionary feeling which was in any case inevitable. But the swinging back of the pendulum was temporarily arrested by General Sanjurjo's abortive rising on August 10, 1932. Backed by officers who had been forcibly retired, by Conservatives and by Royalists, this man seized the Government of Seville on the same day as a rising took place in Madrid.

This attempt to overthrow the Government and set up a Dictatorship was quickly and efficiently suppressed. So far from supporting Sanjurjo, the country rallied with renewed enthusiasm to the Republic. A vote of confidence was accorded Azaña in the Cortes. Many arrests were made, Sanjurjo was tried and sentenced to death, but was later reprieved, the sentence being commuted to one of life-imprisonment.

Early in 1933 there were renewed revolutionary outbreaks of the extreme Left in Barcelona and other parts. The Government made the mistake of being too severe in their repression. The shooting of sixteen of the people of the village of Casas Viejas as a reprisal earned the Government much unpopularity in the country.

This feeling was reflected in the defeat of the Government in the election of Municipal representatives and legal members to the new Court of Constitutional Guarantees. Azaña resigned and Lerroix took his place. His Coalition Cabinet fell in October and a new one was formed under the Radical-Republican Martinez Barrio. This would function until the general elections to be held in November, for the strong opposition to the Socialists had decided President Zamora to dissolve the Constituent Cortes.

The results of the elections proved the country's dislike of

extreme Socialist methods. This party was heavily defeated and the Right made corresponding gains. Government was taken over by the central Radicals under Señor Lerroux.

Such changes were inevitable. The fortunes of parties vary, but the Republic remains. It is founded on a firm basis and should weather the stormy days that are still ahead of it. Already, as we have seen, it has achieved much. It is at present handling well the demand of the Basque provinces for independence and has promised them provincial and municipal elections.

Spain has launched her Republic and kept it afloat at a time when democracy is everywhere threatened. Those to whom liberty still means something will continue to watch her fortunes with sympathetic interest.

§ 6

AUSTRIA

The visitor to Vienna should not fail to visit the Capuchin Church, where Austria's former rulers lie buried. There he will see, with many others, the splendid tombs of Maria Theresa and her husband; of Francis I and his daughter Marie Louise, who was the wife of Napoleon; and of her son, Napoleon II, unfortunate "L'Aiglon," who spent his life a prisoner of the Habsburgs.

At the last the monk who conducted the visitor round will show him a vault by itself, where lie the three marble coffins of Francis Joseph, the Empress Elisabeth, and their son, Crown Prince Rudolph. He will feel the tragedy of the Emperor's life in the presence of all that is left of his splendour—a poor old man, his wife murdered by an insane anarchist, his son a suicide with his beautiful mistress, his country torn to shreds by war, his dynasty hurled from its throne. It seems very suitable that the monk should pause here in his explanation, to ask the visitor to say a prayer for these three souls, so tormented in their lives, so tragic in their deaths.

Truly they paid dearly for their share in bringing about the World War. Of their proud empire, which once had included some half-dozen nationalities, only German-Austria was left, a mere 32,000 square miles instead of the former 115,533 square miles.

The subject nationalities had set up new States, Hungary, Poland,

Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia. Not even the whole of German-Austria proper was left. The Allies, who had fought to save democracy and for the right of peoples to determine their own fate, permitted Italy to annex South Tyrol, which had no kind of connection with that country except that the Italians thought it would make a convenient frontier. German Bohemia, also against the wishes of its inhabitants, was given to Czechoslovakia. Strangely



THE PARTITION OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE. THE AREA OF THE PRE-WAR HABSBURG EMPIRE IS SHOWN IN SHADING, AND THE POST-WAR BOUNDARIES MARKED IN LINE.

enough, the Vorarlberg province, which wanted to join Switzerland, was not permitted to do so.

The plight of the new Republic was pitiable. There were 6½ million inhabitants, a third of whom were Viennese. The peace treaty of St. Germain had imposed upon the country a debt amounting to £320 a head.

The food shortage was terrible. In favourable times Austria might have become self-supporting, though it is difficult to see

how, in view of the fact that there is very little land for agriculture, while her industries are subject to severe competition from the neighbouring States. After the War, however, her condition was impossible. In December 1919, the bread ration in Vienna was only $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. a head per week. Coningsby Dawson, an American, has given a shocking picture of the state of things at that time: "To-day I visited one of the strategic points where the battle against hunger is being fought. It was a former barracks, now a soup-kitchen of the American Relief Administration, situated in the poorest district of Vienna, where meals are daily prepared for 8,000 children. There are 340,000 under-nourished children in Vienna—a total of 96 per cent. out of the entire child population. But those whom I visited were all hand-picked and medically certified as being sufficiently near to extinction to be admitted. Funds are too low to feed any save those who are within measurable distance of dying.

"The sight was a disgrace to civilisation. The snow, which the bankrupt Government has no money to clear away, had turned to slush. One's well-shod feet were perishing. The road which approached the desolate banquet-hall was an oozy quagmire of icy mud. Within the building at wooden tables sat an army of stunted pigmies raggedly clad and famished to a greenish pallor. They were the kind of pigmies to whom Christ would have referred, had He been with me, as 'These, my little ones.' They ranged in age all the way from the merest toddlers to the beginnings of adolescence. No one would have guessed the adolescent part of it, for there wasn't a child in the gathering looked older than ten. They didn't talk. They didn't laugh. They were terribly intent, for each had a roll and a pannikin of cocoa over which it crouched with animal intentness. And the stench from the starveling bodies was nauseating." ¹

The incredible result was that each district tried to shut itself off completely from the rest. An Austrian needed a passport and visa before he could travel from one province to another, and on the journey his pockets were carefully searched for foodstuffs.

It was but natural, therefore, that the Austrians should desire to rejoin Germany. With one or two short intervals German-Austria had formed part of the German confederation of States until 1866. The inhabitants were German-speaking. Reunion

¹ Coningsby Dawson, *It Might Have Happened to You*.

with Germany offered the one chance of regaining prosperity. And so the desire for reunion was universal. But this the Allies forbade, and the Republic was even forced to give up its old name of German-Austria, and to become plain "Austria."

The Austrians are an easy-going, cheery people, but their humour now became bitter, and their easy-going nature changed into the resignation of despair. The Viennese forgot that the gods help those who help themselves. They became apathetic. Such hope as they had was placed in help from abroad; foreign loans to come were the chief topic of conversation. They waited, and while they waited the monetary system crashed. In 1921 the cost of living was almost a thousand times as much as in 1914, and 700 times as much as in the preceding year. The middle class was almost wiped out. Austria could sink no deeper.

Help, however, did not come until 1922. The President of the Republic, Dr. Hainisch, sent despairing telegrams to the King of England and to Millerand. Sluggishly the Powers began to move. Czechoslovakia, which had hitherto regarded Austria with a more than unfriendly eye, granted a credit of £2,300,000; Britain produced £2 millions, taking the world-famous Gobelin tapestries at Vienna as security; the French and Italians gave a little help. The money was soon swallowed up, most of it being lost through the crash of the German exchange.

Then Dr. Seipel, one of the best-known figures in Austrian life, went to Geneva and addressed the Assembly of the League of Nations. His impassioned appeal marked a turning-point in the history of Austria. A special committee was set up to investigate the matter, and finally Austria was granted a loan of £28 millions. It was high time. In return, Austria bound herself by the Geneva Protocols to accept a Resident Commissioner appointed by the League to superintend her finances, and, worse still, to maintain her independence inviolate until the loan should be paid back—in other words, to give up her long-cherished project of joining Germany.

Austria's troubles were not over. In every direction there had to be a cutting-down of expenditure, and untold hardships and sacrifices were inflicted upon the sorely tried population, no fewer than 23,600 civil servants, for instance, being dismissed from their posts. It was the only way to balance the budget. By the end of the year the currency had been stabilised, a new unit, the *Schilling*,

taking the place of the old *Krone*. By rigid economy and merciless taxation Austria was enabled, not only to arrest the process of impoverishment and decay which threatened her with complete dissolution, but also to lay the foundations of financial and economic revival. Vienna, the abode of gloom and despair, was once again becoming the home of gaiety and light-heartedness.

The Viennese—or at any rate the large working-class proportion—had reason to be contented. When the Habsburgs fell, the administration of the city came into the hands of the Social-Democrats, who continued to rule it until they were evicted, early in 1934, by the Fascist régime of Dr. Dollfuss. Vienna, where until 1919 the most rigidly Conservative monarchist principles had held sway, was now the subject of a gigantic experiment in constructive practical Socialism. Its City Fathers had vision and the energy necessary to carry out their plans in spite of overwhelming financial difficulties and determined opposition. And the consequence is that Vienna is no longer a mere show-place of gay uniforms and enchanting women, but also a town which the world visits in order to learn how the lives of the poor may be made happier and more comfortable.

Of actual socialisation there has been little except in regard to the restriction of rents, a matter which did in fact hit the landlord class very hard. But even then the restrictions did not apply to furnished apartments or to tenancies commenced after the beginning of 1925; and they have now been almost entirely removed.

The most pressing problem that faced the new administration was the question of housing. The work done in that direction has been prodigious. Enormous tenement buildings were put up; but they have nothing in common with the horror we visualise when we hear the word "tenement." They are veritable sun-traps. In other towns sun and light and air are reserved for those who can pay for such luxuries; in Vienna even the poorest may enjoy them. One of the municipal buildings is half a mile long and houses 5,000 people, yet every one of its flats has its place in the sun. True, the accommodation provided is small, but it is sufficient.

In other directions, too, the municipality has made its presence felt. The system of rubbish-collecting is so perfect that it is difficult to see how it can be improved. In London the dust-carts are mostly ramshackle affairs, many still dragged slowly through the streets by palsied horses. The wind plays an unpleasant game

with the rubbish collected from the houses, sometimes blowing a modicum of it into the faces of the passer-by, and the carts are surrounded by a cloud of dust and a nauseating smell. One will not find this in Vienna, where the dust-carts are magnificent motor-lorries, completely enclosed, which allow no dirt to escape.

The social welfare work is highly advanced. Particularly well are mothers catered for. There are ante-natal clinics, and post-natal clinics, since the city's help and guidance do not cease with the birth of the child. There are *crèches* for babies whose mothers are in employment or for some other reason cannot look after them, and there are kindergartens where the slightly older children find healthy recreation at the incredibly low cost of 1d. per week. And every mother, no matter what her station in life, is entitled to a free *layette* for every child.

Heaven knows how it is all done. The Viennese are traditionally happy-go-lucky. They have a reputation for managing to avoid anything that savours of the serious. One would have expected them to let things slide, to pass by slums and human misery with that slightly apologetic shrug of the shoulders which means that it is all very regrettable, but that nothing can really be done about it.

Perhaps, however, their reputation is not as well-founded as comic opera and musical comedy would have us believe. Or perhaps they realise that these sights which disfigure so many towns would be even more out of place in the capital of so beautiful a country than anywhere else.

For Austria is extraordinarily beautiful. Enter it through Germany, take a boat at Linz and sail down the river as far as Vienna. Words cannot describe the charm of the Danube, as it flows through some of the most varied scenery in Europe, now between impressive mountains, now through smiling meadows.

This is a trip for the visitor who has little time to spare and wishes to spend most of it in Vienna. Best of all holidays, however, is a tour on foot, for preference in the Tyrol. Though there are high mountains and Alps, such a tour need not be strenuous. There are plenty of easy climbs to be made which will give the visitor all the thrills of alpineering.

The people are a perpetual delight. Their speech has music in it. They are simple, unaffected, cheerful; and they are invariably kind and hospitable. They will greet you with a "Grüss Gott" that has nothing to do with the cold and empty formality

of "good day" and "how do you do"; the mere sound of their greeting is sufficient to make you feel cheerful and contented.

The peasants are Roman Catholic and Conservative. In Vienna, which contains a third of Austria's population, the inhabitants are mainly Social Democrats. To that fact Austria owes many of her recent troubles.

When the monarchy went, Austria became "a democratic Republic, whose law proceeds from the people." A National Assembly, or parliament, was set up, consisting of a Federal House, a kind of upper chamber, to which the acts of the lower chamber, the National Council, had to be submitted. The National Council, which consisted of 165 Deputies, alone had the right to legislate. The suffrage was extended to all citizens over twenty-one years of age.

The chief parties were the Social Democrats, whose programme included the *Anschluss* with Germany; and the Christian Socialists, the Clerical Party, whose main support came from the provinces. Between the two there was a deep and abiding hatred, the hatred of the peasant for the townsman, of the devout Catholic for the Socialist. The Clericals included in their ranks the class of officials, which had suffered severely under the "axe" of economy, and the students, whose prospects of employment were slight. Industry, filled with detestation for the trades unions, gave them money.

For the first three years of the new Republic, a Social Democrat Government held sway. In 1922, however, the Clericals under Dr. Seipel took over. From then on the struggle became intensified, yet neither side could gain the victory. The Social Democrats were firmly entrenched in their stronghold, Vienna, and, as a parliamentary party, could always count on about 42 per cent. of the electorate. Nothing could shake their position; yet they, in turn, could not shake the Clericals, who became steadily more embittered at the stubbornness of their opponents. Their determination to sweep democracy out of existence became stronger and stronger, their political creed ever more Fascist and reactionary.

Each side had its little army. The Social Democrats, alarmed for the safety of the Republic and democratic principles, organised the "Schutzbund." The Clericals had their "Heimwehr," which, because they had the money, was splendidly equipped and armed

with rifles, machine-guns, bombs, and could even boast of light artillery.

The existence of these armaments was highly illegal under the Treaty of St. Germain, yet the Powers could do nothing. Their protests were met by so many evasions that ultimately they had to let the matter drop in despair. Everybody knew where these arms were stored. On countless occasions, during demonstration and counter-demonstration, they were brought out, yet nothing could be done. It was a fantastic situation, saved for the time being from becoming tragic by the fact that little powder was burned except during practice.

In June 1927, however, matters suddenly became critical. A Socialist demonstration was fired at, a boy and a crippled ex-soldier being killed. For some unaccountable reason the murderers were acquitted by the Court. Promptly the workers called a strike. The police, during a demonstration, lost their heads and fired. Eighty-five people were killed.

It seemed as if civil war was about to break out. Both sides were marshalling their troops. Luckily for Austria, however, the Italians, Czechs, and Hungarians, seeing a good chance to fish in troubled waters, made ready to seize such parts of Austria as seemed to be most useful.

Faced by the new enemies, the Social Democrats called the strike off, and the danger of a break-up of the State passed. It was merely postponed, however. The Heimwehr had tasted blood. In the calling-off of the strike they saw, not patriotism, but weakness. They prepared to seize the State. For the next three years there was drilling as never before. Prince Ernst von Starhemberg spent his whole fortune in raising and equipping his own Heimwehr troops. Major Pabst, the German *putsch* expert, was engaged to teach the Clericals the rudiments of the *coup d'état*. Tension became steadily more acute.

In October 1930 the Heimwehr at last felt strong enough to move. Theirs was to be an attempt to restore the Habsburgs. Their chief, Prince Starhemberg, was in touch with the Hungarian monarchists. Herr Vaugoin, an ardent reactionary, who had been Minister of War since 1921, and was also Vice-Chancellor, succeeded in overthrowing his own Government, and himself became Chancellor of an extreme Clerical-Fascist Cabinet. It included Prince Starhemberg as Minister of the Interior. Through these

two men, therefore, the Heimwehr controlled both the Army and the Police. Wind and tide seemed favourable; every necessary preparation had been made.

Then somebody blundered. News of the intended *putsch* leaked out. France, Italy, and the Little Entente Powers became alarmed. They had not the faintest desire to see a Habsburg restoration. The *putsch* collapsed, for Austria was absolutely dependent on financial assistance from abroad, which would most certainly have been withheld.

The result of all this feverish activity was that a new moderate Clerical government was formed. The Heimwehr succeeded in making itself ridiculous, and, since ridicule leads to bad temper, quarrels and bickering broke out in its ranks. Prince Starhemberg, in high dudgeon, threw up the leadership.

The affair was soon forgotten in the excitement of the proposed Customs Union with Germany. It was but another step to the closer union between the two countries, for ever since the beginning the Austrian Republic, in such matters as organisation and education, had endeavoured to order its affairs on lines parallel with those adopted by Germany. And economically, such a union was highly desirable for Austria; it was its one hope of achieving solid prosperity.

The proposal roused a storm of protest. It had been coupled with an invitation to the neighbouring countries to join it if they desired, yet these States realised quite well that the Customs Union was but a polite way of saying *Anschluss*. Union means strength, and strength in Germany and Austria they did not desire.

The proposal for the Customs Union was withdrawn, even before the Permanent Court of Justice at The Hague, to which the matter had been referred by the League of Nations, had pronounced such a Union illegal by reason of the Geneva Protocols of 1922, under which Austria had undertaken to preserve her independence.

The proposal was withdrawn for the same reason that the *putsch* was not carried out. Austria needed money. She could not afford to offend France and the Little Entente Powers.

On this occasion diplomacy surpassed itself. France, which by the Geneva Protocols had guaranteed Austrian independence, and had objected to the Customs Union because it threatened that independence, offered to lend Austria money. On conditions,

needless to say: never again must Austria mention the words "Customs Union," and—just to make certain that her statesmen, being human, did not forget—any treaty she might wish to make in the future she must first submit to the French Foreign Office for approval. Austria refused the money.

Even more sinister things were happening, thanks to that unlucky idea of a Customs Union. France launched an attack on Austria's financial system. All short-term credits were hastily withdrawn, though Austria was in no condition to stand such a drain on her resources. She appealed to Great Britain and received a credit of 150 million schillings. This was sheer audacity on the part of Great Britain. It required a lesson. The French withdrew their short-term credits from the Bank of England. Gold left Austria; gold left England. In self-protection the Bank of England was forced to recall the 150 million schillings and Austria was left defenceless. The Credit Anstalt of Vienna, in which the Viennese Rothschilds were largely interested, collapsed. The crisis of 1931 had begun. Great Britain and many other countries left the gold standard. Hungary, Germany, the United States, and, not least, France, which had opened the door to it, felt the draught. It was a world crisis, due to the fact that the closely interlocked economic system of the world was in a highly delicate condition, and that a push given to one country could not but send all the others toppling.

A very shaken Austria staggered out of it with the help of a loan of £3 millions, guaranteed by Britain, France, and some of the smaller States. In return she bound herself by the Lausanne Loan Protocol of 1932 to give up the Customs Union for twenty years and to accept supervision of her finances, Dr. Rost van Tanningen being appointed supervisor.

Yet France was not really satisfied. She felt that her position as leader in Europe was slipping from her. Not only Germany and Austria, but even Poland, formerly a blind follower, were becoming quite preposterously independent. And so the Tardieu plan for economic co-operation between the Danubian States, under the benevolent patronage of France, was put forward. It was perhaps a little tactless for France to make it a condition that Germany and Italy, the chief customers and the only possible markets of most of these Danubian States, should be excluded. One felt that the plan was designed less to overcome the economic crisis than to

strengthen French influence in Eastern Europe. It was therefore rejected by Austria, Germany, and Italy.

Meanwhile a new star had appeared on the political horizon of Austria. This was Dr. Dollfuss, Austria's "little man," a member of the Clerical Party.

The rise of the Hitlerite Party in Germany was causing considerable anxiety and unrest in Austria. Formerly the Austrian Nazis had been merely ridiculous; now they were basking in the reflected glory and growing fat. Dr. Buresh, the Premier, could no longer cope with them, since many who had supported his Cabinet had gone over to the Hitlerites. He asked for support from the Heimwehr, in order to avoid a General Election, but when they demanded a seat in the Cabinet and insisted upon an extreme reactionary policy, he resigned.

On May 20 Dr. Dollfuss, formerly Clerical Minister of Agriculture, became Prime Minister. His Cabinet included Dr. Rintelen, Governor of Styria, and a prominent Heimwehr leader, who became Minister of Education, and Vaugoin, still Minister of War.

An election was avoided, but by a mere hair's-breadth. Dollfuss had an average majority of 1 in Parliament. On August 3 he was saved only by the death of Mgr. Seipel, for this enabled a deputy to take Seipel's place. The curious spectacle was seen of members of the Chamber being brought from hospital on crutches or bandaged, for the purpose of voting.

Yet parliamentary difficulties were but the least of Dollfuss's troubles. In any case he very soon managed to get rid of parliamentary government. In March 1933 a measure establishing severe punishment for railway strikers had been defeated by 1 vote. Immediately the cry was raised that the proper procedure had not been followed. There was a bitter dispute, and subsequently the President of the Chamber and his Deputies resigned, considering that their honour had been attacked. The Government blandly pointed out that these men were the only persons who had the power to summon the Chamber, and that since they had resigned there was now no one who could perform that office. A war-time measure was resuscitated which conferred arbitrary powers on the Government, and from then on Dollfuss ruled by decree.

The Dollfuss Cabinet held extreme reactionary views. It drew its inspiration mainly from Italian Fascism. Consequently its

accession to power intensified the struggle between Clericals and Social Democrats, a struggle in which the latter had not the slightest chance of success. They were defeated by Hitlerism.

It is strange how easily a whole nation will allow itself to be stampeded by events. A kind of mass-hysteria sweeps through the people and in a twinkling their whole situation is changed. Such a thing happened in Austria when Hitler was summoned by Hindenburg to become Chancellor of Germany. The brutalities of his régime, his treatment of his opponents, the dissolution of the trades unions, and the revival of the old sport of Jew-baiting had an overwhelming effect on the Austrians. Many of them, dazzled by so much splendour, went over to the Austrian Nazis.

The Social Democrats hastily cast aside one of their important political flanks, the *Anschluss* with Germany. The last thing they desired was to see the Austrian trades unions dissolved as the German ones had been dissolved.

The Clericals had for a long time shown but a theoretical interest in the *Anschluss*. Secretly they favoured a Habsburg restoration, which an *Anschluss* would have rendered impossible. Neither did Nazism, even Austrian Nazism, favour the chances of the monarchy. And so the Clericals came out strongly for a free and independent Austria. Their propaganda was admirable. To the world they painted a pathetic picture of a united little Austria, led by its gallant little Chancellor, fighting a most courageous battle against the big German bully who wished to destroy it.

The world saw and was impressed. Austria, whose army was severely limited by the Treaty of St. Germain, was allowed to employ an extra 8,000 men to form a kind of temporary militia as an additional defence against the Nazi threat. Dollfuss himself was Austria's best ambassador. He impressed Europe by his ready smile, his manners, which were charming, his undoubted personal courage, and his energy, which seemed astonishing in one of such small stature.

The picture drawn was, however, not quite accurate. Austria was certainly not united, for the Austrian Nazis and the Social Democrats were strongly opposed to Dollfuss, whose Government was really a minority Government. His position would have been quite untenable but for the fact that the Social Democrats were paralysed. They stood between the devil of Dollfuss and the deep sea of Hitler. By opposing the one they helped the other. Yet

they could not afford to help either, for to do so meant cutting their own throats, since both objected strongly to Socialist principles. Nor were they strong enough to take over the Government themselves; the Clericals, who had formerly been fairly weak, had gained numerous adherents since Nazism had had an opportunity of showing what it could do. These new adherents, many of whom were Jews, were quite panic-stricken. Normally, they held Liberal Democratic views. Now they no longer cared who ruled provided the Nazis were kept out. They flocked to the Clerical banners simply because the Clericals happened to be in power and seemed best able to cope with the menace.

And so the Social Democrats remained helpless while Dollfuss little by little destroyed their strength. The Government, ruling by decree, was able to check all Socialist activity in the Municipality of Vienna by cutting off financial supplies. Building schemes and welfare work, the pride of Vienna, came to a full stop.

The Government became more and more reactionary. In September 1933 the Cabinet was reconstructed. Vaugoin, who had seemed immovable, who had survived every Cabinet change since 1922, left at last. Dollfuss took over the command of the Army, the police, and the gendarmerie himself. Major Fey, a member of the Heimwehr with the reputation of a "strong man," became Vice-Chancellor. Prince von Starheimberg did not receive a portfolio, but became leader of the so-called "Patriotic Front," a body composed of all those who opposed both Socialism and Hitlerism.

The new Cabinet was frankly Fascist. The bonds between Austria and Italy became closer; relations with Hungary, an ardent supporter of Italy, became very friendly. Far-reaching plans were drawn for co-operation between these three countries.

At home this reconstruction was the prelude to the destruction of Social Democracy. Early in 1934 the blow fell. The Social Democrats were accused of having planned a revolution. The Government forces advanced to the attack. The workers, ill-armed, had no chance; in a few hours their resistance was shot to pieces. The splendid tenement houses in which they had entrenched themselves—and which, it was subsequently alleged, had been designed with the eventuality of a revolution in view—were shot at, not only with rifles and machine-guns, but even with artillery. Per-

force the Socialists surrendered and were evicted from the administration of the city.

For the moment their power is broken. The Clericals have at last achieved the object for which they have worked since the establishment of the Republic, the destruction of Socialism. The prospects of a Habsburg restoration seem brighter than they have been at any time since 1918.

The opposition of the neighbouring countries is still very strong, but not as strong as it used to be. For them it is, perhaps, a question of a choice between two evils, Habsburg and Hitler, the latter involving union with Germany. Archduke Otto, who claims the throne, may be recalled at any moment. Meanwhile, his way is being prepared. The old imperial uniforms are being restored, and the granting of titles of nobility has once again been made lawful.

The Hitler threat, however, remains. Nazi riots first became serious on March 29, 1933, when thousand of Nazis raided Vienna, smashing shop-windows and attacking Jews. The bomb outrages began. In June there was an attempt to murder the Tyrolese Heimwehr leader Steidle; in October Dollfuss was shot at and wounded. Favourite tricks were the plunging of whole towns into darkness by cutting electric main cables, the scattering of Nazi propaganda and symbols, the lighting of huge bonfires in the shape of swastikas on prominent mountain-tops.

Naturally, there was friction with Germany. Relations became very strained when, in May 1933, Dr. Frank, Bavarian Minister of Justice, visited Austria uninvited for the purpose of addressing Nazi meetings. On his arrival he was informed that his presence was not desired. He did not take the hint, but attended his meeting, where he made a fiery speech, directed against the Government and forecasting the day when Austria would be liberated from the "foreign mercenaries," the Heimwehr. He was politely escorted to the frontier and departed with the threat that Hitler would know how to punish the insult. A fortnight later Germany imposed a special tax of 1,000 marks on all Germans who wished to holiday in Austria. This hit very hard the Austrian hotel trade, which depended mainly on German visitors. The loss was met to a certain extent by an increase in the number of other foreign visitors, but even so the Government had to render assistance to the hotel-keepers.



THE SHELL-TORN WALLS OF KARL MARX HOF, GIANT WORKERS' FLATS IN VIENNA, AFTER THE SOCIALIST FIGHTING OF FEBRUARY 1934.

From now on, too, Herr Habicht, whom Hitler had appointed his "Inspector for Austria," began regular broadcast talks from Munich attacking the Dollfuss Government in the most flamboyant manner. Austrian Nazis, numbering from 5,000 to 10,000, who preferred to live in Germany or had been forced to leave their country hurriedly, were enrolled in a special "Austrian legion" and stationed near the Austrian border, where they were kept in readiness to take part in any revolt against Dollfuss. German aeroplanes flew frequently over Austria to drop propaganda leaflets. Never has there been such a flagrant violation of the laws of international decency and manners.

In August 1934, Austrian Nazism launched its attack. The Vienna broadcasting station was seized and the signal for revolt sent forth. The Chancellery was captured and several members of the Cabinet, including Dollfuss and Major Fey, taken prisoner. For several days there was regular civil war, the Nazis, who were well supplied with arms from Germany, putting up a stubborn defence in the outlying districts of Austria. They were beaten, and the last remnants of their forces crossed the frontier into the neighbouring countries.

But Dollfuss was dead. He had been shot twice and died within a few hours. It may well be that it was his death which saved the Government, for it was a tremendous shock to Austria, while a storm of indignation swept through the world, with the result that Hitler did not, if that had been his intention, send his eager followers over the border in support of the revolt.

It is impossible to say what the future will bring. Dr. Schuschnigg, Dollfuss's successor, is carrying on his policy. But can the *Anschluss* with Germany, which so many Austrians desire, be prevented? One thing only is certain. Austria is still a danger-spot; her affairs are a matter of vital importance not only to her neighbours, but to every European country. Because of the Nazi threat Germany and Italy are now as bitter enemies as formerly they were good friends. Tension between Jugo-Slavia and Italy has become more acute. The Little Entente watches anxiously. France and Italy have drawn more closely together to meet the danger.

And peace? But no one talks of that. The one thought is—what shall we do if this or that happens?

§ 7

HUNGARY, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, RUMANIA, POLAND,
JUGO-SLAVIA*Hungary*

A bare half-hour from Budapest, romantic capital of a romantic country, lies the great Alföld (lowland plain), the richest agricultural land of Europe. It is as flat as a board. Through its fertile expanse flow the broad winding Danube and its sluggish tributary, the Theiss, fringed with marshes. It is a land of cornfields that stretch uninterrupted as far as the eye can see; a peaceful land of broad meadows, huge, slowly turning windmills, of green vineyards, of purple alfalfa fields, of long stretches of the crimson pepper pods from which paprika is made. The landscape is splashed with bright red and blue, the full bulging skirts and kerchiefs of the peasant tillers of the plain.

The Alföld, over which the sea flowed thousands of years ago, is the heart of the kingdom of Hungary. Agriculture, the occupation of every true Magyar, has impressed its mark deeply upon the national life. Thus, for instance, real towns, in our sense of the word, are few and far between, and those mostly the creation of German settlers. The real Hungarian town is an enormous village, in which the isolated farms are dotted along a road or round some steppe fair-ground. Szegedin, for instance, a town of barely 120,000 inhabitants, succeeds in spreading itself over an area of 350 square miles, just about the size of Huntingdonshire.

Nature has been singularly generous to man, and yet—the Hungarian peasant starves. The land which he loves and to which he gives unstintingly of his toil and sweat, is not his. Hungary is still a feudal country of great estates and wealthy landowners. Fully a third of it is in the hands of just over a thousand nobles, who exercise what is almost the famous old right of high justice and low justice over the landless peasants. That is the reverse side of the medal.

When the World War came to an end, there was a Communist revolution in Hungary. The peasants wanted the land to be shared out, the workers wanted freedom from oppression and the establishment of democratic government. On March 21, 1919, Bela Kun established the dictatorship of the proletariat. Its object was

not only to clear out the hated monarchy, but also to save the country from the senseless and intolerable demands of the victorious Allies.

In the latter task it failed. Hungary's disorganised army was no match for the triumphant Czechs and Rumanians, supported as they were by the French. Bela Kun failed, and the monarchists raised their heads again. The Reds, whose brief rule had been a peaceful one, left in a welter of blood. Behind them passed the White Revolution, destroying what the Reds had left untouched. Men were murdered, women raped, buildings given over to the flames; for weeks the Danube continued to carry down to the Black Sea the almost unrecognisable bodies of human beings who had been tortured and mutilated in ways too horrible to describe. The Whites were even worse than the Reds. Such was the price which Hungary had to pay for the re-establishment of the Monarchist Constitution.

In January 1920, elections were held on the demand of the Allies. They wanted to be able to present their peace terms to some Government which had popular support. How it was obtained was not their business.

The elections were not secret, but open. Those who opposed the acting Government were known, and could be terrorised into changing their opinions. The Allies got their Government, and, as a mark of gratitude, allowed it to reinstitute the Monarchy. They would not hear, however, of the Habsburgs being brought back, and so Admiral Horthy was elected "Regent" until such time as a king should once again be allowed to reign over Hungary.

The Treaty of Trianon was no worse than the peace treaties imposed upon Germany and Austria. Hungary lost enormous tracts of land to Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Rumania, on the ground that these tracts were mainly inhabited by Czechoslovaks, Jugo-Slavs, and Rumanians. This was partly true; as to the rest, well, there was no need to enquire too closely into rights and wrongs. Hungary was in no position to raise objections.

Justice, however, would have paid for itself. Hungary would have settled down fairly contentedly; as it is, she remembers her wrongs and will remember them until they are righted. With the help of Italy, who has no cause to love the peace treaties which gave her less than she wanted, Hungary has re-armed, secretly but efficiently. From that day to this she has poured out a flood



HUNGARY'S CAPITAL, BUDAPEST: LOOKING OVER THE ELIZABETH BRIDGE.

of propaganda demanding revision of the Treaty of Trianon, propaganda which is convincing because the patriotic Hungarians are so deeply and sincerely conscious of the wrongs done to them.

Europe will have no peace until the peace treaties are revised. Yet such a step is particularly difficult in the case of Hungary. It is a land which does not acknowledge any of those democratic principles which we cherish. Elections are a farce. The poor are suppressed. The people have no voice. Anti-Semitism is rampant; it has always been so in this country, which prides itself on its soil and considers trade a contemptible thing, fit for foreigners and Jews, but not for true Hungarians. To restore her lost lands to Hungary would be to subject millions of people, not only Hungarians, but also members of other races, to a harsh and arbitrary rule.

What solution can be found to bring back peace and contentment to Hungary? We do not know. Reckless extravagance and the world crisis have left her finances in a shocking condition. That will pass, but the other difficulties remain. The landowners will never consent to have their property shared out among those peasants who have no land. The Government, a thinly disguised dictatorship under Julius Gömbös, formerly Minister of War and now Prime Minister, ardent patriot, fiery anti-Semite, will never recognise that the people have a right to express themselves.

There is one slender hope, the return of Archduke Otto, heir to the Iron Crown of St. Stephen. He alone can break the power of the nobles. He must do so if he wishes to rule, and not be ruled by them. And therefore he must seek the support of the people, by giving them land and the right to share in the government.

Unfortunately, Hungary's neighbours have no desire to see Otto return. France is willing. The rest, however, remember only that by his coronation oath Otto will have to claim the return of Hungary's lost territories. They are well aware, too, that restoration might mean reunion between Austria and Hungary, and that is the last thing they desire.

The Habsburgs will not come back just yet.

Czechoslovakia

How different are the conditions in Czechoslovakia! Hungary prides itself on being the "thousand-year-old Kingdom"; Czechoslovakia dates from the end of the World War. Yet it, too, is a

country old in history. We remember John of Bohemia, the blind king who fell in the battle of Crécy in 1346. Each Christmas we sing of "Good King Wenceslas," who, many hundred years ago, ruled over the provinces which now constitute Czechoslovakia.

The new Republic was proclaimed on October 28, 1918. Its western half is made up of the former Austrian provinces of Bohemia and Moravia; its eastern half includes Slovakia and Ruthenia, which formerly were parts of Hungary. It is curious and unexpected that these provinces should have formed an independent State. There had been, as a matter of fact, already before the War, a strong Czech nationalist movement; but it asked for nothing more than autonomy under the Habsburgs, though there was another group of Pan-Slavs which preferred to come under the rule of Russia. There was a strong German minority which objected very strongly to exchanging German or Austrian nationality for Czech nationality. The Slovaks were not enthusiastic on the subject of independence. The Ruthenians would have liked to join Russia.

The State owes its being and present prosperity very largely to the efforts of two men, both ardent nationalists, Dr. Masaryk and Dr. Beneš, who, as President and Foreign Minister respectively, have guided its affairs from those first troubled days.

Both remained comparatively unknown until almost the end of the War. Yet both had already some very solid achievements to their credit. Masaryk was the son of a coachman. He himself became a blacksmith. His vision included other things besides shoeing horses. He studied hard. He went to various universities. Ultimately he became a professor at Prague. During the War he went to America, devoting himself entirely to the task of winning over the Allies to the idea of a Czech State. Dr. Beneš came from peasant stock. He was one of ten children. The family was desperately poor. Somehow he worked his way up, studied, took up the cause of Czech nationalism, and with Masaryk worked untiringly to overcome the difficulties which stood in the way of its achievement.

Czech independence was but the slightest of these difficulties, for it had the ardent support of France, which was very eager to create a ring of strong countries round Germany.

Economic difficulties were more serious. The peasants were starving. The land was all in the hands of big landowners. The

country had lost its chief market, Austria-Hungary. Before the World War, Bohemia, with Moravia and Silesia, produced about four-fifths of the hop crop of Austria, more than half the barley, and almost the whole of the sugar-beet. Industrially, Bohemia had been the Dual Monarchy's workshop. It had produced goods for a population of 60 millions, and that market had now shrunk to barely 14 millions.

The Government tackled its problems boldly. Its efforts have made Czechoslovakia the most promising and firmly established of the States created by the defeat of the Central Powers. Above the red-tiled roofs of Prague, or rather Praha, the capital, and its other industrial cities, smoke streams from countless tall chimneys. Czechoslovakia's industries have found new markets, even greater than their former markets. Czech glass-ware is popular throughout Europe, for it is good and cheap. Her handicrafts are famous. Cotton, sugar, and china are exported in great quantities. Her manufactures are carried on in the most up-to-date fashion. Boots and shoes, for instance: the Bata concern produces them as Ford produces motor-cars. The whole business is run on identical lines, with the same full provision for the health and well-being of its employees. The country has extensive deposits of coal, iron, and lignite, copper, silver, gold, and clay, which are among the chief sources of its wealth.

Everywhere outside the towns are broad rich fields of potatoes and sugar-beet. Goats and cattle browse on the hillsides, ducks and geese waddle in the mud-holes, and peasant women, with bare feet, short skirts, and bright-coloured handkerchiefs knotted over their heads, bend their sturdy backs to the work of the fields. One of the first measures taken by the Government was to redistribute forcibly almost a third of the land, so as to satisfy the land-hunger of the peasants. It is no wonder they are more contented than the Hungarian peasants.

Politically, Czechoslovakia has not made quite such good progress. One great achievement stands to her credit. The strong German minority, numbering about 3 millions, has been won over to co-operation with the State. How important this was may be gathered from the fact that the Germans are virtually the backbone of the country. Most of the manufacturers, large employers, and bankers are Germans, and so too are the majority of the skilled workers. They have been well treated, they have even been

given posts in the Government, and they have responded loyally.

The other subject peoples, the Slovaks, Ruthenians, and Hungarians, have not been so fortunate, partly because their goodwill did not seem as important as that of the Germans, partly because the Czechs suffer from an unlucky sense of superiority. They are the leaders of the State; the Slovaks, Ruthenians, and Hungarians are merely uneducated poverty-stricken peasants.

In return for the support of the Allies, the Czechs had promised to grant the Slovaks and Ruthenians full autonomy. They should have their own Government, their own Diet, their own law-courts, and these promises were embodied in the Treaty of St. Germain.

They were not kept. The Czechs treat Slovakia and Ruthenia as colonies were treated in the bad old days before the American War of Independence taught Europe a lesson. They are regarded as a convenient source of raw materials and cheap labour, and a useful dumping-ground for Bohemia's products. Their protests pass unheard. Men like Father Hlinka, leader of the Slovaks, are suppressed.

There is danger in such treatment. Czechoslovakia is not so strong that she can afford to disregard popular grievances and internal dissensions, especially since she has powerful enemies abroad. Germany would like the return of Bohemia; Hungary clamours for her lost provinces. Both countries will be only too anxious to take advantage of any revolution that may break out against the Government. For the moment all is well, but should Czechoslovakia ever engage in war, then the test will come, and she may easily find that her people will not hold together.

Luckily, war seems far off. Dr. Beneš, one of the most influential Foreign Ministers in Europe, has seen to that. Czechoslovakia is on friendly terms with every one of her neighbours except Hungary. Above all, she is tightly linked in the "Little Entente" with Rumania and Jugo-Slavia, so that in their relations with other countries these three stand as one.

Rumania

In 1916 Rumania entered the World War on the side of the Allies, having been promised much land to swell her territories. It was an inglorious adventure. Rumania was smitten hip and thigh and forced to conclude peace early in 1918. When, however, the

Central Powers finally succumbed to the Allies, the Rumanians were able to enter the fray again, and to join in the subsequent sharing out of the booty. They gained Transylvania, the Bukovina, and Bessarabia. Her population jumped from 7 millions to 17 millions.

The new territories included some the finest agricultural land in Europe. Wheat, maize, millet, oats, and barley are produced, and on the fertile plains of Transylvania, which had formerly belonged to Hungary, tobacco, flax, and hemp. Sheep- and cattle-raising are profitable. Rumania has rich mineral deposits—petroleum, salt; coal and lignite, iron, gold, and mica. Having such advantages, the country should be prosperous and contented. It is neither. Corruption and misrule are doing their work. The racial minorities, chiefly Hungarian and Russian, with a considerable number of Germans, Bulgars, and Turks, were guaranteed full equality of rights. That promise has not been kept. Or rather, it has been kept, but this is no blessing, since the Rumanians themselves are often treated like slaves.

Democracy is a joke. The party which is in power stays there by hook or by crook, and if bribery, corruption, threats, and violence can help it to maintain its position, these are the very means it will adopt. Elections are supposed to be secret, but the Government sees to it that the votes are cast for the right party—its own.

Since the return of King Carol, matters have improved somewhat. The Bratianus, conscienceless leaders of the Young Liberals, who were in power from 1922 to 1928, have departed in disgrace from public life. Now Carol rules, and has done something to sweep away corruption. He is a dictator, but in many respects he is a benevolent dictator.

It does not happen very often, even in these days, that a prince, heir to a throne, will give up his heritage for the sake of a woman, however enchanting. Still rarer is the prince who has done so, and has then returned, with the enthusiastic approval of his people, to take up the sceptre.

Carol can claim this distinction. In December 1925 he gave up all his prospects in order to live in comparative poverty with Helen Lupescu, a red-haired Jewess, the divorced wife of a cavalry major. King Ferdinand banished him, but Carol adhered to his decision. When Ferdinand died Prince Michael, "Boy King Michael," Carol's only son, became King, and a Regency was

established to administer the country during Michael's minority. In 1928 Carol suddenly changed his mind. He came to England to prepare for his attempt to regain the throne. The news leaked out, however, and Carol was requested by the British Government to leave England. Once again he retired into private life, while in Bucharest the Liberal Party compelled Queen Helen to divorce him.

Two years later Carol decided to make another attempt. In May 1930 he left Munich secretly by aeroplane, and received a rapturous welcome from the Rumanian Air Force. The Air Force had reason to be loyal to him. In the past he had devoted almost all his energies to raising its efficiency and to preventing such scandals as the sending up of officers in machines which were liable to fall to pieces in mid-air.

The people received Carol no less gladly. They were tired of Parliament, and hoped he would clean up public life. He had his weaknesses, they admitted—Madame Lupescu, for instance—but they were amiable weaknesses, and an excellent topic of conversation for which one ought to be grateful.

Thus Carol found no opposition. Parliament was cowed, and within twenty-four hours repealed the Dethronement Act and declared Carol King, his accession to date from the death of his father. Thus the slate was wiped clean. The Bratianus, Carol's deadly enemies, withdrew from the capital, fearing his vengeance, and Dr. Maniu, leader of the National Peasant Party, who had supported Carol, became his first Prime Minister.

As for Madame Lupescu, she is still in Rumania. Carol has succeeded in making the best of both worlds. Occasionally there are rumours of her expulsion from the country and a reconciliation between Carol and Helen, but so far they have remained rumours.

Poland

In 1772 the ancient kingdom of Poland was divided up between Austria, Prussia, and Russia. For a century and a half their new rulers tried to make the Poles forget former glories and past achievements. They did not succeed; neither flattery nor repression could destroy the patriotism of these haughty nobles and poverty-stricken peasants, who continued to fight stubbornly for the freedom they had lost.

The World War changed many things. Three mighty empires

crashed, and out of that crash was born the new republic of Poland, whose independence was proclaimed on November 9, 1918. Five days later Marshal Pilsudski, assuming the supreme power, called together a National Assembly which elected him Poland's first President. Pilsudski's first task, the creation of a new Poland, had ended; his second, the creation of a State that would be stable and powerful, had begun.

Of the two, the second was by far the more difficult. War had raged in its territories, and left the usual tale of ruin and desolation. There was no proper state organisation. There was no army. Poland had not even any settled frontiers.

The Government did not at first worry too greatly about economic difficulties. As befits a Government of soldiers, its first thought was for an army.

Greek mythology tells us of Jason, a hero who set out in search of the Golden Fleece and who created an army by sowing in a field teeth which Medea, the sorceress, had given him. From every one of these teeth there sprang an armed soldier. Pilsudski had no such magic, but boundless energy. By the end of 1919 Poland could boast of an army of 600,000 men.

It was soon needed. The Polish dream was to hold all the territories which had belonged to the kingdom of 1772.

On April 25, 1920, war was declared on Russia. It did not last long. The Russians won victories too easily and became careless. Warsaw, the capital of Poland, was all but captured when they fell into the trap set by General Weygand, whom the French had hastily sent over to save the republic. Poland was essential to their policy of encircling Germany with strong States dominated by France.

The Russian retreat became a rout, and Poland added East Galicia to her possessions. First blood to Poland. But it was not enough; she coveted Vilna, the ancient capital of Lithuania. On September 9 she seized it, committing untold brutalities. The Polish record in the village of Seine is typical. In two days 25 shops and 150 private houses were plundered, and 22 women raped.

When the League protested against the annexation, Warsaw explained in effect that the army had exceeded its duties, but that unfortunately nothing could be done. To this day Vilna is Polish; to this day there is a state of war between Poland and Lithuania,

and the Lithuanian Constitution of 1928 expressly declares that Vilna is the capital of Lithuania.

Poland's behaviour in Upper Silesia was equally conscienceless. The plebiscite which, under the Treaty of Versailles, was to decide whether Upper Silesia should belong to Germany or to Poland, went in favour of Germany by a two-thirds majority. Promptly the Polish Plebiscite Commissioner, Korfanty, with the help of the French Commissioner, organised a revolt of the Polish rabble. Warsaw apologised profusely; in secret, however, it sent along arms and soldiers. When the League decision was published, it was found that two-fifths of the plebiscite area, about 130,000 square miles, including such important mining centres as Königs-hütte, Kattowitz, and Pless, had been given to Poland, together with a million Germans.

In 1934 Poland announced to the world that it would no longer be bound by the promises it had made in regard to the good treatment of its minorities. It was now a Great Power, and the national honour could not permit that Poland should be subject to special Minority Treaties.

The other Powers, and notably Great Britain, protested, and with reason, so that officially the Polish demand was withdrawn. It need hardly be added that that withdrawal will make no difference. Poland has never kept the Minority Treaties, and never will. Her own experiences have taught her nothing. She has forgotten that no amount of cruelty was successful in killing Polish nationalism, and has outstripped all other nations in the inventing of ingenious tortures for the purpose of turning Germans or Russians into loyal Poles.

One day it may be that these chickens will come home to roost, especially if there is a war, when the minorities will have an opportunity of deciding on whose side they will stand.

And a war with Germany seems almost inevitable. When Poland was created in 1919 she wanted access to the Baltic Sea, and for that purpose was given the so-called "Polish Corridor," a strip of land running through Prussia and separating East Prussia from Germany. A more unnatural arrangement it would be impossible to imagine, and Germany will not submit to it a moment longer than she can help. In the last two years the two countries have become a little more friendly than they were, but that is due mainly to the fellow-feeling which exists between dictators,

and to the fact that each country requires the support of the other in its fight against the other European Powers. Necessity makes strange bedfellows.

Meanwhile, Poland's only Marshal rules, and rules with an iron hand that disdains any suggestion of a velvet glove. He is brutal—he himself would say: a simple soldier ignorant of drawing-room tricks; but, like many other dictators, he is fanatically sincere in his work for his country. The Poles will follow him anywhere. They worship him because of his sincerity and because he, unlike many politicians, has never used his position to amass wealth. Most of all do they worship him because he has been successful.

Pilsudski retired from political life in 1922. Four years later he returned to the fray at the head of his devoted cavalry, evicted the Government after short, sharp fighting, and forced the President to resign because he remained true to his oath and refused to recognise one who had gained power by force.

In itself Pilsudski's return was no bad thing. Poland's brief experience of parliamentarianism had been a most unhappy one. The Sejm, or Diet, resembled a bear-garden in which no fewer than 59 political parties spent their time hurling curses at one another. The politicians in power generally applied themselves with zest to the pleasant task of enriching themselves; the politicians out of power waited anxiously for their own opportunity to come.

Pilsudski was too great a patriot to let this kind of thing go on, and so the Poles have now an honest and efficient government. Unfortunately, they have had to pay for it with their political freedom and the loss of the right to hold a personal opinion.

Jugo-Slavia

Jugo-Slavia consists of the old kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro, and the former Austro-Hungarian provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, as well as of parts of pre-War Bulgaria. It came into being at the end of the War, when the Croat Diet broke off all relations with Austria-Hungary and proclaimed a new independent State of the Slovenes, Croats, and Serbs, formerly under the rule of the Habsburgs. A little later this State decided to unite with the Kingdom of Serbia.

From the very beginning Jugo-Slavia, which was at first known

as the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes (*Srba, Hrvata i Slovenaca*), had to contend with serious difficulties, chief of which was the racial one, how to weld Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins, and Bulgarians into a unified whole.

Stephen Raditch, leader of the Croats and Slovenes, dreamt of a federation of the Balkan Slavs, including at some future time Bulgaria. He was suspicious of the kingdom, and his fears proved well founded. The Serbs, imagining themselves to be the most valuable and important member of the partnership, have constantly tried to impose their will on the others. It is not merely a political matter, but also an economic one. The new provinces of Jugo-Slavia supply four-fifths of the country's revenue, yet the Serbs take three-quarters of the total for themselves.

Naturally there is trouble, marked, since the Serbs hold life cheaply, by a stream of assassinations. The worst of these occurred on June 20, 1928, in the Skupshtina, the Jugo-Slav Parliament. Raditch, the peasant leader, had made a fiery speech. Immediately a Serb Deputy rose, drew a revolver, and calmly shot the Croats, while two of his friends, with drawn revolvers, saw to it that there was no interference. Three men were killed, including Stephen Raditch, who died of his wounds, and his nephew Paul. Two men were seriously wounded. The murderer walked quietly out of the Chamber, and was not arrested until later. The affair had undoubtedly been planned: one of the victims had been warned, a Serb newspaper had declared that Raditch ought to be assassinated for the good of Jugo-Slavia. The police must have known, and did nothing. The murderer was ultimately sentenced to prison, but is regarded as a hero by his fellow-Serbs, and his two accomplices were acquitted.

· Six months later Alexander suspended the Constitution and established a dictatorship, with General Pera Zhivkovitch, Commander of the Royal Bodyguard, as his Prime Minister.

Since then life has been difficult for the politically minded. Alexander was determined to impose unity on his kingdom, as an outward sign of which he changed its name to "Jugo-Slavia." Officially there are now no Serbs, Croats, or Slovenes. In fact the Serbs have triumphed. All opposition parties have been dissolved, their newspapers prohibited, and their leaders placed in prisons where their treatment is not of the mildest.

A new Constitution has been proclaimed, but since it provides

for open elections, denies the right of free speech, and ensures that all candidates for the Skupshtina should be men approved by General Zhivkovitch, it is not of much value.

Alexander had no desire to see his kingdom break to pieces, and the danger of that is great, not only because of the state of affairs internally, but also because Jugo-Slavia has two great enemies outside—Bulgaria and Italy. With the former relations are now a little better, especially since the exchange of visits between the two sovereigns in 1934.

With the latter they are more strained than ever, for now that Italy and Austria have sworn eternal friendship, Jugo-Slavia is surrounded by countries under the influence of Italy—Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Albania. The trouble dates from the end of the War. Italy wants a good deal more of the Dalmatian seaboard than she was given by the Peace Treaties. Jugo-Slavia is afraid of losing all access to the Adriatic, and she still resents the fact that Italy managed to snatch Trieste, especially as it seems to have been taken for the sole purpose of annoying the Jugo-Slavs, and is little used by the Italians, so that this once prosperous town is now rapidly running to seed.

The Italians naturally encourage the Croat troubles, and one of the purposes of the dictatorship is to deal with this. Well, a Zhivkovitch may be able to deal with a Mussolini, but the far more important causes of the discontent still remain.

In October 1934 Alexander was assassinated while on a visit to France. The Jugo-Slav Government laid the blame for the murder on Hungary, and began to expel Hungarian residents from Jugo-Slavia at a moment's notice. Though, after protests from all over the world, these expulsions ceased, tension between Jugo-Slavia and Hungary is very great.

§ 8

GREECE, TURKEY, ALBANIA, BULGARIA

Greece

The people of Greece live in the past; that is a really disquieting feature of the country. They have a great reputation for hard work, and their women-folk, at any rate, deserve it. But the men somehow seem to display that quality only when they are abroad. At home they appear to spend their time talking and playing with

beads. The string of beads which one sees in almost every hand has no religious significance. It serves merely to occupy the hands, in much the same way as an Englishman generally keeps his hands in his pockets fingering keys or coins.

The big towns, such as Athens, are very modern. One sees few old costumes, though the President's bodyguard until recently wore a red turban-cap with a long black tassel of silk, blue jacket, short ballet-skirt above white skin-tight trousers with blue gartering, and red hobnailed shoes adorned with enormous pompoms.

Picturesque dress may be giving way to lounge-suits and trilby hats, but old superstitions, as throughout the East, remain very much alive. The foreigner with blue eyes is lucky: he can always be certain of a seat in the most crowded bus or train. When he steps in, a sudden uneasiness will sway the passengers like wind in a cornfield. They draw away from him. They make a mysterious sign with their hands, and a good many will get out at the first stop. A blue eye is the "evil eye," hence the mysterious gesture, which is believed to be helpful in averting its effect.

Religion, however, is slackening its hold upon the country. Once upon a time monasteries were flourishing; now many of them have but half-a-dozen monks. It is a pity, for though these monks are often miserable specimens, illiterate, leading quite useless lives, yet the Greek Orthodox monasteries are among the most curious institutions in Europe. Particularly interesting are the so-called "hanging monasteries" which are found in a district south of Thessaly. They are built on the top of high rocks, and though some can be reached by means of a staircase cut in the rock, most can only be visited by stepping into a net which is then hauled to the top by a couple of monks. How the men who built them must have toiled to bring up their building materials!

Centuries ago Greece was the most powerful State in the world; now the dust lies thick upon it. Everything is old; everything is decayed, even Athens, though it has its bright cabarets and fine buildings.

It is difficult to know why this should be so. No doubt Turkish rule had something to do with it, but even more so the constant wars which Greece has fought in the twentieth century, the Balkan Wars, the World War, and the disastrous war with Turkey which followed. They have left the country very weary and exhausted.

Yet Greece has highly successful at the Peace Conference of

1919. Venizelos, her foreign minister, who had been so instrumental in bringing in Greece on the winning side, proved himself one of the leading figures at that Conference, and obtained ample accessions of territory for his country: North Epirus, inhabited mainly by Albanians, parts of Bulgaria sufficient to cut that country off from the Ægean, but chiefly Turkish lands. Turkey, indeed, lost all her possessions in Europe, and it was even suggested that Constantinople should be internationalised.

It was but a paper victory. Turkey had found her strong man in Mustapha Kemal, the most successful dictator in the world, with the possible exception of Mussolini. The Treaty of Sèvres was rejected. Greece, which had occupied Smyrna, Western Anatolia, and Thrace, would have to fight to keep them.

Meanwhile, the position of Venizelos at home had become impossible. The people had rejected Venizelist Liberalism and the Royalists were triumphant, with the result that Venizelos left the country in 1920 and King Constantine, who had been expelled, returned to his throne. For Greece this was disastrous, though possibly Venizelos could not have done any better than Constantine. In the spring of 1921 the Greek Army began its offensive against the Turks; by September it was in full retreat, and Constantine once again retired, to be succeeded by his eldest son, George II.

The following year the Treaty of Lausanne was signed, for Turkey a triumph, for Greece a bitter defeat. Of the Turkish territories she had been promised in 1919 scarcely anything remained. By March 1924, George II had also departed, and Venizelos returned to become the first Prime Minister of the new Republic. It was a bad time for politicians in power.

The Treaty of Sèvres had given Greece all Thrace to the Bosphorus except for Constantinople and the district round it. The Treaty of Lausanne not only secured to Turkey her possessions in Asia Minor and Eastern Thrace as far as Adrianople, but it also provided for an exchange of populations. In Turkey nationalism had triumphed. The Turks wanted no Greeks in their country. During the centuries when all Greece was ruled by the Sultans, Greeks had spread far to the eastward; now they were forced to go home again. Many of them were descendants of settlers in the days of Alexander the Great, and they often spoke only Turkish, their last link with the mother-country being the Greek Orthodox



A GREEK PEASANT WOMAN SPINNING THREAD BY HAND.

religion; now they were forced to leave. A country of 5 million inhabitants was suddenly forced to receive one and a half million refugees, many of them Armenians, and almost all utterly destitute.

How to absorb them—that was and is still the problem. The one piece of good fortune is that the inhabitants of Greece are engaged mainly in agricultural pursuits—tobacco, olive, sultana, and currant growing. The refugees, on the other hand, are townsmen whose chief occupations are trade and handicrafts. They have succeeded in building up some important new industries, in particular carpet-weaving, textiles, and the manufacture of clocks.

It will be many years, however, before Greece recovers from the shock. The world crisis has not helped matters. Greece is poor and overcrowded. Her finest product, tobacco, the best in the world, is barred from most of the world's markets by high tariff barriers. But the real trouble is the fact that the Greek people seem to do little to help themselves. They appear hypnotised by the fact that Greece is a country with a past.

Turkey

Turkey suffers from the same material difficulties, poverty, overcrowding, and trade depression; yet things are different. At the beginning of the century it was dying of corruption, and Capt. Harold Armstrong, in writing of Constantinople, was compelled to call her "the harlot of the world who rotted the moral fibre of Romans, Greeks, Byzantines, Ottomans, and even of the Allied troops during the occupation."

The new Turkey has changed all that. It has found a new national consciousness and pride, and has recovered all that energy and determination which raised the original Turks from a small barbarian horde into the mighty Ottoman Empire. It has buried its past and has found a future.

Elementary education is compulsory, and has been divorced from religion; an important step this, for the former close connection between education and the mosque, where teaching was limited and carried on in Arabic, was chiefly responsible for the illiteracy and ignorance of the mass of the population. Arabic has given way to Turkish written in Latin characters. The Press has been organised on European lines. The law has been completely remodelled and is now based on the most scientific European codes. Constantinople has been re-christened "Istanbul," and a new

capital has been found at Angora, in the centre of Anatolia, first home of the virile founders of the Ottoman Empire.

Women are no longer chattels to be bullied and kept from all contact with the outside world. They are not yet entitled to vote, but in all other respects they are free, and this land, once famous for the *harem*, now boasts of a woman judge. In Greece General Pangalos, during his brief and inglorious dictatorship in 1926, ordered that women's skirts should not be shorter than 14 in. from the ground. In Turkey they have abolished the veil. Even the fez, a harmless and picturesque form of headgear, has gone. The old Turkey is dead; the new Turkey has arisen. It is the only one of the Central Powers which benefited from the losing of the War, for, unlike the others, it did not give way to despair, but in defeat found a fresh will to victory.

Turkey owes her revival to Mustapha Kemal, known as Ghazi—the victorious, a hard man, but a born leader.

At the time of the Armistice the Ottoman Empire seemed utterly destroyed. The Allies occupied Istanbul, the Dardanelles, and the Gulf of Ismid. The Greeks had established themselves in Smyrna and Western Anatolia. The Sultan and his Cabinet were helpless.

Mustapha Kemal withdrew into the interior of desolate Anatolia and organised his forces. In 1921 he was ready for his great effort, which resulted in the Greeks being thrown out of Asia Minor. The Treaty of Lausanne crowned his work. Thereafter the Turks, many of whom had held aloof, were ready to follow him blindly, and Mustapha Kemal, who had asserted before the world Turkey's right to live, set himself to strengthen his country on a purely national basis. Though he introduced Western methods he removed ruthlessly all foreign influences. Henceforth Turkish trade was to be kept in Turkish hands, for the existence of foreign trading communities and commercial interests invariably led to interference by foreign Governments.

In 1924 the Caliph of all the Moslems was expelled from Istanbul and his historic office abolished so far as Turkey was concerned, though as a matter of fact King Hussein of the Hejaz was soon afterwards proclaimed Caliph. The expulsion, however, is a sign that Turkey has no use for Pan-Islamism. She does not want to be a member of a confederation embracing the whole of the Moslem world. She does not believe that such a confederation is possible;

the War taught her that Moslem fights against Moslem as readily as he fights against infidels.

There was another reason for expelling the Caliph. Mustapha Kemal was determined to free Turkey from that ecclesiastical control which for centuries had kept a stranglehold on the legal life of the country and its system of education.

The Sultanate had already been abolished and a Republic set up with its capital at Angora. Thus none of the forces were left which had brought the empire to such ruin that even before the final disaster of the War, Turkey had for a hundred years already been little more than a colony of the European Powers.

This is Mustapha Kemal's achievement: in less than two decades he has swept away the cobwebs of Turkey's past; he has modernised a land which in 1919 was still mediæval; he has restored to strength a country which for a century had been "the sick man of Europe."

Albania

Albanians and Bulgarians, for personal courage and endurance in facing hardships, may well be regarded as the Scotsmen of the Balkans. They are both an agricultural people, but familiarity with their primitive plough has not blunted their warrior instincts, or caused them to lose the old love for knife, gun, and silver-mounted pistol.

They have needed their weapons. For centuries they have had to strive against the all-conquering Turks. The Albanians, for instance, lost their independence as early as 1431 and did not regain it until 1912.

Theirs has been the happier fate. It is true that during the War there was complete anarchy in the land, but once the Jugo-Slav and Italian troops had been withdrawn from the country, it settled down fairly rapidly to a stable existence.

There was one brief interlude when Mgr. Fan Noli seized the Government. He was soon expelled by Zogu, former Prime Minister, who then became President, a title which in 1928 he exchanged for that of King.

The Albanians are proud, but they are a desperately poor people who scratch a precarious living from the soil. Maize and tobacco are grown extensively, but so far neither the timber-forests nor the minerals have been exploited. The roads which are now being built

ought to facilitate exploitation, but so far there is not a single railway line.

Though Albania is small and poor, it is important. The Jugo-Slavs and the Italians have strictly dishonourable intentions towards it, the latter because they want to strengthen their position in relation to Jugo-Slavia, and the Jugo-Slavs because they have not the least desire to be caught between the cross-fire of Italians on their northern boundary and Italians on the south, and because control of Albania would render secure their position in the Adriatic.

The Albanians must move warily, therefore, lest they lose their new independence. Meanwhile, however, they are in a position to make hay, and they do so with pleasure. Zogu gladly accepted the money and arms offered to him by Jugo-Slavia for the purpose of ousting Fan Noli. Thereafter he turned to Italy and accepted with equal gladness the favours she was prepared to shower upon his country. Italians came over to drill his army, to build his roads, to finance his bank, to organise his schools—all at their own expense. As a token of gratitude he named the chief street (built by Italian engineers) in his capital, Tirana, the "Boulevard Mussolini."

Many of the Albanians grumble, believing that their King has sold them to Italy. They do him an injustice. He is playing a dangerous game, but Albania is still free and will remain so unless a war breaks out between Italy and Jugo-Slavia. Then indeed there will be a settling of accounts.

Bulgaria

The Bulgarians are not so fortunate. Their country was shockingly mutilated by the Treaty of Neuilly, which cut them off entirely from access to the Ægean Sea and gave to Jugo-Slavia the parts of Macedonia for which they had fought three wars—the two Balkan wars and the World War—and which are inhabited mainly by Bulgarians. Like Albania, Bulgaria is desperately poor, but unfortunately she has no wealthy friend willing to assist.

Worst of all, political conditions are thoroughly unstable. It is odd to think that this country, which specialises in the growing of millions of roses for the purpose of manufacturing the world-famous attar of roses scent, should believe so firmly in the power of knife or bullet to settle a difference of opinion. In 1920, for instance, the peasant leader Stambulisky was elected head of a Government

pledged to punish the men who had caused Bulgaria to fight on the wrong side in the World War. A year later, being suspected of Communism, he was murdered.

The most confirmed villains are the members of the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation (I.M.R.A.), which was formed in 1893 to fight for freedom against the Turks, and which continued to fight, when that object had been achieved, for the liberation of such parts of Macedonia as were not held by Bulgaria.

After the War its activities were directed almost entirely to fomenting disturbances in Jugo-Slavia. Its leader was Protogeroff, who was supplanted by Mihailoff in 1928. In 1932, three days after Christmas, the quarrel between the Protogeroffists and the Mihailoffists was finally settled in a pitched battle between 30 members of the two sections, which took place in one of the chief streets of Sofia. One policeman was killed and eight bystanders injured before the Protogeroffists were finally routed. King Boris was able to watch the scene from his Royal Palace.

The Government made no attempt to stamp out these terroristic activities, since they were mainly directed against Jugo-Slavia. In 1933, however, the feeling between the two countries grew less strained. King Boris and Alexander of Jugo-Slavia exchanged visits, and the first result of the new friendliness was that the I.M.R.A. was suppressed and its leader, Mihailoff, driven to seek refuge in Turkey. The I.M.R.A. was not crushed, however, and its first important act was the murder of Alexander in Marseilles. The assassin was a man named Gheorgieff, one of Mihailoff's most ruthless lieutenants.

It will be many years before Bulgaria becomes a settled country.

§ 9

SCANDINAVIA: SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK

We are all of us Vikings at heart. The blood of our Norse forefathers, which gave us our love of the sea and the unknown, still circulates within us. How otherwise can we explain the special attraction we find in those Scandinavian countries, the home of the Northmen?

True, our interest was for long an academic one. Not until recently, when shipping companies began to introduce cheap cruises to northern waters, could we set out to satisfy our curiosity about

the lands of the Midnight Sun. But the very popularity of those cruises shows how real it has been, how deeply our imagination is stirred by such strange and enchanting names as Trondhjem, Narvik, high up in the Arctic regions of Norway, Östersund, and Trollhättan, in Sweden.

Denmark, by comparison, seems less attractive. Perhaps that is because it is nearer home. "Eggs, bacon, and cheese," the housewife will say. "Oh yes, I know all about them." Well, the eggs are excellent, though perhaps best for frying and cooking purposes; and the bacon and cheese are not at all despicable. And the way in which these things are produced is a romance in itself.

Denmark does not enjoy any great natural advantages either in soil or climate, yet by sheer hard work and the adoption of the most up-to-date scientific methods, the Danes have become the most successful farmers in Europe. At one time their position seemed well-nigh hopeless, for the United States had entered the European market and soon became a formidable competitor. The situation was saved by the people themselves, the small farmers and peasant proprietors who organised co-operative societies among themselves for the marketing of their agricultural produce. The co-operative movement is now widespread. Every member, no matter how small his weekly output, has the right to send his produce to the central collecting depot. Dairies equipped with up-to-date coolers, condensers, separators, and other vast and complicated machinery have been built; great co-operative factories for fattening pigs and curing bacon have been erected. It is by means such as these that the quality of the produce is kept high and the cost of production low, with the result that Denmark is now the leading exporter in Europe of eggs, bacon, and butter. In the year 1930, for instance, she exported to the United Kingdom 259,674,800 lb. of butter, and more than 807 million eggs, about double the quantity sent to England by any other country.

Denmark's success is due chiefly to the truly remarkable thoroughness of her educational system. Farming is held to be no slapdash occupation. The young farmers spend their summers on the land, gaining experience. During the winter months they attend one of the numerous agricultural colleges to learn the theory of their industry. Every branch of the business is taught, organic and inorganic chemistry, the natures and uses of fertilisers, the

treatment of soils, the rotation of crops, plant and seed culture, plant diseases, the breeding and care of domestic animals, horse-shoeing and smithing, dairying, farm accounting, farm machinery, surveying and levelling, economics—everything that will be useful. The system works in with, and not apart from, agriculture. The result is that the students return to the land with quickened interest. Their life on the farm is made attractive; farming is regarded as one of the higher professions.

In other directions, too, Danish education is remarkable. A most curious institution is the Folk High School, which is privately owned, but enjoys State support. It is difficult to describe the work of these schools. They deal, not with children, but with adults. They are not an attempt to force free education upon a reluctant population. They do not even educate in the ordinary sense of providing courses of study and holding examinations. Two sessions are held each year, one a five-months' winter course for men, and the other a somewhat shorter summer course for women. Teachers and pupils live together. The lectures are informal talks, giving, not the dry bones of history or pettifoggish details, but broad outlines which awaken fresh interests. Foundation of character and the fostering of national ideals are the aims of the Folk High Schools. Holding such aims, they can well afford to dispense with examinations. They achieve their object just by simple living, simple food, close contact between students and staff, and, most important of all, by the personal influence of the teachers. It is their personality, their capacity for friendship and human understanding, their sincerity and strength, and their devotion to the work, which have made the system so successful.

Denmark has little obvious appeal for the casual visitor. Yet its people are very far from being "gloomy Danes." They are lively to a degree, cheerful and witty. They are one of the least hypocritical nations—it may be because they are a nation of farmers. And finally, they have a very well-developed sense of hospitality.

These are great advantages, but the tourist demands scenery, and Denmark has little obvious scenery, being an astonishingly flat country. Its antiquities at first sight present nothing at all remarkable to the person who does not know something of the thrilling histories with which they are associated. Take Helsingör, for instance, a pleasant but by no means exceptional town. The scene becomes transformed when we know that unpronounceable Hel-

singör is simply the Danish form of Elsinore, and that Kronberg Castle, in the shadow of which it lies, once sheltered Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. For a slight consideration, a local guide will even show you his grave; and it merely adds to the thrill that this grave is furnished up each spring ready for the eager visitor.

Norway and Sweden, too, are countries rich in historical associations and folk-lore, but they do not depend upon these for their charm. The beauty of the countryside forces itself upon the attention of the most unresponsive of travellers.

Norway is a gigantic block of stone, hemmed in on three sides by the sea. To the south, to the west, and the north the sea laps or dashes against its rugged coasts. Nature has moulded Norway into a relief of wonderful variety, displayed alike in mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers, and perhaps, above all, in the bewildering number of fjords which split up the coast in the most fantastic way, while off the coast a host of islands and islets—roughly some 150,000—lays a protective girdle practically all around the country.

To most foreigners Norway is the land of the fjords. For millions of years the sea, beating against the massive rock, has worked to carve out these indentations. They are not only fantastically beautiful; they are also one of the greatest boons to the nation from a social and economic point of view. The Norwegians are a great seafaring nation; fisheries provide them with one of their most important industries. This is where the fjords are so useful; each one is a safe harbour from the wild Atlantic.

Sweden lacks the fjord, nor does she need it, since the Baltic Sea is very gentle when compared with the Atlantic. Nature is not nearly so rugged as in Norway, and the only mountains are found in the north, where they are a continuation of the Norwegian ranges. The south is as flat as Denmark, yet it is utterly different. In vain do we look for vast expanses of meadow-land and cultivated field. They exist only in the very south. Instead we find huge forests of fir and pine. Thus Sweden, like Norway, is somewhat gloomy. The rich, gay colourings which we have learned to love in England are absent. In the Scandinavian peninsula a sombre green predominates. Nature here appears stern, and that is its charm.

That sternness seems to reflect itself in the character of the in-

habitants. They are silent, almost gloomy. It requires a very healthy push to lead them into a display of emotion.

Luckily man's inventive génius has risen to the occasion. The Norwegians and Swedes are not drunkards, but they are stout toppers. The light wines of France and the Rhine mean little in their lives; their heads are too strong. And so they brew a sweet syrupy punch which is very heady, and they drink freely of *brännvin*, a spirit as potent as the Russian vodka.

Brännvin is always consumed with the *hors d'œuvre*. This dish, called *smörgåsbord*, is an experience in itself. It contains every imaginable savoury, sill, sardines, various kinds of sausage, smoked reindeer meat, pleasantly called "Lapp-meat," little mince-balls, small omelets—everything that can possibly be eaten with bread-and-butter (*smörgåsbröd*). To us, who are unsophisticated, it is a meal in itself; in Scandinavia it is an appetiser, a sort of curtain-raiser which prepares the stomach for the real dramatic work to come.

Smörgåsbord, punsch, and snaps—these are the reasons why the Scandinavians developed early paunches and suffered from premature baldness. Things are changing gradually, for sport has invaded the country. Ski-ing has long been a favourite pastime, but now football and other athletic exercises are being taken up with gusto. The doings of the English football clubs are anxiously followed; every young Swede will be able to tell you how Chelsea (pronounced *Chelsayah*) and the Arsenal (pronounced *Arsennahl*) have fared in their latest battles.

The chief industry in Sweden and Norway is timber. Sweden alone is 60 per cent. forest. Wood, wood-pulp, paper, and all those products which are derived from wood are exported in prodigious quantities. Wood gave a Swedish gentleman the opportunity of proving that the greatest international financiers may be swindled as easily as the housewife who falls a victim to the glib eloquence of some dishonest hawker. This gentleman was Kreuger, and Swedish matches were originally his speciality. He supplied the world with matches. When men became superstitious about lighting three cigarettes with one match, he smiled. It was good for trade. When people became fanciful about the designs on their match-boxes, he supplied their desires. Ritz match-boxes were adorned with pictures of that imposing building. The negro king



"SKI-ING HAS LONG BEEN A FAVOURITE PASTIME."

who sold matches to his subjects was supplied with boxes bearing his splendid image in full panoply.

But Kreuger was not satisfied with matches. He financed Governments, borrowing money to do so. The time came when his own obligations became too big for him. To get more money he had to forge securities. For a long time people never enquired into his position. Kreuger's name was enough. If he said his companies were sound—many of them existed only on paper—then they were sound. Clever financiers hastened to lend him money. Their awakening was a bitter one.

Scandinavia is well supplied with rivers. It is that fact which makes it so easy and cheap to exploit the forests. There is no need to lay down expensive railway-lines. The logs are just floated down-river to the nearest big towns or ports. The rivers are useful not only as means of transport. Their enormous power has been harnessed to turbines which supply the whole country with electricity. The cost is extraordinarily low. Indeed, in some parts of Sweden and Norway the inhabitants are supplied with current free of charge.

In addition to timber the Swedes have an important mining industry. Their iron-ore is the richest in Europe. They were formerly the biggest producers of iron, but then came coal, and Sweden, poorly supplied with coal, dropped behind. In addition to iron, silver, lead, copper, zinc, and manganese are produced.

Norway, too, has important mineral deposits; but they are very little developed as yet. Instead, the Norwegians have concentrated on fish, which is exported to the whole world and has given rise to a thriving canning industry. Cod, herring, mackerel, salmon, sea-trout, lobsters, walrus, whale, seal, and shark are caught in enormous numbers. You cannot escape Norwegian fish in one form or another. It hangs over your childhood days in the shape of cod-liver oil. As a serious business-man you face it on the breakfast-table in the form of sardines or sill. You may seek to escape it by travel, and the familiar, nauseating smell of stock-fish will greet you in some humble Spanish or Greek village far removed, you would have thought, from Norwegian fish.

Politically, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark are among the most democratic countries in the world. In Norway at the end of the

seventeenth century there were but two counts and one baron. In 1821 titles of nobility were abolished. The last of the barons has died long ago. Not only do the Norwegians object to such social distinctions, they object even to the conventional "Mister"; that appellation is dropped very early in one's acquaintanceship, and it is not unusual to find domestic servants who address their master by his surname. Alas, in this respect at any rate democracy is more apparent than real! Though titles of nobility no longer exist, the people are just as snobbish as others, though not more so.

Constitutional forms are the same in each of the three countries. The monarchy is a limited one. The king has in theory very wide powers—he can even initiate legislation—which in fact he does not use. The Council of State, or Cabinet, is responsible to the Parliament (*Riksdag* in Sweden, *Rigsdag* in Denmark, and *Storting* in Norway).

Parliament consists of two Chambers, the Upper Chamber being smaller and having a longer life than the Lower Chamber.

Communism is widespread, and has led to many outbreaks in recent years, particularly in Denmark and Sweden. Most of the inhabitants, however, are Social Democrats. National Socialism shows signs of gaining a foothold. There is even propaganda among the Lapps. Excesses in Germany had rather a damping effect, and there has been in consequence a very heated Press war between Sweden and Germany.

National Socialism, however, must be an attractive doctrine. The people are intensely nationalistic, and this feeling shows itself in an extravagant display of the flag. Everywhere you go in Norway and Sweden you will find the national flag fluttering from house-tops or drooping mournfully from miniature flag-poles on tables in restaurants and the home. Anti-Semitism, another plank of National Socialism, also finds its adherents. True, the problem has hitherto been merely that of finding new jokes about Jews, as a matter of social duty, but the economic crisis has tended to transform it. There are many successful and wealthy Jews in these countries, as everywhere else, and it is easy to lay the blame for financial difficulties upon their shoulders.

THE LESSER STATES

Happy is the land which has no history, they say. Nothing could be farther from the truth, at least in these days. The World War has left its marks on all countries, great and small, whether they took part in it or no. Some have benefited, if only for a time. All have been shaken to their foundations, and their difficulties are no less real because the world may happen to be unaware of them.

Of these difficulties, the chief are economic. For four years the whole world was kept working at high pressure producing goods and commodities most of which were destined to be destroyed in the senseless fighting. Industry flourished like a bed of mushrooms. Then suddenly came peace, and the huge quantities of iron, steel, copper, cotton, and other materials were no longer wanted. Industry drooped like a delicate plant taken out of a hot-house and exposed to frosts.

The War shattered many ideals. No longer could people bring themselves to believe in the things they had hitherto held sacred, and unfortunately they had no new ideals to put in their place. They drifted. They were filled with a restless discontent to which was added the worry of economic difficulties. Political theories multiplied. In Latvia, a small country, no fewer than 22 parties were represented in a Chamber of 100 Deputies. That kind of thing does not make for strong and stable government, although it is in time of crisis that such a government is most desirable.

Switzerland

Switzerland is the one country which has succeeded in avoiding serious political troubles. Naturally there have been occasional misunderstandings. A couple of years ago, for instance, Geneva was the scene of as unpleasant a riot as has occurred anywhere. But if there was shooting and some loss of life, that was mainly because young and inexperienced troops had been used to quell it.

The Swiss are a level-headed people who prefer to leave politics to others while they attend to their own business. Unfortunately, business has not been too good recently. The condensed milk and chocolate from Vevey and Neuchâtel, the splendid cheeses made at

Emmenthal and Gruyère, the clocks and watches and textiles, still have the highest reputation, but it is a hard fight to get them over the ever-growing tariff barriers of the world.

The Swiss look back regretfully upon the War years. Then there were thousands of interned soldiers, spies, and refugees, who spent money for the good of the country. In the post-War years, too, there were many foreign visitors, and the fact, for instance, that the headquarters of the League of Nations has been set up at Geneva has meant a fortune to Switzerland. The crisis has changed that happy state of affairs. The Alps are as attractive as ever, but foreigners can no longer afford to come and gaze upon them, especially when their own currency is depreciated; for Switzerland, always a fairly expensive country for foreigners, is even more expensive now, since she is still on the gold standard.

Switzerland is a federal republic. There is a house of Representatives, a Senate, and a President who governs with the assistance of a Federal Council. Each *canton* has its own legislature, executive, and judiciary. A curious survival is to be found in four of the older and less densely populated cantons; they have preserved the ancient popular assembly which meets once a year to elect the *canton's* representatives and judicial officers, and every citizen of full age has the right to appear in person and vote. It is a picturesque ceremony, but its real value lies in the fact that each citizen is made to feel that he has some share in the administration of his *canton*. He realises that in his country democracy is still a real thing, and not the mockery that it has become in so many other States.

Holland

It would be difficult to imagine a country less like Switzerland in appearance than Holland—flat where Switzerland is mountainous, divided by numerous canals where Switzerland has rushing rivers and waterfalls, soft where Switzerland is sombre, dull where Switzerland is most excitingly varied.

The two countries, however, have many things in common. Neutrality with them is traditional. They believe in peace—perhaps because they have discovered that peace pays—and hold aloof from the quarrels of their neighbours. It is very fitting, therefore, that each should be the home of an organisation devoted to the settling of international quarrels by peaceful means—the League of



THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE, THE HAGUE.

Nations in Switzerland, the Permanent Court of International Justice in Holland.

In each country democracy is strong, owing no doubt to the fact that their peoples are chiefly of the middle-class and there are no strong class divisions. In Holland, however, which is more highly industrialised than Switzerland, the Communist movement has been growing very strong in recent years, and there have been many lamentable disturbances, especially in Amsterdam, which rendered it necessary to call out the police.

Swiss and Dutch, they are both hard-working peoples, occupied chiefly in dairy-farming. Holland, in addition, plants tulips, and has built up a magnificent export trade in bulbs. So remarkable are the tulip-fields when in flower, that the English railway companies, for instance, run special excursions to view them.

One leaves Holland and Switzerland with regret. They are among the few countries which, even at the present day, give an impression of solid stability. In this modern world they have succeeded in preserving many of the virtues of a bygone age.

Belgium

With Belgium we are back in what to most of us must seem the normal circumstances of life: economic distress and political troubles.

Of the miseries inflicted upon her during the War no man can tell. The cost of making good the material damage alone was 21,000 million francs, and the one cheerful aspect of it was that it provided a considerable amount of employment. Unfortunately, the task of rebuilding was practically completed by 1924, and since then Belgium has been in a truly lamentable condition.

Add to that the political unrest. Belgium is the most highly industrialised country in Europe, producing coal, iron and steel, glass, and textiles. The Socialists are exceedingly strong; in 1928, for instance, they held 78 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, exactly the same number as did the Catholics, the Liberals, with 23 seats, maintaining the balance. Between Catholics and Socialists it is war to the death, a war marked by strikes, lock-outs, street disturbances, unscrupulous Press attacks and counter-attacks, and an ever-deepening bitterness.

As if this were not enough, Belgium is also faced with a rapidly developing internal racial struggle which began as early as 1840.

The Walloons, who are French-speaking, are quite convinced that they are the natural leaders of Belgium. The Flemings, who speak a language closely connected with Dutch and German, are keenly conscious of the fact that their fellow-Belgians regard them as an inferior people. Their protests met with the most grudging recognition. Concessions, such as they were, could be extorted only after long agitation. Not until 1898 was Flemish admitted as an official language side by side with French. Not unnaturally many of the Flemings have now decided that they prefer to separate from Belgium, and during the War, while Belgium was in the possession of the Germans, many of them were quite willing to help the invader by accepting administrative posts in the occupied territories.

This did not make the Walloons more amiable towards their countrymen. When, a few years ago, the Government seemed prepared to let bygones be bygones and to allow Flemings who had helped the Germans to hold Civil Service posts, there was such an outcry that the late King Albert was forced to intervene personally, and to declare that no such appointments would be made.

Day by day the breach between these two peoples becomes wider; the squabbling and bickering continue, though Belgium, in the throes of economic distress, can ill afford such a luxury.

The Baltic States

Of those countries round the Baltic which came into being after the Russian Revolution few of us have any but the haziest notions. Latvia and Lithuania are easily confused. Esthonia exports matches. Finland we know chiefly, perhaps, in connection with those romantic old sailing-vessels, most of them Finnish-owned, which race every year from Australia to England, rounding Cape Horn, in the famous "grain race." And somewhere on the Baltic coast is a town called Riga, from which originates the greater part of our information concerning conditions in the Soviet Republics.

The War brought them freedom, and they have deserved it: Under the Tsars all possible means had been employed to "Russify" them, without success. Yet they would never have achieved independence had they not been helped by the Germans, who were hoping to colonise these territories with their own people. Russia collapsed in 1917, and a year later the Baltic States were freed from the German menace. The Allied Powers recognised

their independence the more gladly because these States shut off Soviet Russia almost completely from the Baltic Sea.

Independence was dearly bought. The Russians did not depart without first indulging in an orgy of destruction and bloodshed. White terror followed red. In the wake of the Russians came the nationalist inhabitants and the Germans, thirsting for revenge. Those who were suspected of Bolshevik sympathies received short shrift, and the work of destruction was adequately completed.

Since that time the work of reconstruction has proceeded apace. The chief resources of the Baltic States are agriculture and timber, the latter being by far the more important, and at the present day these are being developed with ever-increasing efficiency, thanks to the growth of the co-operative system. Conditions have been improved, too, by splitting up the great estates in order to satisfy the need of the landless agricultural workers, who, in certain districts, constituted as many as 75 per cent. of the population.

Things are not easy, though, in a world where farming has come to be regarded as a game which does not pay, and the difficulties are not diminished by the political dissensions from which the Baltic States suffer in common with most other countries. Communism is popular, and so too is the German brand of Fascism, and the result is that Government tends to become more and more dictatorial.

It is obvious that these Baltic States are closely bound by the tie of similar conditions and the presence, in Soviet Russia, of a possible common enemy. This relationship has been recognised by far-reaching commercial treaties, and by the fact that nationals of Latvia, Finland, and Esthonia are permitted to travel freely from one of these countries to another. The day is perhaps not far distant when a Baltic Federation will be established.

Portugal

In its aspect Portugal resembles Italy rather than Spain. It is low-lying, with rolling hills and beautiful valleys, and in spring and also in autumn the countryside is a mass of flowers most gorgeously coloured.

On the map it looks an insignificant land, which, by all the rules of logic, ought to form part of Spain. Long past are the days when it was the heart of a vast world empire and its proud ships sailed the seven seas. Of those former possessions but traces

remain: The Azores and Madeira, Goa, Timor, Angola and Mozambique, Cape Verde, and Portuguese Guinea.

Once it had been able to draw on the inexhaustible wealth of Brazil and India. Now it is a poor country, the inhabitants of which do little more than support themselves on the produce of their fields. Seventy per cent. of the population are illiterate. The roads are bad and the rail communications inadequate.

Nevertheless, Portugal possesses still one claim to fame: on the banks of the Douro it grows the vines from which port is made.

The grape juice is allowed to ferment for a certain period, and then fermentation is arrested by adding brandy. The maturing process is slow, but the result is port wine, and England should be grateful, for many of her eminent men, and notably her lawyers, would ascribe their success to a judicious indulgence in port. Alas, port is no longer the fashionable drink it used to be.

CHAPTER XV

AMERICA

§ 1

THE UNITED STATES

TO a citizen of a tired Europe the post-War drama that is still being played in that huge young country, the United States of America, is fascinating.

It has been a varied spectacle, with scarcely a dull moment. The main theme has been the rise, fall, and painful recovery of prosperity. The story has at times entered the realms of pure phantasy. And it has been played with engagingly youthful vigour and gusto. The element of surprise has seldom been absent. With our eyes fixed on this romantic country we wait with agreeable anticipation for the next shock. It is never long before some startling piece of news leaps up to us out of our morning papers to cause us to shake our heads in affectionate approbation and murmur: "Whatever next!"

It was when America entered the War that her affairs began to loom larger on the European horizon. After the War we welcomed President Wilson, who came enveloped in the rosy fog

of his dreams for America as the life and soul of the League of Nations. Even after the Peace Conference, where he was as wax in the hands of wily statesmen of countries old in diplomacy, statesmen such as Lloyd George and Clemenceau, he clung to his ideal and went home to exhort his countrymen to join his world-family of nations, although closer contact with the members of that family must have given him some disillusioning shocks.

Already physically worn out by his work at the Peace Conference, he undertook a strenuous tour to try to persuade the people that the Treaty of Versailles must be ratified. With a wealth of eloquence he described to the stolid Middle West the noble idealism of the Treaty which it would be shameful for the country to repudiate. Yet the country did repudiate it, and when Wilson died he was a worn-out and broken-hearted man. Had he lived a little longer he would at least have had the consolation of seeing his country "entangling" itself with Europe by such agreements as the Kellogg Pact.

The Anti-League candidate who had been swept into the presidency vacated by the sick Wilson was a very different man from his predecessor. Warren G. Harding came from Ohio, and, being a friendly person, brought his friends with him to Washington. He was as handsome as he was amiable. His countenance was one of superb nobility. He looked every inch a President. But there was little behind the imposing façade. He was at the mercy of his advisers and of the cronies from back home to whom he had been kind enough to give important posts at his disposal. His friends repaid him by breaking the record for graft and corruption in high places. But the public did not know this—yet. They liked the warm humanity of Harding better than the scholarly idealism of Wilson. And anyhow, they had other things to think about.

From 1919 to 1921, the year when Harding became President, America had experienced a boom in business and had contracted an epidemic of "Red"-ness. Labour after the War was everywhere striking for increased wages to meet the rising prices, and the very small body of extreme radical opinion in the country was egging them on by agitation to further efforts in this direction. Socialism, too, was gaining ground. The Russian Revolution was sufficiently fresh in the minds of America's "Babbitts" (though Sinclair Lewis had not yet christened the business man) to make

them nervous about this aggressiveness on the part of Labour.

This was a time of riots and occasional bombings and consequent persecution of even some of the mildest of intellectual advocates of Socialism.

In April 1920 a cashier and his guard were killed at Braintree, Massachusetts. Two Italians were arrested, tried, and sentenced to death for committing this crime. In 1927 these men were still alive and their names, Sacco and Vanzetti, were familiar to the whole world. There was the gravest suspicion that these men were in peril of dying, not because they were guilty of the crime of which they had been convicted, but because they were anarchists. In places thousands of miles away from the State of Massachusetts bombs had exploded, riots had broken out, demonstrations had protested. In Boston Judge Thayer dismissed another appeal, and then the Governor of the State appointed an advisory committee of three distinguished men to examine the evidence. They decided against the accused.

On August 22, 1927, more than seven years after the date of the crime, Sacco and Vanzetti were electrocuted in a prison fortified and armed for the occasion with machine-guns; and all over the world there were people who read the news of their death with disquiet in their hearts.

One day in September of the same year Wall Street, where are the offices of some of the richest men in the world, was at its busiest. Suddenly the hurrying typists and messengers were blinded by a vivid flash and deafened by a stupendous explosion. Pieces of steel flew through the air and glass rained from above. Thirty people were killed and hundreds injured. The offices of Mr. J. P. Morgan were destroyed.

In a neighbouring pillar-box were found notes, demanding the release of political prisoners, which left little doubt that the bomb outrage was the work of anarchists; but despite exhaustive investigations, no arrest was ever made.

Besides the Red scare there was the coming of Prohibition. But the day of Al Capone and the bootleggers had hardly dawned, nor had co-eds taken to gin with the enthusiasm they were later to display for this forbidden excitement.

Business boomed until well on in 1920, and then prices began to slide down. Within a year depression was widespread in the land. But recovery was to be swift. While European countries

were beginning to get used to permanent armies of unemployed, America was to receive shipload after shipload of immigrants anxious to start life over again in the land of prosperity.

The Harding term of "normalcy" came to an end when that decorative figure-head died suddenly in August 1923. He was mourned with the deepest grief by the nation. The fantastic corruptions of his "Ohio gang" had not yet come to light. During his administration the Red scare died down and business picked up. Harding, unlike Wilson, believed in giving business its head and not interfering. So did his successor, Calvin Coolidge.

This Vice-president, who now automatically became President, had first come into the public eye at the time of the Boston Police Strike in 1919—one of the many strikes of that time. Samuel Gompers, America's foremost Trade Union leader, had protested to Coolidge, then Governor of Massachusetts, against the behaviour of the Police Commissioner, and Coolidge had rebuked Gompers by a telegram which earned the admiration of the country.

It was not Coolidge's habit, however, to be vocal about anything if he could help it. A spare, tight-lipped man, "Silent Cal" brought with him to the White House his own chilly atmosphere. It never thawed during the term of his occupancy—nearly six years.

When at the end of this period he unloosed his lips and released one of his rare public utterances, it was typically cryptic. He said that he did not "choose" to run again for President. Fascinated by what it considered to be the diabolical ingenuity of the verb, the nation discussed and analysed its precise meaning as if it were a clue in one of the cross-word puzzles then so popular.

With the President standing respectfully out of its way, the "prosperity band wagon," manned by big business, began at the opening of the Coolidge term its triumphant journey which was to last until its fall down the stock-market precipice in 1929.

Prosperity at this time meant the travelling salesmen and their crusade against "sales-resistance"; it meant the coast-to-coast adoption of the instalment system—buying on credit; and it was to reach its climax of unreality in the feverish speculation on the stock-market. This was an era of fantastic prosperity in the automobile industry; of advertising so artful and on such a scale that the efforts in this direction of a few years before seemed laughably crude; and of the radio, another channel for advertising. In

America the programmes still come to the listeners by the courtesy of toothpaste proprietors and the like, to whom the air is hired out.

Those who had bought an automobile and a refrigerator by "easy payments" now had to have a radio on the same system. Unlimited confidence in the lasting powers of prosperity prevailed—in urban centres, at least. Business, in fact, became almost a religion. Its temples were the Rotary clubs. The nation appeared to be on the crest of a wave which would never break.

But he who put his ear closer to the ground at this time would have heard murmurings from the farmers, who were in distress; and he would have reflected that the fact indicated a certain unreality in this prosperity. On the surface all was bathed in a roseate hue. Even the Teapot Dome oil scandal, which "broke" soon after Harding's death, did not do much to dispel the national complacency, appalling as were the disclosures about the illegal lease of naval oil reserves at Teapot Dome and Elk Hills to private oil interests.

The technique of mass production, most impressive in Henry Ford's motor shops, had reached unprecedented heights. In this sphere America led the world. Since the days of the War, moreover, she had become the leading creditor, instead of a debtor, nation, and was therefore able to lend European countries money which they used to pay for the goods they bought from America; for America's foreign trade had increased enormously. All this seemed to justify the Americans in thinking that their land was indeed God's own country.

The instalment plan was covering a gap between the nation's purchasing power and its rate of production. One day the gulf would be revealed—wide and threatening. But that day was not yet.

God's own country or not, it had certainly by this time become a happy hunting-ground for bandits and bootleggers. For Prohibition had quickly developed into a flagrant, reeking scandal.

It was hardly surprising that this should have been so. America is large. The Government's force of Federal agents was small. So rum-runners in motor-boats began to skulk along the coast-line, smugglers passed and repassed the Canadian border, respectable citizens began to patronise bootleggers and speakeasies; and their children, not to be outdone, followed their example. Al Capone enjoyed a romantically swift rise to fame, while lesser members

of his gangster breed, entertaining pretensions to his almost royal status, shocked the world by their bloody machine-gun battles, and made the name of Chicago stink in the nostrils of law-abiding citizens of other cities.

Besides the bootleggers there were the racketeers. These people thrived on the "protection" which they extorted from traders and business people. The wretched victims were forced to pay money to save themselves or their businesses from being destroyed. It was not worth while to hold out against the racketeers, for they were ruthless people who carried out their threats of destruction and death with prompt efficiency. Chicago was not the only city to have a large number of flourishing rackets, but it topped the list.

Prohibition went on producing its crop of vice, corruption, and murder until the Volstead Act was repealed in 1933. It saw the passing of prosperity and ballyhoo and expired with the coming of the New Deal.

The figures that emerge from a retrospect of its most hectic years provide an interesting commentary on American life during that period.

People who in a few years' time were to find their lives dominated by the hard necessity of making ends meet and keeping wolves from doors could still afford to interest themselves in things of less vital import. The antics of the Titian-haired hot-gospeller, Aimée Semple McPherson, for instance; or that other more serious religious issue (though the Press played up to it no less vulgarly)—the "evolution" trial at Dayton, Tennessee.

It was in 1925 that the attention of 125 million people became riveted on the fate of a teacher called Scopes who had illegally taught the theory of evolution to his pupils.

To his defence came a brilliant lawyer, Clarence Darrow. To prosecute there was the famous William Jennings Bryan, the silver-tongued orator and ex-Secretary of State. The *clou* of the trial was the examination of Bryan, champion of Fundamentalism, by Darrow, the evolutionist, on the former's belief in the Bible. The trial had by this time become front-page news everywhere, so that when Bryan solemnly declared that he believed, among other things, in Jonah's whale, he had the interested ear of the world.

It was a merciless examination calculated to make Bryan a laughing-stock. He won in so far as Scopes was found guilty, but

he and his cause had sustained grievous harm from the cruel whip of ridicule. He died a few days later.

The monkey trial, Channel swimmers, marathon dancers, flag-pole sitters—such marvels remained for their allotted span of nine days in the public interest and were then replaced by something else. The people were as ceaseless in their search for sensation as they were quick to tire of it when they got it.

But in 1927 a young airman called Charles Lindbergh flew the Atlantic alone and immediately became Public Hero No. 1, a position which he still holds after eight years. In an age of debunking he has achieved apotheosis.

A year after the Lindbergh flight the stock-market took the stage and kept it for a year. It rose and rose and rose. The movement of the shares when illustrated on graph paper describes a figure as sharp and precipitous as the Matterhorn. The boom was on. Speculation fever was infecting the rich and the poor, the knowledgeable and the ignorant. Thousands of people were enjoying the delightful sensation of getting rich quick. Many made substantial fortunes.

In September 1929 prices had reached stratospheric heights. Then they crashed with a reverberation which echoed round the world. In October skyscrapers erected in the days of prosperity provided good jumping-off places for suicides.

While the people had been investing money they were spending less on consumers' goods. The gap between wages and purchasing power had been getting wider. Stock prices had been inflated by speculation out of all proportion to the country's business. By a system of pools, prices of such commodities as rubber and coffee had been forced up to artificially high levels which encouraged over-production; but which were to come tumbling down with sensational swiftness, and coffee was to be burnt in huge quantities. Large sums of American money had gone into unproductive loans abroad. Export business had fallen because foreign nations had also been sharing in the stock-market speculation—and the more money they sent to America the less goods they were able to buy from it.

Business had decreased and unemployment begun to grow before the stock prices started their dizzy plunge downwards in October. When the bottom fell out of the fantastically inflated market, events began to move in a vicious circle. Purchasing power became less and less as panic grew. Mass-produced radio sets, automobiles,

and other luxury articles could find no buyers. More unemployment resulted and consequently a greater decrease in purchasing power. Depression begat depression. People who were still employed saved their money against the rainy day that seemed alarmingly near, instead of putting it into circulation. Less and less purchasing power, more and more unemployment. At last the banks began to fail. The great depression had begun.

The prosperity band wagon lay in pieces at the foot of the stock-market precipice which had ended its intoxicated career. Those who survived the crash were to experience a long hang-over.

Bread-lines, apple-sellers, "Brother, can you spare a dime?" . . . America in 1930 was hurt, bewildered, and scared. Mr. Hoover said that things were sure to pick up soon. "Prosperity," he said, "is around the corner." The people listened sourly and perhaps recalled the same Mr. Hoover's remarks made in 1928. "We in America," he had said then, "are nearer to the final triumph over poverty than ever before in the history of any land. The poor-house is vanishing from among us. . . . We shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation."

Now, while prices were falling lower and lower, the army of unemployed getting bigger and bigger, and gloom was everywhere deepening, the President made soothing sounds which only served to draw down on him criticism of an extremely bitter and angry kind. The people were sick of politicians, financiers, and big business. They blamed them for their present plight. All that came to help them from Washington was a succession of pious utterances from the leaders of the nation's destinies to the effect that everything would be fine in no time. Mr. Hoover once even went so far as to prophesy the abolition of unemployment in sixty days.

Early in 1930 it had seemed as though prosperity might be returning. From January to March there was some light above the dark horizon, but it soon flickered and died. Production decreased, prices continued to fall, trade both at home and abroad became still less, investments yielded nothing, and always the ranks of the unemployed were growing larger.

Foreigners who had entered this land of opportunity filled with the hope of a new life of unexampled prosperity now sailed back home in their thousands.

Relief for the millions of sufferers took the form of vast charity

schemes. But they were not vast enough. Labour organised itself into processions of protest, such as that which marched on Washington, but organisation of this kind was tardy and futile.

Labour in America has always suffered from its inability to achieve a united front. America, to the worker, has been the land of opportunity. He has tended to forge ahead as an individual rather than as the member of a group; with the result that social reforms such as health and unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, which have become a commonplace in this country, were then unknown in America. (The case is altered somewhat now.)

In 1932 a stricken nation turned its mind to the presidential election. Mr. Hoover and his Republican administration were now quite discredited. The people looked back with anger at their policy of *laissez-faire*, which meant letting Wall Street run the country into disaster. When election time arrived it was not surprising that the country turned its back on those who stood for the bad old ways and elected the Democrat, Roosevelt, by a huge majority.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt had first entered public life in 1910, when he was elected as a Democrat to the New York State Senate. In 1913 Woodrow Wilson (of whose idealism Roosevelt has recently spoken in terms of admiration, while stating that America still does not contemplate membership of the League of Nations) made him his Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In 1919 he was in Europe taking charge of demobilisation. In 1920 he was nominated at the Democratic National Convention for vice-president, but was defeated; whereupon he resumed law practice in New York.

In 1928 he was elected to the governorship of New York State and in 1930 was re-elected.

There is nothing in this record to indicate that here was the leader so urgently needed by his country. The people voted, not so much for him as against Hoover and all that the old Republicanism stood for. They could hardly have hoped that Washington would become overnight the headquarters of young men of fine intellect genuinely and disinterestedly anxious to right the wrongs of the past years—to give the nation a "New Deal."

Nor could the most optimistic have foreseen that in two years' time this administration would have gained so much ground as to receive in the mid-term elections a record-breaking vote voicing



PRESIDENT FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT, ORIGINATOR OF THE "NEW DEAL,"
EXPLAINING HIS PLANS BY RADIO TO THE NATION.

the people's loud approval of its courageous work and vanquishing its enemies. Yet this is what happened. True government had at last returned to the United States.

President Roosevelt lost no time in making it clear that he did not intend to sit down and wait for prosperity to appear from around the corner where it had been lurking coyly since 1930. In his inaugural address he declared that the first task was to get people back to work. This would be accomplished "in part by direct recruiting by the Government itself, treating the task as one would treat the emergency of a war."

There would be "national planning for and supervision of all forms of transportation and of communications and other utilities which have a definitely public character" as well as "strict supervision of all banking and credits and investments" and "provision for an adequate and sound currency."

In the event of Congress failing to enact the measures that he recommended he would ask it for "broad executive power to wage a war against the emergency, as great as the power that would be given to me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe."

His first emergency measure was the bank holiday in March, 1933, proclaimed as a result of the epidemic of bank failures which swept over the country just after he assumed office. The Emergency Banking Act enabled him to reopen the sound banks and to overhaul the unsound.

The banks had been hit in two ways by the crash. First, they had made huge advances against securities, and the collapse in their value had left them with insufficient cover; secondly, they were themselves large holders of securities.

The next step in reconstruction was the Economy Act, by which Federal expenses were to be cut by 500 millions, the War veterans being notable sufferers under this measure. A farm relief programme "to bring the prices of farm products into pre-War parity with prices of industrial products" was enacted by a Bill which gave the Secretary of Agriculture "extensive powers to effect reductions in production by contract or otherwise, to regulate inter-State and foreign trade in farm products, and to levy taxes on processors of farm commodities to pay the expenses of the plan."

His greatest attack against the depression was, however, launched when the National Industrial Recovery Act was signed by him on

June 16, 1933. About this Act, whose instrument was quickly to become known to the world, which was watching President Roosevelt with mingled admiration and apprehensions, as N.R.A. (National Relief Administration) he stated with justification that: "History probably will record the National Industrial Recovery Act as the most important and far-reaching legislation ever enacted by the American Congress."

Its Declaration of Policy stated that "A national emergency productive of widespread unemployment and disorganisation of industry, which burdens inter-State and foreign commerce, affects the public welfare, and undermines the standard of living of the American people, is hereby declared to exist."

The policy of Congress under the Act is declared to be "to provide for the general welfare by promoting the organisation of industry for the purpose of co-operative action among trade groups, to induce and maintain united action of labor and management under adequate governmental sanctions and supervisions, to eliminate unfair competitive practices, to promote the fullest possible utilisation of the present productive capacity of industries, to avoid undue restriction of production (except as may be temporarily required), to increase the consumption of industrial and agricultural products by increasing purchasing power, to reduce and relieve unemployment, to improve standards of labor, and otherwise to rehabilitate industry and to conserve natural resources."

The President said that the task of the Administration was "in two stages—to get many hundreds of thousands of the unemployed back on the payroll by snowfall, and second, to plan, for a better future for the longer pull. While we shall not neglect the second, the first stage is an emergency job. It has the right of way."

The second part of the Act gave employment by a vast programme of public works. It was the President's purpose to create employment as fast as possible.

He declared that no business which depended for existence on paying less than living wages to its workers had any right to continue. The idea was simply for employers to hire more men to do the existing work by reducing the work-hours of each man's week and at the same time paying a living wage for the shorter week.

"No employer and no group of less than all employers in a single trade could do this alone and continue to live in business competition. But if *all* employers in each trade now band themselves faithfully in these modern guilds—without exception—and agree to act together and at once, none will be hurt and millions of workers, so long deprived of the right to earn their bread in the sweat of their labour, can raise their heads again. The challenge of this law is whether we can sink selfish interest and present a solid front against a common peril."

He went on to say that if prices were inflated as fast as wages were increased, the whole scheme would come to nothing. The full effect of the plan could not be hoped for unless in the first critical months price increases were deferred as long as possible, even at the expense of full initial profits.

The N.R.A.'s object, in short, as it emerged from the President's words, was to re-employ industrial and white-collar workers and to raise their purchasing power by increased wages. It was hoped to substitute for the old anarchic individualism of big business a planned national economy based on co-operation in industry and the elimination of unfair competition. The co-operation was to be obtained voluntarily by a system of codes.

The Blue Eagle, symbol of the N.R.A., now began to be seen throughout the land. This symbol meant that whoever displayed it had signed the President's Re-employment Agreement. The Agreement stipulated that no children under fourteen years of age could be employed in any kind of business and those between fourteen and sixteen only for three hours a day and not at all in manufacturing or mechanical industries.

No factory or mechanical worker was to be employed for more than thirty-five hours a week or more than eight hours a day, and in the case of all other employees the hours of work were limited to forty hours a week.

The next paragraphs specified the minimum wages to be paid to the above classes of employees.

Paragraph 8 bound the signatories "not to use any subterfuge to frustrate the spirit and intent of this Agreement, which is, among other things, to increase employment by a universal covenant, to remove obstructions to commerce, and to shorten hours and to raise wages for the shorter week to a living basis."

General Johnson, the N.R.A. Administrator, drove this para-

graph home in his "official explanation" of the Agreement by calling it the "heart of the whole Agreement" which he said could not be enforced, but was a personal Agreement between the signatory and the President. An "Anti-profiteering paragraph" setting down the conditions which should determine price increases aimed at preventing prices rising faster than purchasing power.

Signatories were urged to support and deal with concerns who had likewise earned the Blue Eagle. And a date was given (September 1, 1933) before which a "code of fair competition" for the signatory's industry should be submitted to Washington. This was because the Agreement was a temporary measure to have effect only until such time as all employers and employees could co-operate under codes of fair competition.

Such was Mr. Roosevelt's bold programme for the New Deal in Industry. For the suffering farmers, whose plight during the "prosperity" period had been one of the indications of the unbalanced nature of the economic system of the time, there was A.A.A.—the Agricultural Adjustment Administration.

This was called into being in order to increase the farmers' purchasing power by raising agricultural prices to pre-War level. A scheme for the adjustment or reduction of basic agricultural commodities, *i.e.* wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, rice, tobacco, and milk, was laid down. Farmers were asked to co-operate in crop adjustments in order to effect a better balance between supply and demand; and the Secretary of Agriculture was authorised to enter into marketing agreements with producers and distributors of agricultural products in order to abolish competitive waste, to move surpluses into the markets for consumption and to raise producers' prices. The Secretary was also authorised to compensate producers who agreed to restrict their production or acreage in the commodities mentioned above.

By the Farm Credit Act a production credit corporation and a bank for co-operatives were created in every city having a Federal Land Bank. The duty of the corporations was to foster the growth of the Production Credit Associations which had been founded to provide farmers with a mutual co-operative credit system. The banks for co-operatives were to make loans to the co-operative associations. The Federal Land Banks themselves were, under A.A.A., authorised to issue agricultural credit in the form of farm

loan bonds up to a total of \$2,000 millions, the money to go to new farm loans or the purchase of farm mortgages.

The President's belief in planning was further illustrated in his advocacy of the Tennessee Valley development. A Tennessee Valley authority was created to direct the development of an area of hundreds of thousands of square miles. The authority was authorised to build reservoirs, dams, power-houses, to acquire real estate, and to carry out navigation schemes.

The project embraced afforestation, flood control, soil erosion, etc. It was to finance its improvements by the issue of bonds. The vast enterprise was an expansion of a scheme which was originally proposed for the development of power and the manufacture of fertiliser at the Muscle Shoals properties acquired during the War. In the President's mind it became a vast social experiment, including "a multitude of human activities and physical developments." It was to involve the future well-being of millions of people. Mr. Roosevelt visualised the high civilisation of a huge area—"a lasting contribution to American life."

Banking legislation encouraged confidence in savings banks by insurance of deposits, and the Securities Act safeguarded investors by preventing frauds in the sale of securities.

Such were some of the main pillars in the Government's "edifice of recovery," which would be, when completed, in the President's words, "no longer a temple of money-changers or of beggars, but rather a temple dedicated to and maintained for a greater social justice, a greater welfare for America—the habitation of a sound economic life." He said this in a talk over the wireless to the nation in October 1933.

In this same talk he was able to say that 4 millions, or 40 per cent. of those seeking employment, had found it. He said that out of the 3 billion 300 million dollars appropriated for public works, 1 billion 8 millions had been allocated to various Federal projects all over the country and that in addition 300 millions had been dedicated to public works to be undertaken by States, municipalities, and private concerns.

About the farmers he said that "during the course of the year 1933 the farmers of the United States will receive 33 per cent. more dollars for what they have produced than they received in the year 1932. Put in another way, they will receive \$400 in 1933, where they received \$300 the year before." On the subject of

farm credit he said that "every day that passes is saving homes and farms to hundreds of families . . . if there is any family in the United States about to lose its home or about to lose its chattels, that family should telegraph at once either to the Farm Credit Administration or the Home Owners Loan Corporation in Washington requesting their help."

The first big "code of fair competition," that for textiles, had been signed in July and other important agreements followed in quick succession. The fact that in 1933 a large number of strikes occurred as a result of disputes over code-fixing does not mean that labour was hostile to the new administration.

On the contrary, organised labour was united in support of a Government that had given it privileges such as collective bargaining which, though instituted for years in this country, were new in America. The workers thoroughly approved of Government intervention by means of N.R.A. They approved of the code-system, and only struck to get the best possible conditions under the codes from the employers.

It was not to be expected that all employers would submit meekly to the Provisions of Section 7, Clause (a), of the Recovery Act, so important to labour. This ruled (1) that "employees shall have the right to organise and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and shall be free from the interference, restraint, or coercion of employers of labour . . . in the designation of such representatives or in self-organisation or in other concerted activities for the purpose of collective bargaining or other mutual aid or protection; (2) that no employee and no one seeking employment shall be required as a condition of employment to join any company union or to refrain from joining, organising, or assisting a labour organisation of his own choosing; and (3) that employers shall comply with the maximum hours of labour, minimum rates of pay, and other conditions of employment approved or prescribed by the President."

The ranks of organised labour grew by over a million new members as a result of this clause, which freed workers from the threat of discharge or refusal of unemployment because of union membership, and encouraged labour organisation.

Mr. Roosevelt has said that he started out with three main steps in mind to build up the tottering American economic system. He meant first to abolish the privileges possessed by a powerful

few who were dominating business, finance, and even government; then to combat crime and corruption and restore moral values; and thirdly, to achieve a fairer redistribution of the nation's wealth.

In the short time that he has been in power he and the people he has gathered round him have advanced nearer to this goal than we perhaps had any right to expect. He has still a long way to go before he is out of the wood. There are probably still 8 or 9 million people unemployed in the United States. The bankers and the associated employers want to see a halt called to the lavish outpouring of public money and to experiments with the currency. They call for a balanced Budget and financial stability as essential to recovery.

Meanwhile, Mr. Roosevelt does not disclose whether his journey in the future is to be towards the Left or Right.

Either way has its hazards. But the 1934 elections, with their overwhelming victory for the Democrats, show that he still has the country behind him. Which is well, for among modern rulers he stands out as a man of peculiar honesty, courage, and ability. These qualities have won him the respect of the world.

When he tells us, as he did in October 1934, that the American people are "moving forward to greater freedom, to greater security for the average man than he has ever known before in the history of America," we are impressed by words which, coming from some statesmen nearer home, might seem just another vague platitude. Mr. Roosevelt, however, can give these words the weight of great achievement and a real purpose, and the world may well hope he will be rewarded by seeing them come true.

§ 2

MEXICO

As lately as 1910 some 10 million people in Mexico were serfs. This was the result in practice of the Diaz régime. It is true that this man's dictatorship achieved great things for the country. Under his rule Mexico's vast natural resources were opened up and it became a country to be reckoned with among the nations. Foreign capital flowed into it. But the lot of the masses was as hard as, or harder than, it had been many decades earlier. The communal lands or *ejidos* of the villages had been taken away

from them. A few had enormous domains; the vast majority had nothing. Reforms that had become law had not been carried out. Rural education was quite neglected. There was corruption in high places. The fact that foreigners were waxing fat on Mexican enterprises was bitterly resented.

On the surface there was evidence of prosperity. Beneath the surface these discontents simmered. In 1910 they boiled over in revolution. The Conservative Madero, who was elected President after Diaz resigned, did not succeed in bringing about his proposed land reforms. He was a dreamer. He ceased to dream when he was murdered by one of Huerta's men. Huerta had been Madero's trusted military commander, but had betrayed his leader and led a successful counter-revolution. "After Madero came a cyclonic upsurging of ambitious personalities, primitive cruelties, Boxerism, social frenzy—and Mexico hit the nadir of indecency and disorder; an epoch replete to bursting with bloodshed, fantasy, plunder-lust, an epoch so terribly monstrous that it could have but one answer: the old, crude military tradition reasserted itself with a bang."

Rival forces under Carranza, the picturesque but savage Villa, and Zapata, brought chaos in their train. Banditry and bloodshed were everywhere.

Carranza assumed power in 1915. He set on foot an ambitious programme of agrarian reform which provided for the restitution of *ejidos* to the villages from which they had been illegally wrested. But he had to contend with greatly disordered conditions and with corrupt politicians. His reforms did not prove nearly as sweeping in practice as they appeared on paper. But when he fled from the rebellion of 1920 he left behind him to the benefit of his country a great legacy—the Constitution of 1917.

Not only were there incorporated in this Constitution the agrarian reforms which had to a certain extent been carried out; a heavy blow was also struck at foreign exploitation. Subsoil deposits which embraced that precious commodity, petroleum, were to be controlled by the National Government. The foreign ownership of land in Mexico was virtually forbidden. Under the law of 1926 which enacted this article of policy, foreigners owning property prior to the promulgation of the law were entitled to retain it till death. Corporations could retain property for ten years.

Labour provisions were bold and thorough. There were specified an eight-hour day and six-day week; overtime was limited and double wages were made payable for such as was worked. Industrial concerns were to supply sanitary homes for their employees at rates not higher than one-half of 1 per cent. per month of the assessed value of the buildings; employers of staffs numbering over a hundred were to establish schools for them; hygiene, employers' liability, and the general welfare of the workers were dealt with.

Trades unions and the right to strike were recognised. The Labour Law of 1931 confirmed this provision, and in addition upheld collective labour contracts between employers and unions; stipulated that employers should provide sanitary living quarters for workers, and that 80 per cent. of all employees in Mexican industry and commerce should be Mexican. Regional boards of conciliation and arbitration were to be set up, and regional commissions for deciding minimum wages.

The Constitution carried the old war of Church ("the cruellest and most tenacious enemy" of Mexican liberties) and State a stage farther. In 1857 the clergy had refused absolution to those who supported the Constitution of that year. The new Constitution dealt it even severer blows. All religious property was nationalised. Religious processions were banned. No foreigner could be a minister of the Church. And the State had power to limit the numbers of the clergy. But these drastic restrictions were not to be enacted yet awhile. The final battle was deferred for some years.

Meanwhile, Obregon succeeded Carranza in 1920—and the revolution started ten years previously began at last to bear substantial fruit. The new President got down seriously to the work of redistributing land, and during the next few years hundreds of thousands of hectares of land were annually taken away from the holders of large estates and shared out. Great strides were made in education. New schools were built all over the country, and a new enthusiasm infected students and teachers. In 1921 the University professors themselves suggested a cut in their salaries, the money saved to go to supply hungry students with food. Libraries of various kinds also sprang up.

Extensive road-making and irrigation was carried out. Industry and trade were prospering.

President Calles, who succeeded Obregon at the conclusion of the latter's term of office in 1924, continued Obregon's work of soundly establishing the Revolution—and if his methods in dealing with opposition and disorder did not always err on the side of justice and mercy, he was only following the course inevitably imposed on all men in similar circumstances since revolutions began. Revolutions are omelets which always involve the breaking of a large number of eggs.

The redistribution of land continued steadily. By the end of 1928 over 13 million acres had been distributed, and about one-third of the whole population had "been given opportunity to rise from their condition of destitution." In 1926 the National Farm Credits Bank had been established, and associate banks to help the new farmers were to be set up in each State.

In the same year there were put in hand several large irrigation schemes, some of which have since been completed, the others being well on the way to completion.

Rural education for both children and adults made great progress. For instance, the number of children who enrolled in rural schools in 1924 was roughly 50,000; in 1928, about 170,000 were enrolled. Agricultural schools were founded to educate the peon in the work of the fields and so transform him from a serf into a peasant.

Yet there was in the country a strong body of opinion hostile to the Government. The Catholic Church hated Calles and all his works. The priests considered themselves persecuted by the anti-religious laws—and they did not stop at passive resistance. Schools were carried on in defiance of the law. The clergy meddled—unconstitutionally—in politics. In 1926 the old and bitter feud came to a head. In that year, on the ninth anniversary of the promulgation of the 1917 Constitution, Archbishop Mora y del Rio published his protest against the religious articles in that Constitution and stated that they would be opposed by "the episcopate, the clergy, and the Catholics." This protest was later endorsed by all the Archbishops and bishops in Mexico.

The natural result was the enforcement by the Government of the clauses to which objection was taken. Hundreds of foreign-born priests and nuns were deported. The Church denounced even more thoroughly the heinousness of the Government's Act, and on July 31 played its trump card. On that date the priests

left their churches and suspended services. The churches remained open. But thousands which the Catholics refused to hand over to the local authorities were later closed.

The warfare lasted until 1929. The Catholic Church was fighting to retain its old powers—powers which extended to political and material affairs, and which threatened the Liberal and progressive aims of the Revolution. The Government meant to restrict the Church's function to the spiritual sphere and to destroy its "traditions of feudal overlordship."

During the years of rebellion, boycott, and outrage that followed, the issue was obscured by clouds of rumour and propaganda. Partisans of either side did not want for material with which to feed their prejudices. But one of the most shocking stories to come out of Mexico at this time happened to be true. A passenger train travelling from Guadalajara to Mexico City was held up by a force of rebels; the guard of fifty soldiers together with about a hundred of the passengers were killed, and the train then set on fire.

On July 1, 1928, Obregon was once again elected President as successor to Calles. He was no more likely to favour the Catholics than his predecessor. Some bombs had been thrown at him in November of the previous year. For this unsuccessful attempt at assassination four men, one of whom was a Catholic priest, were shot without trial. A black mark against the Calles Government. On July 17 a young artist, José Toral, did the job properly. While showing Obregon some sketches in a café he shot him dead. At his trial he declared that he had committed the crime in the Catholic cause. He was sentenced to death. A nun, Mother Concepcion, convicted of being the instigator of the deed, received a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment.

Under the new President, Portes Gil, an agreement was at last arrived at between Church and State. Only those priests whom their bishops named as having charge of property would be required to register; religious teaching was forbidden in public schools, but permitted within Church confines; and the right of petition in connection with laws was guaranteed. The Government had much the better of the bargain.

The battle-cry of "Hail, Christ the King," died away. Everywhere churches were reopened, masses celebrated, and joyous peals rung. The American Ambassador, Mr. Morrow, who in

1927 had done much to effect an understanding between his country and Mexico over the Petroleum Law, received congratulations for his work in the religious agreement. The Church, however, was not to become immediately reconciled to the new conditions, and in 1932 the Papal delegate was expelled from Mexico for defending a Papal Encyclical on the country's "distressing religious conditions."

In the same year General Rodrigues, whose term ended in November 1934, became President.

In the present-day Mexico we are witnessing the birth of a nation. Its people are finding themselves, politically and socially. Their future claims the sympathetic interest of the world.

§ 3

SOUTH AMERICA

South America is a continent of immensities. Nature has set the stage for super-productions. Everything is on a titanic scale, and no expense has been spared. Before the continent-long backcloth of the towering Andes the South American drama proceeds. Ever since the curtain went up on the exploits of the conquistadores and the buccaneers, South America has been "good theatre."

Of late the mounting has tended to be less sumptuous. Diamonds and emeralds are less in evidence than sheep and cattle. But the action continues brisk. *Coups d'état* succeed each other with a swiftness that suggests a revolving stage. There were six revolutions in one recent year. It is an interesting country, because everything, from the achievements of Nature to the fortunes of the millionaires, seems rather larger than life-size. South America is the "epic" of a super De Mille.

To use a homely and time-honoured method of comparison, it has been calculated that the British Isles would "go into" South America some fifty-six times. Compared with Argentina or Brazil, our land is indeed a tight little island. The Amazon takes more than the distance from Land's End to John o' Groats to get well under weigh for its 3,900-mile journey to the sea. In spite of "debunking" travel books and the fact that it has had to suffer the indignity of bearing luxury liners on its waters, much of it is still dark and mysterious. Some of the country in its vicinity remains unexplored. It is easy for the romantic to keep this corner of the

world at least secure in his imagination as raw primeval and dangerous country—an alluring “Green Hill.” There are other great rivers in South America—the Orinoco, for instance, and the Plate. There are some 25,000 navigable miles of river.

The Andes march with the greatest impressiveness from one end of the continent to the other. They constitute the longest mountain range in the world. The peaks of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, whose names fascinated the poet,¹ both rear their heads to a height of some 20,000 ft. There are some even higher than these. Railway trains climb and groan through the rarified air at heights varying from 11,000 to 15,000 ft. On the western side of these prodigious mountains is the long narrow strip of Chile, 2,000 miles long, 100 miles wide, which just holds its own against the mountains that for ever threaten to shoulder it into the Pacific. To the north of Chile are Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia, in the order named.

Across the Andes and opposite Chile lies Argentina. “Lies” is the word, for much of Argentina is flatter than a pancake. This billiard-table country is the Pampa—or “the treeless pampa,” to use the well-known phrase. The area covered by this rich grass-land—again the figures are ostentatiously large—is about 250,000 square miles. The soil very likely came from the Andes by means of rivers and winds. Across the estuary of La Plata is the small but highly progressive republic of Uruguay. The equally small and just as spirited republic of Paraguay lies a little farther to the north. Paraguay has for some years now been fighting a sanguinary war with Bolivia about part of the Chaco forest to which each lays claim. Nationalism is of comparatively recent growth in South America, but like most of the things that grow there, it thrives. A surprisingly large number of Bolivian and Paraguayan patriots have given their lives in the Chaco cause.

The northern frontiers of these republics confront Brazil, land of fabled riches. Not only does Brazil yield diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones in dazzling profusion, but her soil is so fertile that anything can grow there. Such, however, are economic conditions to-day that Brazil's fecundity is an embarrassment. Millions of bags of the coffee which she produces so generously have been burned. The paradox of “over-production” is vividly illustrated in South America.

¹ The poet is W. J. Turner and the poem *Romance*.

North of Brazil are British, Dutch, and French Guiana (here is "Devil's Island," the French penal settlement); and Venezuela.

In area Brazil is by far the largest of all these countries. Argentina comes next. Together these two comprise 4,400,000 of the 6,800,000 square miles that are the area of the continent.

Argentina has the largest city—Buenos Aires, with over 2 million inhabitants. Both it and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil's capital (population over 1,500,000) are princely cities, fit homes for the many millionaires that dwell in them. Buenos Aires, with its sleek, silent limousines and superb residences (no simpler noun will do) is planned *à l'Américaine*. The streets intersect at perfect right angles.

Rio de Janeiro flings itself with more abandon round the most beautiful harbour in the world. The boulevard which fringes the water is 5 miles of white marble. The very pavements of the city's noble *avenidas* are coloured and patterned. Everything is luxurious and sophisticated. Yet just behind is the dense rolling Brazilian forest. Rio represents one victory, admittedly a brilliant one, for civilisation; but the war with Nature at her most aggressive is hardly begun.

Where Rio is polished and cosmopolitan, Sao Paulo has a cruder, more up-and-coming air. No time for elegant dalliance here. There is work to do. Sao Paulo is the great manufacturing city of Brazil. If Rio is the Paris of South America, Sao Paulo is its Birmingham—or Pittsburgh.

The Amazon, the Andes, the Pampa, Buenos Aires, Rio . . . these stand out at first glance from the South American scene. Let us go closer and examine the picture in more detail.

Argentina

The most important, economically, of the South American States is Argentina. Most of her wealth is in the cattle that graze on the flat and endless Pampa. She is the largest meat-exporting country in the world. But in addition to meat she sends enormous quantities of grain, wool, and flax across the seas. In the Pampa Nature provided the perfect pasture, and then threw in an ideal climate. Great *estancias* grew up. Cattle were imported from Europe to improve the standard of the breed. To-day there are many million head; and those bearing the familiar names of Shorthorn, Here-

ford, and Aberdeen-Angus are well represented. Farther south in Patagonia are sheep of equally homely breeds—Lincoln, Hampshire Down, Romney Marsh.

But then Great Britain has had much to do with Argentina's development. It was Great Britain which financed most of the railways that have been built there. Through forests, across plains, and over cañons the railway builders drove their way, opening up the country to the polyglot pageant of settlers who followed in their wake. Romance came up with the 9.15—and investors at home grew rich.

To-day more than half of the Argentine railways are owned by Great Britain. Our country is still the largest investor in Argentine enterprises, but the hundreds of millions of pounds sterling are no longer fruitful. Argentina has suffered badly from the slump. Her exports fell spectacularly during the depression years. There are indications that things are now again on the upgrade, but even so, Great Britain's financial supremacy in the Argentine is threatened—as indeed it is everywhere in South America—by the United States.

Notwithstanding such efforts as the British Trade Exhibition of 1931 to coax Argentina into buying our goods, she has always sold more to us than she has purchased from us. We needed her meat and bought large quantities of it. But her desire for the wares which Britain hopefully spread out before her was not so keen. She turned away and spent her money on the products of the United States—a country which bought much less of her goods than we did. It seemed hardly fair. The Ottawa Conference, however, was a blow at Argentina's export trade with this country. In 1933 a deputation from Buenos Aires visited London to negotiate for a new trade agreement. On May 1 it was signed. Great Britain promised "not to restrict imports of Argentine chilled beef into the United Kingdom below the quantities permitted under the Ottawa Agreements Act, save in exceptional circumstances, and then only after consultation with the Argentine Government." Argentina undertook to lower the tariff barriers against certain British goods entering the country and to release a large quantity of "frozen money" due to Great Britain in the Argentine.

It is not surprising that Argentina herself, possessing half of the continent's economic power, should have the most stable of

all the South American Governments. It is modelled closely on the United States plan.

There is a President elected by an Electoral College for a term of six years; a Senate elected for six years, a third of whose members retire every two years; and a House of Deputies. The State is divided into fourteen provinces, each of which elects its own Governors and legislatures, and ten territories, which are administered by Governors appointed by the President. There is also the Federal District of Buenos Aires. The Constitution is very American—in theory. It works out in practice in much the same way as government does in the other South American countries: that is, it is not so much government by the people as rule by the President. M. André Siegfried has said that “in the United States the President is elected by the people, but constantly held in check by a powerful Senate, which represents the jealous and persistent autonomy of the States.

“The Argentine régime resembles that of the United States, in so far as it also provides a President elected by a plebiscite, though appointed for six years. But the resemblance ends here, for although the Assemblies exist and possess their rights, they are seldom strong enough to take any stand against the President. . . . The existence of the States, which is a reality in North America, amounts here to nothing at all.”

As a rule in South America the President governs with the army as his shield and buckler, the defender in whom he trusts. When this support is withdrawn his days are numbered. Politics and the military are not, as in this country, kept carefully apart. South American soldiers have no such scruples. The armies glory in their political power, and make and break Governments with monotonous regularity. When a faction of the army has ousted the ruling President and substituted their own man, and the Constitution has once again been flouted, a reshuffle of holders of posts at the disposal of the President—and there are many of them—takes place. The new despot, surrounded by friends enjoying his favours, rules over a nominal democracy until such time as his enemies manage to unseat him in that next revolution about which we can hardly be bothered to read when we see it reported in our newspapers, so old is the story.

Argentina has been exceptional in her comparative freedom from such upsets. But she has been going through a bad time econo-

mically, and so was unable, in 1930, to escape the unusually rich crop of revolutions that burgeoned in South America round about that date.

President Irigoyen had for years been taking more and more power into his own hands and abiding less and less by Congress. He had taken a dislike to the United States, and did not hesitate to show it. He had caused Argentina to leave the League of Nations. He insisted on doing all the administrative jobs himself—and did them badly. He made a mess of the country's finances. The combination of such misgovernment with the cyclone of the world depression which now struck Argentina was too much for a people who had liked Irigoyen in spite of everything (for he made a great show of being of the people—a rough diamond; he was popular). But there is a limit to all things. There was an all but bloodless revolution. General Uriburu, a Conservative, marched into the provisional presidency at the head of his troops. He suspended the Constitution while he was wielding his new broom, but called a general election in November 1931. It was typical of the artificiality of South American elections in general in that the presidential candidate nominated by the most powerful party in the country—the Radicals—was forbidden, on a technical point, to stand for election, by a man who himself had waived the Constitution. This gnat-straining resulted in General Agustín Justo, a Conservative, being elected President. He took office in February 1932, for six years.

Constitutional government returned, and the work of clearing up the financial muddle began. But it was not long before the typically theatrical South American crisis arrived. Irigoyen, now released from the prison in which he had languished after the revolution, and Alvear, the Radicals' prohibited nominee for the presidency, returned from exile, plotted to overthrow the Government and kidnap the President. The scheme was discovered, and the two ringleaders, along with many supporters, were arrested. Martial law was proclaimed. The two conspirators were again borne off to Martín García Island in the River Plate. Irigoyen ceased to be a nuisance to the Government when he died in July 1933. (His funeral was attended by a great concourse of admirers.) But Alvear carried on the good work and again found himself arrested for his part in a revolt at Santa Fé in December.

Yet the Radicals whom this rebel represented are not revolu-

tionaries in the Mexican sense at all. They resemble the small, land-owning Radical Socialists of France in that they are individual patriotic democrats, who like to appear more advanced in their views than they really are. Communism does not flourish in such soil. It is curious, this sense of nationalism that is so widespread in South America. If the efforts of the Liberators—of Bolivar and San Martin—had resulted in the former dependencies of Spain becoming a United States of South America, in emulation of the one-time British colonies in the North, their achievements would have been greater. As it is, republics with several important common factors ideally favourable to unity glare at each other across their cherished frontiers with frank dislike. In the case of Bolivia and Paraguay they kill each other off with startling enthusiasm. It takes all the persuasion of the League of Nations to make them call even a temporary halt. The death-roll to date in the Chaco war is apparently not too high a price to have paid for the opportunity of proving their new but perfervid nationalism on the field of battle.

Uruguay

It is not that South America does not receive plenty of encouragement to join in the World Revolution against the forces of Capitalism. Just across from Argentina, on the other side of the River Plate, is Uruguay. The capital of this smartest and most briskly modern of all the South American republics is Montevideo. And out of Montevideo flows a stream of propaganda of the reddest hue. In places where poverty and riches are more extreme than they are in Argentina (and great inequality is the rule rather than the exception in South America) Communism may gain ground. For this and other reasons Moscow has hopes of South America.

Meanwhile, Uruguay herself has been taking a leaf out of the Soviet book by her strenuous experiments in Socialism. Though she is the smallest of all the republics, none can rival her in the eagerness with which she tries out new ideas in the social line. Education is of a high standard. Montevideo has a university attended by some 12,000 students. Her compulsorily educated schoolchildren are looked after by the State with loving care. Labour conditions are made as pleasant as possible by a large number of laws regulating far-reaching pension and insurance schemes, short hours, and general welfare. Hospitals are many

and excellent. There is a model prison. The death penalty was abolished many years ago. Vast public works have been bravely tackled and successfully completed.

Of late she has been feeling the economic draught. But such a plucky and imaginative nation as the Uruguayans have proved themselves to be will win through to better times.

Brazil

Brazil can also boast of an achievement in social reform that is much ahead of anything of the kind that we possess. This is her model penitentiary in Sao Paulo. Compared with our frowning Pentonvilles and grim Holloways this prison is an attractive hotel. It has spacious, sun-drenched gardens, well-stocked libraries, large airy cells, and spotless kitchens where excellent meals are cooked for the pampered prisoners. The latter are taught useful crafts and occupations, and their yoke is generally made as easy as possible. They fraternise amiably among themselves and with the warders (attendants would perhaps be a more accurate term), and the atmosphere almost approaches that of a love-feast.

Brazil has much less money to spend to-day than she had a few years ago. So she burns mountains of coffee! Enough was destroyed, it has been estimated, from June 1931 to June 1933 to provide every person in such a huge country as the United States with a cup of coffee a day for a year. Thus is our world ordered to-day. But when order at length comes out of the present economic chaos, Brazil should forge ahead to that position to which her natural advantages entitle her. When Sir Otto Niemeyer, in response to an S.O.S., went to South America as a financial adviser, he had heartening things to say about Brazil. "In many respects her difficulties are less than those of other countries. . . . It is impossible to travel even for a few weeks in the central States of Rio, Sao Paulo, and Minas Geraes without being impressed by her great natural fertility and her undeveloped resources. No country would better repay sound financial administration or is more worthy of every attempt to keep, even in difficult times, to high financial traditions; and no country is likely to profit more by the effort, if successfully made."

The financial doctor from the Bank of England recommended a course of treatment to the sick State, which included the setting up of a central reserve bank, budget-balancing by the Federal Govern-

ment and the larger of the States, "the putting of the railroads, postal service, and telegraphs on a paying basis," increased direct taxation, reduced customs dues, and the abolition of internal export taxes.

Brazil's government is, like Argentina's, modelled on that of the United States. It had its revolution, with its roots in the financial and economic situation, in October 1930. A civil war was decided when the Federal troops revolted. The unpopular President Luis was President no more, and Getulio Vargas took his place. Vargas was supported by the *gauchos*, the picturesque cowboys of the Brazilian plains. At the time of the revolution numbers of them descended on Rio de Janeiro to proclaim their loyalty to Vargas. Their arrogant bearing and romantic costume made an interesting contrast to the cosmopolitan smartness of Rio's urban inhabitants.

The gaucho of the Argentine Pampa and the Brazilian plains is an interesting type who has been idealised for us in recent years by no less a popular idol than the late Rudolph Valentino, and who was well described a hundred years ago by Charles Darwin while on his famous voyage in H.M.S. *Beagle*. He found the gaucho "obliging, polite, and hospitable," but at the same time "a spirited, bold fellow." Robberies and bloodshed, he regretted to note, were very apt to occur among them. The number of lives lost in trifling quarrels he found "lamentable." He tells us that these people when fighting tried to mark each other's face with the knife that was always carried (the knife is still the gaucho's favourite weapon), a fact that was "attested by deep and horrid-looking scars." The proud indolence and fatalism so ingrained in the gaucho were also noted by the naturalist. Modern conditions threaten his continued existence, as they do much else that is picturesque and individual in this world.

It was not long in the course of Brazil's political history before certain of the new President's measures plunged the country again into civil war. Much irritation had been caused in the State of Sao Paulo by such things as increases of taxation and the levying of a 2 per cent. gold tax on imports arriving at the port of Santos, which had up to this time enjoyed the distinction of being the only port in Brazil to be free of this levy. Protest took the usual South American form—revolt. For three months, from June to Septem-

ber 1932, there was sanguinary fighting between the Paulistas and the Federal troops. The former at last surrendered. The leaders were deported, but no punishment was meted out to their followers.

One of the war-cries of the rebels had been the demand for a return to constitutional government, for, since the 1930 *coup d'état*, Vargas had governed as a dictator. In May 1933 an election was held for a National Constituent Assembly, which met in November. This body voted that the fullest powers be given to the President, who had done much to restore the country's finances. A new draft Constitution was submitted to the Assembly.

Paraguay and Bolivia

The same year Brazil proclaimed her strict neutrality in the Bolivia-Paraguay dispute. She herself had in past years helped to give Paraguay what might well have been considered a convincing lesson in the high price and general futility of warfare. For five years, from 1865 to 1870, Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay fought a war with Paraguay—and at the end of that war Paraguay's manhood was almost non-existent. Towards the conclusion of hostilities, boys and old men had been desperately carrying on the hopeless struggle. Now there were about ten females to one male in Paraguay. A quarter of a million, or perhaps half the country's population, had been killed.

Yet this same little State, with such a dreadful chapter in her recent history, has been clinging tenaciously to Bolivia's throat, despite all attempts to drag the opponents apart. Her people fight for that part of the Chaco which Bolivia also claims with an almost religious fervour. After a year of severe hostilities, during which both sides suffered heavy losses, Paraguay formally declared war in May 1933. Appeals from the League to stop the stupid and bloody business fell on deaf ears. In November a commission from the League visited both the countries at the same time as Paraguay won a resounding victory. In December the President of Uruguay, speaking for the Pan-American Conference, persuaded both sides to cease hostilities during a couple of weeks' armistice.

Besides fighting for the Chaco, Bolivia's main occupation is the mining of tin. She is the second producer of this mineral in the world. But the world does not want nearly so much of her tin as it once did. Bolivia's chief export has slumped, like everything else. Her mountains yield silver, lead, copper, zinc, antimony,

and gold as well. In the centre of them, at the dizzy height of some 13,000 ft., is the capital, La Paz. They are mostly Indians who breathe its thin air. There is a large Indian population in Bolivia. With the *cholos*, or those of mixed race, they comprise 90 per cent. of the population. The rest are whites. In the great lake of Titicaca, 125 miles long, 75 miles wide, are the islands of the Sun and the Moon, where the ancient Indian civilisation of the Incas is believed to have had its beginnings.

Through the mountain passes at great heights file platoons of haughty llamas. These graceful creatures are the carriers of the mountains, and they perform their duties with impressive dignity. They and the remote, silent Indian, living in trance-like acceptance of the deepest squalor, inhabited the land when the Incas were worshipping the Sun. Many Indians rank as Christians to-day. But at heart they are still pagans. Christianity is just another form of magic. And its images and rites receive the respect previously accorded to other gods. They may or may not be a potent force against evil spirits; but the Indian is taking no chances.

Peru

In Peru, to the west of Bolivia, the lot of the Indian has been hard ever since Pizarro and his handful of Spanish soldiers sealed the fate of the Empire of the Incas. Now Communism, through the organisation of the A.P.R.A. (*Asociacion Popular Revolucionaria Americana*), promises them better times. A.P.R.A., by its frequent attempts at revolution, has added a modern chapter to Peru's long story of battle, murder, and sudden death. The movement has considerable backing in the country. The exploited Indians lend willing ears to Apra's agitators. The students are solidly Communist. Apra's leader, Haya de la Torre, polled over 100,000 votes in the 1931 presidential election.

Peru has lately had time to complicate her foreign, as well as her home, affairs. In 1927 the post of Leticia on the Amazon had been transferred, under a Treaty made in 1924, from Peru to Colombia. By 1932 she had decided that she would like Leticia back.

On the night of August 31 a body of Peruvians entered the town, clapped the Colombian officials in gaol, and ran up their flag. Their Government supported their claim that the town had originally been ceded against the wishes of its people. Colombia

was not disposed to take this lying down, and after some fighting which threatened to lead to a sanguinary war she appealed to the League of Nations. A Committee appointed by the League decided in favour of Colombia's right to the town and suggested that Peru withdraw her soldiers and that Leticia be then placed under the charge of a League Commission which, aided by Colombian troops, would negotiate a settlement.

Peru proved difficult during these and further attempts by the League to ease the situation, until a new President succeeded the assassinated Cerro in May 1933. Thereafter things moved smoothly. Troops were withdrawn, the war-clouds cleared away, and cool-headed representatives of the two countries met at Rio de Janeiro in October to discuss the matter.

It was her wealth of minerals, particularly her gold and silver, which made Peru the victim of ravening Spaniards. The recent slump has affected Peru as it has affected her neighbours. Production figures have fallen heavily. Chile, to the south of her, is suffering too. Chile's nitrates once brought her brilliant prosperity. But chemists discovered how to make nitrate, synthetically; and there was also the depression. Now she exports about a third of her pre-War quantity. Copper, too, has fallen heavily. So Chile, like the rest, has had more political crises than usual. Finance went gravely askew, and as a result Cabinet after Cabinet fell in 1931.

By 1932 the position was acute, and there was a succession of *coups d'état*. In October an election was held, and the Moderate Socialist, Arturo Alessandri, became President. His administration has managed to stay the course. Alessandri has announced that he intends to work towards the development of Chile's neglected agriculture to compensate for the disasters that have overtaken the nitrate industry.

Chile

Unlike Peru and Bolivia, Chile has but a small proportion of Indians in her population. She is thus freed of the racial problem that afflicts those republics and possesses the ballast supplied by Germans, Scotch, English, and other European elements in her predominantly white population. Although a comparatively small number of old aristocratic families own a vast amount of Chile's land, she has a middle class large enough to need to be reckoned

with. Conditions in Chile are therefore more in line with those of European countries than is the case with most South American republics. Apra's work (for this movement is penetrating into Chile) will be harder here than in Peru.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FAR EAST

§ I

CHINA

IN glancing at China's ancient history, earlier in this book, we learned something of the glories of her culture and the antiquity and stability of her social system. We saw that always she was more a civilisation than a nation. Nationalist pride had no part in her character. Militarism was held to be rather shameful. The amiable, hardworking people had not much regard for the soldier. The pen, not the sword, was the object of their respect. Philosophers and scholars were her great men. The victories of peace were always more renowned than those of war.

To-day China is more Nationalist and more militaristic than she was. But for this she is hardly to blame. It is the Powers of the industrial West who are responsible for the changed conditions in China, and, indirectly, for the agonies that she has suffered during this century and is still suffering.

If China and Japan had not been made to open their doors to industry in the nineteenth century they would still be living under the systems which worked so well for centuries: China a vast family with a father-emperor; Japan picturesquely and chivalrously feudal and keeping herself very much to herself.

But we in the West said no to that. Trade demanded that such great potential markets be opened up. And we had guns with which to voice the "Open, Sesame," in a way that allowed of only one answer. The East, rudely shaken, awoke from its long sleep, and Japan, at least, was up and doing very quickly. She proved so apt a pupil in Western ways that her teachers are now finding themselves outstripped. Japan is keeping Lancashire cotton magnates (their magnitude already sadly diminished) awake at nights.

China was different. Huge and contemplative, where Japan is small and briskly adaptable, she continued scratching her fields with antique implements and worshipping her ancestors. But as foreign interest in China became greater, the people began to feel the effects of the laying of rough and alien hands on her most cherished customs and principles. The Chinese have never been an intolerant people, even in the sphere of religion. The advocates of new beliefs have always received a courteous welcome. The missionaries from the West, on the other hand, showed small respect for the Taoists and Confucianists, the Buddhists and Mohammedans of the country whose guests they were. They approached the people by their scouting of the ancestor-worship which wore a hoary tradition of thousands of years. The railway builders further outraged Chinese religious feeling when they compelled many of the people to move the graves of their ancestors so that the path of progress should not be blocked. All over China the people were being forced to move the graveyards of their dead relatives so that trains might pass; and it was clear that the gods were angry, since harvests were bad and people were dying.

Foreigners had settled themselves down in the Treaty Ports and erected fences of extra-territoriality between themselves and the Chinese. The Chinese resented them, and they felt superior to the Chinese. The latter beat their heads vainly against the wall of Western power and efficiency. In the wars and disputes that grew out of bad feeling China always emerged the loser. Hong-Kong, Annam, Burma, Cochin-China, Formosa, vast lands to the north of the Amur River, and other territories were taken from her, and severe indemnities imposed. She had even been threatened with partition—the dividing up of her territory between the Powers.

The rising which has had most effect on later developments was the Boxer Rebellion, so called because the rebels were "the clenched fists of truth and peace." Their struggle, which is known as the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, ended in disaster, and the victorious Allied Powers gave the Chinese some excuse for referring to their people as "barbarians" when they took and sacked the lovely and ancient town of Peking.

Out of the storm and stress of China's wars with the Powers came a movement for the reform of the country. The Boxers had set their faces firmly against all progress as represented by the

foreigners who persecuted them. The new movement realised its value, but the new China that it set itself to create would be ruled by Chinese, not Manchus (this 250-year-old dynasty had long been decadent), and while trading with foreigners would do so on equal terms. The leader of this nationalist movement was one who since his death a few years ago has been so venerated in China as to become a latter-day Confucius. His name was Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

Dr. Sun's first successes were gained in the South; and it was in the South that he led a revolt in favour of Constitutionalism against the militarist government in the North, which had grown out of the provisional constitutional régime following upon the successful revolution led by him.

In 1917 Dr. Sun's Kuomintang or People's Party formed a constitutional government of its own in Canton, having denounced the Peking Government as illegal. And while it led a hazardous existence China was racked by civil war, banditry, and famine.

In the same year a more important event happened in Russia, an event which was to have profound effects on China: the Bolsheviks seized power by the October Revolution, and a Soviet Government was established. Now one of the main articles of faith of Soviet Russia has been the support of nationalist movements against the "imperialism" which it so heartily detests.

By 1923 Dr. Sun Yat Sen had pondered the methods of the Soviets and found them good. He overhauled the Kuomintang and sent his organisers to school with adepts from Russia skilled in the art of propaganda. Russian soldiers trained up a capable Kuomintang army. The party was run on much more effective lines, and its sphere of influence greatly extended.

Sun Yat Sen died in 1925, but if ever a man's spirit went marching on it was his. Already he had given the people "The Three Principles," asserting that the races of China formed one people, one nation, of strict equals; that sovereignty was vested in these people; and that to them belonged the resources of the nation—in short, Nationalism, Democracy, and Socialism.

But he also left a "will" which, with his previous writings, stood as a programme for the regeneration of China and the recovery of her dignity among the nations of the world. The programme of this hero, as he had now become in the eyes of his party, laid down that the democratic government and the better-

ment of the people aimed at could not be achieved without a prelude, a period during which the Kuomintang would act as dictator.

Borodin, the chief of the Russian Communists who were called in as advisers, and his comrades worked hard towards putting this programme into action. And in 1926 the Nationalist armies of the Kuomintang began their historic march to the north. The tongue and pen, as much as the sword, helped to make them victors. As penetrating and as irresistible as water, propaganda ran ahead of them. The soldiers moreover were well-drilled. Their smartness and efficiency impressed a people sick of the haphazard chaos which had become part of their lives. The soldiers had had strict orders not to molest any civilians whose attitude towards them was peaceable, and they were forbidden to indulge in any confiscation or looting. The Nationalist army represented itself as the liberator of the people from misgovernment and the exploitation of imperialism. As they marched northwards their agitators poured into the ears of the people exhortations against foreign institutions in the country, especially the British ones, one-sided treaties, and all foreign educational and religious activities in general.

The result of the good behaviour of the troops and the efficient work of the agitators was that the Kuomintang forces were able to advance with great rapidity and smoothness. Early in 1927 the British concessions of Hankow and Kiukiang were in their hands; in March Nanking fell, and the northern armies were in full flight. But here the good behaviour of the soldiers lapsed for the first time. There were looting and rioting, chiefly directed against foreigners, some of whom were killed. British and American ships had to fire on the city from the Yangtze before the outbreak was put down.

The Government which Chiang K'ai-shek, the leader of the Kuomintang Army, had set up in Nanking asserted that this occurrence had been the work of the now unruly Communist element. And thus appeared a breach between the Communists and the more moderate elements of the Nationalist Party that was to become wider. Even at the outset the leaders of the Party had not been wholly in sympathy with Communism, but they had realised the value of its advocates to the success of the Kuomintang movement. Now, however, a definite anti-Communist drive began, and it was not long before Communists were being

persecuted and killed. An attempt in December 1927 on the part of the Nationalist leaders to effect a truce was a failure. Meanwhile, the country was again sinking back into the old anarchy and chaos. It looked as though all the headway that the Kuomintang had made might be lost. In 1928, however, the Nationalists, reorganised and purged of their more extreme elements, began a fresh advance to the north. By June they had reached Peking. By the end of 1928 they had established a Central Government, not at the old capital, which was now renamed Peiping, but at Nanking (Peking means "Northern Capital"; Peiping means "Northern Peace"). Dr. Sun's Five-Power Constitution was the new Government's model. And at last, in spite of much disorder still reigning, it seemed as if China was on the way to becoming a unified nation.

The Nanking Central Government, with which began the period of "political tutelage" prescribed by Dr. Sun, was split up into five Yuans or Boards. They were the Executive, the Legislative, the Judicial, the Examination, and the Control Yuans, and the whole was subordinate to the Kuomintang. Until 1931 the President of the Government enjoyed very full powers, subject to the approval of the Kuomintang's Central Executive Committee. But by the Organic law adopted on December 26, 1931, when a Coalition Government assumed office, the President's powers became similar to those of the President of France. The Law read: "All Mandates of the National Government and orders for the mobilisation of military forces shall be issued upon the signature of the President of the National Government, but they shall not become effective unless countersigned by the Presidents of the Yuan and the Heads of the Ministries concerned."

Once established, the new Government had by no means an easy existence. Troubles were of course to be expected, and indeed the victorious Kuomintang had repeatedly to fight for its life. The war-lords, allied together in a common cause, made attacks on Nanking to try to overthrow the Government. In addition banditry, that time-honoured Chinese institution, was still flourishing, and Communism had not been stamped out. There were storms and dissensions within the Party itself. The younger student element, which had been told by the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang in 1929 to pay less attention to politics and more to their studies, at once accused the Government of reaction, and

students everywhere who had fervently supported the Nationalist movement now denounced the Kuomintang and all its works.

Madame Sun, Sun Yat Sen's wife, who had left China when the break between the extreme and moderate factions of the Party occurred in 1927, added her voice to those of the malcontents when she returned for the burial of her husband in the superb mausoleum near Nanking, where he now rests. She referred to those in power in scathing terms, and assured them that they need not imagine that they spoke for China. She denounced their repressive activities and accused them of having betrayed her dead husband and the Revolution.

Yet her brother, T. V. Soong, is the Minister of Finance in the National Government, and one of its most famous and respected members. The gorgeous mausoleum where her husband is buried is a place of pilgrimage for millions. All over China the people kotow to his portrait. His "will" and his other writings are the new Classics which are studied with reverence. The new China may as yet be a disappointing child, but there is no doubt as to the glory which has come to its father. The birth of a China possessed of even as much unity as it can show at present has been a great achievement. It is right that Sun Yat Sen receives high honour.

For several years the Government was too busy dealing with disorder in the country to have time to enact its promised reforms. But it did maintain itself as a Central Government, and was certainly the best that China had known for a very long time. And in 1931 it called a People's National Convention which adopted a Provisional Constitution.

This reads impressively. It declares all Chinese citizens equal before the law, and that they shall enjoy in autonomous districts (Hsiens) "the rights of election, initiative, recall, and referendum." The National Government further promises to train and guide them in the exercise of these rights. Rural economic welfare is to be promoted by measures involving the reclamation of all waste land and the development of farm irrigation; the founding of agricultural banks and co-operative schemes; the enforcement of a public granary system as a measure against famine; scientific and educational development of agriculture; and the promotion of road-building to assist the transportation of agricultural produce.

The State is pledged to protect labour, especially in the case

of women and child workers; and to institute an insurance system covering old age, accident, sickness, and disability. The State may control sales of the people's necessities and enact laws to prohibit usury and high rents. The Constitution provides for free education for children and adult education for those who have not received schooling in youth, funds to be provided by the central and local governments. State grants are to be given to those private institutions whose results justify them. The State generally is to encourage education, science, research, and the arts.

The Government is making valiant attempts to solve the problem of Chinese illiteracy, but they are handicapped both by the hugeness of the task and troubled political conditions. It has been estimated that in 1932, after long and intensive work in this field, some 10 million children and adults were receiving education. This might seem a large figure until we remember that the population of China is well over 400 millions. Then the magnitude of the undertaking is apparent. Still, a sound plan of campaign has been adopted and future progress should be increasingly rapid. In 1933 a League of Nations Commission of Education Experts visited China at the request of the Government and submitted a report containing proposals for reform. These included a warning against a "superficial adoption of European or American conditions or methods which must inevitably lead to results of only accidental and secondary importance." "China," the report wisely states, "should draw inspiration from her rich past."

The mission suggested that Chinese educational experts should visit Europe to study the conditions there, and in 1932 a Commission duly left China on a three months' visit to France, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain at the League's expense. While in this country the members of the Commission visited the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and also London's schools.

Education is incidentally helping along the apotheosis of Sun Yat Sen. The "Three Principles of the People" are part of the curriculum of secondary education; and in 1933 a committee was set up, headed by Mr. Sun Fo, Dr. Sun's son, preparatory to the foundation of Chung Shan Cultural and Educational Institute "to expound the principles and teachings of Dr. Sun Yat Sen; to lay down the foundation of the new culture of the Three Principles of the people, and education; to preserve the existence of our

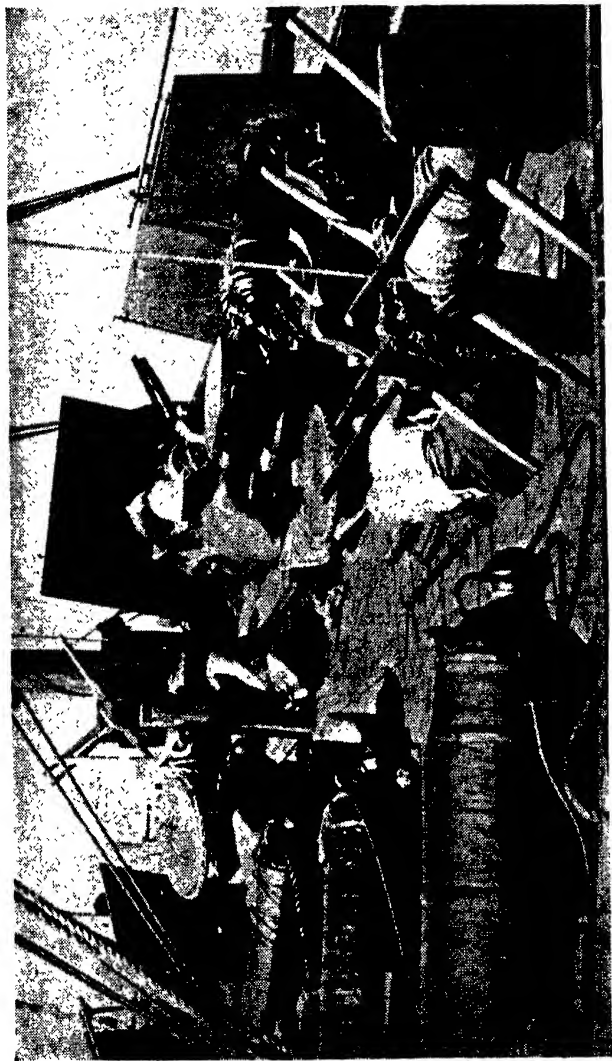
race; and to lay a permanent and cultural monument in memory of Dr. Sun Yat Sen."

So much for the Government's social aims. The Constitution may make admirable reading, and the educational programme provoke respect, but all over China are millions and millions of peasants to whom they mean less than nothing. The people exist against a background of Confucianism and are still well rooted in the ancient soil of the family system which itself is a bar both to the evolutionary social reform aimed at by the National Government and to the revolutionary iconoclasm of Communism. They are still moving in a cloud of Taoist superstition and waging their ceaseless war against evil spirits. They are setting off their firecrackers, killing cocks for their potent blood, and performing all the other countless magics as their ancestors did before them.

They are illiterate and deeply poor, and display much fortitude in the face of the disasters which so often descend on them in the form of floods, famine, civil war, and bandits. They are charming people with wide, happy smiles, subject to attacks of wild mirth and equally wild, though short-lived, rage. Heirs to a grand and ancient culture, they show no symptoms of decadence. It is sad that such pleasant people have had to suffer so much.

A painful thorn in the flesh is extra-territoriality. Until the Foreign Settlements have gone China feels that she cannot regain her self-respect. She has decided that these corners of foreign fields into which Chinese soil has been transmuted shall not be for ever England—or America or France or Japan or whatever it may be. In 1930 the Government gave notice that extra-territoriality would cease after January 1, 1932; but in view of troubled conditions the period has been lengthened. She is determined, nevertheless, to put an end to this system of foreign privileges which she regards as an affront to her dignity as a nation.

When the extra-territorial privileges were first established over eighty years ago, it was held that foreigners could not obtain justice, as it is understood in the West, from Chinese courts. To-day Great Britain, America, France, and particularly Japan (who, however, abolished similar privileges within her own territory over forty years ago) say that China is still not to be trusted to administer justice to their nationals, who come under the jurisdiction of consular courts.



READY FOR ACTION ON BOARD A PIRATE JUNK FROM BIAS BAY.

China finds the "humiliations," as she terms them, attendant on this system increasingly hard to swallow. She has drawn up codes founded on the legal principles of the West and vehemently protests that she is well able to administer them to all within her borders. When this claim is disputed she points to Soviet Russia, Italy, and Belgium, who have voluntarily surrendered their extra-territorial rights, and to Germany and Austria, who forfeited theirs at the time of the World War (in which China was on the side of the Allies).

When due allowance is made for the nationalist fever that has visited China in recent years, it is possible to sympathise with her claims. But even if the other Powers decide to grant her wishes, she will meet with very stubborn opposition from Japan.

§ 2

JAPAN

Japan, which of all foreign countries now looms by far the most forbidding in Chinese eyes, has many more of her nationals in China than has any other country. And as she still claims that China is unable to guarantee their protection should the Treaty rights be surrendered, she is the most stubborn opponent of any change in the existing system.

For years Japan has been bullying China in the manner of a small dog yapping at an animal larger but more placid than itself. Only she has not stopped at vocal insults. She has inflicted some pretty sharp bites. And on the night of September 18, 1931, she took the largest and most vicious bite of all. On that date, what the Chinese call the Three Eastern Provinces were occupied without warning by Japanese soldiers. This territory was better known to the world as Manchuria. Now, as Japan's puppet State of Manchukuo, it wistfully invites the world's recognition, but so far has been cut dead by all the Great Powers.

Japan occupied a slice of territory as large as France and Germany combined, and in so doing violated the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, and the Nine-Power Treaty. The last agreement, which was drawn up at the Washington Conference of 1922, binds the contracting parties (1) to respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial integrity of China, and (2) to provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity

to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government.

Japan, on the other hand, has claimed that her action was justified inasmuch as its object was to protect her "special interests" in Manchuria from the results of the Chinese National Government's harmful policy towards them—that, in fact, she acted in "self-defence." The events which actually precipitated the seizure of territory inhabited by 30 million people, 90 per cent. of whom are Chinese, were the killing of a Japanese staff officer, one Captain Nakamura, and the destruction by a bomb of a few inches of railway line.

China appealed to the League of Nations, which appointed a Commission headed by Lord Lytton to go to Manchuria and prepare a report on the situation. Meanwhile, China declared economic war on the Japanese by refusing to buy their goods. This decision to exercise her right to buy from whom she chose cost China dear. Again Japan found pretexts for punishing her. A Shanghai newspaper published an article in which the Emperor of Japan was considered to have been insulted. A Japanese monk was killed in an anti-Japanese riot at Shanghai. This was enough.

Sixty thousand Japanese soldiers, forty battleships, and two hundred aeroplanes were marshalled, and an attack on Shanghai was begun on January 18, 1932. It continued for five weeks. The densely populated suburb of Chapei was destroyed by bombs dropped from Japanese aeroplanes using the International Settlement as their base. Thousands of Chinese civilians were killed. While the homes of 160,000 people were being reduced to ruins and the civilian casualty list was mounting to its official figure of 18,400, the warships and soldiers of the other Powers at Shanghai stood by and did nothing. The crowning irony is that this slaughter was being inflicted by a nation technically at peace with its victim. Japan had not declared war!

China has never glorified militarism, and can therefore make a poor showing on the field of battle. At Shanghai, however, the Chinese soldiers, the famous 19th Route Army, put up a brave and stubborn resistance to the Japanese attacks. Their valour fired a nation disheartened by the ease with which Japan had been allowed to annex Manchuria. According to the Lytton Report, "Everywhere opinion hardened and the spirit of resistance increased. Former pessimism gave place to equally exaggerated optimism."

"In Manchuria, the news from Shanghai put fresh heart into the scattered forces still opposing the Japanese troops. It encouraged the subsequent resistance of General Ma Chen-Shan and stimulated the patriotism of the Chinese all over the world. The resistance of the Volunteer Armies increased. Expeditions to suppress them met with indifferent success, and in some areas the Japanese stood on the defensive, taking up positions along certain railway lines, which were frequently attacked."

Yet in March 1932 the new State of Manchukuo (Manchuria and Jehol) came into being under the headship of "Mr. Henry Pu-yi," otherwise the former Manchu boy Emperor Hsuan Tung. This move was made, so the Japanese alleged, in response to a spontaneous demand of the inhabitants for independence. But this statement would appear to hold no more water than the "self-defence" plea. An appeal to the League of Nations was made by representatives of the thousands who fled from Manchuria before the Japanese. "We appeal to the world to discountenance such a manipulated movement, engineered entirely by the Japanese as a step forward to realise their territorial ambitions," says one.

And the Members of the Faculty and the Students' Union of the North-eastern University, Mukden, who were forced under Japanese military pressure to leave their institution, wrote from temporary quarters at Peiping that they strongly denounced "the new independent state, set up in the North-eastern Provinces of China under Japanese manipulation in utter disregard of the wishes of the Chinese people." They appealed to the Governments and peoples of the world to "defeat Japan's aggressions." The Lytton Report itself stated that "the present régime" (in Manchukuo) "cannot be considered to have been called into existence by a genuine and spontaneous independence movement," and that "after careful study of the evidence presented to us . . . we have come to the conclusion that there is no general Chinese support for the 'Manchukuo Government,' which is regarded as an instrument of the Japanese."

The League of Nations voiced the disapproval of the world to Japan. Japan confronted the world with an accomplished fact and walked out of the League which she had flouted. She had guessed that any protests lodged against her would remain vocal ones. And she could put up with any amount of hard words so long as they were not translated into deeds.

The Manchurian issue is not a simple one. Japan has definite and long-standing rights and interests there, and these rights have been menaced by the unstable conditions in China. She holds, for instance, that the fact that she fought and defeated Russia on Manchurian soil in 1905 gives her a legitimate claim to free action in that territory. But her methods of treaty-breaking and force, besides arousing the condemnation of the world, may yet defeat their object. As a Chinese has said, Japan has to reckon with "the inherent desire of the people for liberty and independence. How long can Japan hold in subjugation 30 million Chinese people who, though temporarily inarticulate and helpless, are of the same blood and culture with over 400 million of their kinsmen, and who, with the rest of their fellow-countrymen, are determined to struggle to the end for their national integrity?"¹

Desperate problems make for desperate remedies, and it must be admitted that Japan's problems are sufficiently critical. Here is a small country which is so over-populated that it has been estimated that the present figure of about 66 millions will have risen to nearly 76 millions in 1945 and to 109 millions in 1965. She considers that Manchuria is necessary to her both as a source of raw materials and as a field for expansion. The Manchurian soil is rich and the country is well supplied with mineral resources. For strategic reasons, too, she considers that this territory, which is next to hers, should be under her control. To these arguments China replies that she, too, has a population problem which Manchuria has been of value in easing, millions of Chinese having emigrated thither; that Manchuria is necessary for the feeding of her people; and that the Three Eastern Provinces are at least as important strategically to China as they are to Japan.

Unlike China, Japan made a convulsive effort at modernisation and emerged in the guise of Western industrialism in record time. Her people cannot be said to be much better off for the change. It is true that the workers are surrounded by what may be an exhilarating atmosphere of up-to-dateness. In the cities the railway stations, telephones, taxis, telegraph wires, tramcars, movie-palaces, loud speakers, and the like all point to Japan's genius for progress. The workers may take some satisfaction from the fact that in industry Japan is beating the West at its own game. They may

¹ *China Speaks*, by Chih Meng (Macmillan).

find that these things compensate for the wretched conditions under which they live.

A Japanese factory hand works longer hours than, and receives about a third of the wages earned by, a European doing similar work. A Japanese woman worker receives only half the pittance that is paid to a man, and there is ample female labour available. That is why Japan is able to compete so successfully with Great Britain in the Indian cotton market, even when such factors as the anti-British boycott in that colony are left out of account.

But the depression hit Japan as it hit every other country, and unemployment increased. Discontent was abroad. And internal problems of that kind are always apt to lead to external adventure on the part of a nation.

Japan borrowed a great deal of her culture from China (which is inclined to look down on her neighbour as rather an upstart nation), but emulated neither the latter's truly democratic principles nor her distaste for militarism. The Chinese used to depose any emperor who they considered had disobeyed his Mandate from Heaven by not doing his duty by his children, the people. Japan, on the other hand, claims that she is still ruled by the same dynasty which founded the Empire in 660 B.C.. And a feudal régime persisted until as late as 1871. Relics of it have still to disappear.

A few noble families hold a great part of the nation's wealth. The tradition of the ruling Samurai warrior persists in the military clique which controls Japan's foreign policy to-day. Japan adopted a constitution in 1889, but the military group is responsible only to the Emperor, who is of "everlasting and divine origin."

The Constitution allows more power to the Emperor than any applying in the other constitutional countries in the world to-day. Out-and-out loyalists worship their monarch as a divinity, but, generally speaking, the national attitude to royalty is one of respect and affection. The Emperor receives advice on matters of State from his Privy Council, all of whose members must be over forty years of age, and are drawn from the ranks of the Army, Navy, the Law, Science, etc. This Council, unlike the body of the same name in this country, frequently sways important and vital national issues.

There are a House of Peers, for which our own Upper House was

the model, and a House of Representatives. The former acts as a steadying influence in the nation's affairs, and is often accused of being hopelessly behind the times. The Lower House is elected by general manhood suffrage, the property qualification having been dropped in 1925. A candidate must be thirty years old, and a voter twenty-five. Women as yet may not vote, but it is probable that they will be doing so before very long. There is one member for every 120,000 people.

Party politics in Japan are much more an affair of passions, intrigue, and corruption than they are in this country. The two chief parties are the *Minseito* and the *Seiyukai*. The latter is the more jingoistic of the two. It can always be trusted to adopt a sabre-rattling attitude towards China. The *Minseito* is less truculent in its foreign policy and less inclined to launch out boldly in financial and social matters. The *Kakushin* (Reform Party) and *Kokumin Doshikai* (Industrialists) also adopt a cautious and sound attitude towards financial matters. Lately there have also arisen a group of Proletarian or Labour Parties, whose programmes range from fiery red to the quiet pink of the equivalent of Intellectual Socialism. So far they have been so busy quarrelling among themselves that they have not made the advance that a united front would bring them.

At the other end of the scale there is the rise of Japanese Fascism. The military group in Japan have never hesitated to snub mere politicians and go their own way when it suited them. The Manchuria invasion was an instance of this arrogance. In recent years the Army and Navy have become more and more impatient with the tiresome statesmanship of the politicians. A few of the latter, including the Prime Minister, Mr. Inukai, have even been got rid of by assassination at the hands of young officers and patriots. They have resented any attempt on the part of these people to interfere in military affairs or to apologise for their hot-headed actions. So they decided to enter the field of politics themselves. The National Socialist Party is the means by which they are instilling into the Japanese people that brand of Fascism which in Europe has resulted in the isolation of Germany. And it is falling on fruitful soil. Japan to-day is aggressively patriotic and nationalistic. The lecturing that she has been given by the world for her behaviour in China, so far from causing her to hang her head, is merely strengthening this spirit. Misjudged, misunder-

stood (as she thinks), she puts on the martyr's crown and goes back exalted to her imperialist work.

In 1930 the *Minseito* inflicted a crushing defeat on the *Seiyukai*, whose Cabinet, under Tanaka, contributed an unusually dark chapter to Japan's political history by its corruption, extravagance, and general maladministration. But in 1932 the tables were turned. Militarism and Nationalism were now stronger in the country, and the *Seiyukai* was the war party. Back it came with over three hundred seats. The *Minseito* had a hundred and forty-six and Labour only five.

Japan has still a long way to travel towards true constitutional democracy. She lacks the democratic individualism so marked in such peoples as the Chinese and the French. The Japanese tend to act and think collectively; they submit tamely to discipline, which is as well for them, for willy-nilly they are thoroughly disciplined to-day. The military are in the saddle. The police are waiting to pounce on anyone expressing Radical, and therefore dangerous, opinions. The great majority of the people seem content with the present régime. After all, is it not resulting in the expansion both of the Empire and of foreign trade?

The Japanese herd instinct is evident in the Universities, where the students show much less originality in thought and conduct than those of similar institutions in Great Britain. Charming, polite, self-effacing, they are all lapping up Western culture as hard as they can. And they do it in a well-drilled, well-behaved way.

Education is a magical word in Japan. The country is thick with schools and universities. Study, study, study—it is a disease. Every year the institutions yield another crop of educated young men who have worked with painful intensity to pass their exams. Often there is no job for these earnest educated Japanese students. Often they break under the strain before that stage is reached. The suicide rate among this class is high. It is another of Japan's problems.

The directions issued by the Board of Education on the subject of secondary education refer to the fostering of "moral ideas and sentiments" and the encouragement and promotion of "the practice of virtues"; also to "duties to self, to society and to the State, together with elements of ethics." This diet is strengthened by the addition of a course of military training which is not confined to boys' schools.



BUILDINGS NEAR TOKIO DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKES.

Physical culture in the form of Jujitsu is also taught in all educational institutions from the secondary grade upwards. The ancient and noble Japanese art of fencing still lingers on. The practice sword of bamboo is grasped by both hands instead of one as in the West. This sport, according to the *Japan Year Book*, is especially popular among "policemen and school-boys."

And so the children of the "Britain of the East" are being reared in the sporting, cultural, and imperial traditions of her Western counterpart. But Britain at her most imperialistic had a vast field open to her. Japan looks round for room to build an empire and finds none. It is too late.

All the territory is taken and the doors are shut fast in the face of the Japanese. Manchuria itself is too cold. Only a relatively small number of Japanese have emigrated thither. And her population continues steadily to increase by 750,000 every year. Australia, whose sub-tropical northern land is of little use to white people, could, did it belong to Japan, serve as an outlet for her ever-increasing millions. But Australia will not have these yellow people with their inferior standard of living, their racial pride which defeats assimilation, and their fecundity which would soon result in their over-running the continent. America and Canada are just as reluctant to let in the Japanese as Australia. No wonder she is finding herself driven in the direction of China and her provinces.

China's own nationalism is now a bar to those ambitions. Should Japan continue her aggression in that quarter she will meet with increasing opposition from America. Soviet Russia, too, guards her eastern frontiers with the care born of the deepest suspicion of Japanese motives. The purchase of the Chinese Eastern Railway has now eased Russo-Japanese relations. Russia, too, is now in the League, while Japan is the outsider.

Japan's problem is real and urgent. She must expand as surely as a plant placed in a pot too small for it. If the nations of the world are content to look on while she is driven to a desperate attempt to break her encircling bonds by force, they deserve all the misfortune that will come to them with such a catastrophe. Japan may commit suicide in the attempt, but she will manage to wreak awful damage beforehand. Her soldiers fight all the more

recklessly because they count death on the battlefield as glorious.

Before Japan is driven to this pass the rest of the world would do well to consider how and where more room is to be found for her expansion, and the peaceful settlement of her rapidly increasing population.

PART VI

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

CHAPTER XVII

POST-WAR YEARS IN ENGLAND

“ONCE upon a time . . . ,” so starts every self-respecting fairy-tale; and “things are not what they used to be!” the middle-aged gentleman is made to say in seven novels out of ten, implying thereby that his youth was spent in paradisaical times, but that the present is degenerate.

The younger generation does not agree. Unpleasant as their own times may be, yet surely, they ask, they are better than the preceding age, with its antimacassars and dusty side-whiskers? Accusations are hurled to and fro. “You were stuffy and hypocritical,” say the young ones; and, “you are lazy wasters, who lack all sense of piety, duty, and responsibility, besides being loose in morals,” retort the elderly.

Well, we may be certain of one thing, that human nature has changed not at all in the last few hundred years.

How can we best describe the changes that have taken place since 1914? Shall we say with Richard Aldington that we have smashed

“ . . . the false idealities of the last age,
The humbug, the soft cruelty, the mawkishness,
The heavy tyrannical sentimentality,
The inability to face facts, especially new facts;
All of which linger on so damnably among us.”?

It is not very satisfactory, since a list of details cannot present a picture of the whole, and besides, the details, apparently correct, would soon be found to be wrong. We are just as honest or dishonest as the Victorians, just as hypocritical and sentimental,

just as smug—for example, when we say that we were right in smashing certain features of the past. Human nature has not changed.

What has changed, however, is our outlook, our attitude towards one another and the things around us. What has changed is the relationship between the individual and society.

Charles I was beheaded because he believed in the divine right of kings and tried to make men bend their knees before him, at a time when the people no longer believed in the divine right of kings, but in the divine right of the people, whose servant the king is. They believed in the State, which is neither Parliament nor the king, but the sum-total of the citizens.

Nearly three hundred years have passed, and society has taken another step. Men no longer emphasise that the group is all-important; they tend more and more to say that the individual is all-important. We do not ask: "How can I best serve my country?" but: "What can my country do for me?" Soon we shall reach the stage—already reached in the United States of America—at which every citizen will regard his country as a gigantic inexhaustible milch-cow, with millions of teats, from which everyone will strain to get as much of the precious milk as possible.

To this new outlook we can trace a goodly proportion of the characteristics of our times. In 1933, for instance, the Oxford Union triumphantly carried a motion to the effect that its members would under no circumstances consent to fight for their king and country. The motion was, no doubt, the expression of a righteous hatred for war, but it had an even deeper significance. It denied that the citizen is under an obligation to follow blindly the leaders he has helped to elect. It asserted his right to place his own desires and interests before the interests of the State.

Queen Victoria must have turned in her grave. Her people had reckoned duty and obedience to the State their most sacred obligation, and had never shrunk from laying down their lives for the sake of that duty—"My country, right or wrong."

We have selected one of the most obvious examples of the new attitude, but there are many others. Take the emancipation of women. It was not so long ago that society charged them with three obligations—"Kinder, Küche, Kirche",¹ to use the words

¹ Children, Kitchen, Church.

of the ex-Kaiser. Their task was to marry and bear children. They were expected to devote their lives to the strengthening of the twin foundations of the State, the family and the Church; for a woman to have any other ideals and desires was considered immoral and punished as such.

Circumstances have changed. Women have cast off their yoke. They are as rabid for liberty and the right to order their lives and "express" their individuality as the most ardent Bohemian who flaunts his beard and bright shirt through the streets of Bloomsbury. Regretfully the men have had to give way.

"I must be free; I must be allowed to lead my own life as I wish to lead it": that is the universal cry of present-day men and women, and up to a point they carry their idea into effect. In this respect, however, they differ very little from their ancestors.

This generation is as moral or immoral as those which have preceded it, and the only difference is that those actions which in the past men found it desirable to conceal from the eyes of their fellows are now paraded proudly as forms of "self-expression," and therefore as something very praiseworthy. But the difference has no merit in it, unfortunately; it does not even entitle us to call ourselves more honest than our fathers, for even though we admit frankly things which they concealed, even though we print in our books for the world to read words taken straight from the gutter, yet there are many other things which they admitted and which we conceal. Now, as in the past, fashion dictates to us what we should say—fashion seldom has anything to do with our innermost ideas and ideals.

The important aspect of our new attitude, however, is that we tend to forget our obligations to our fellow-men. Another idea is rapidly striking root, that of the duty of the State to the individual. In days gone by men were content if the State provided an efficient police-force. The importance of the king grew out of the fact that his was the pleasant task of hanging robbers, and making the world safe for honest men.

Now the State must do much more than that. It must help the unemployed, it must provide for those who are poor, it must set up hospitals, it must give free education to all. It must do all kinds of things which formerly the citizen had to do for himself.

This idea has reached its highest expression in Communism, but

there it is coupled with the idea of man's duty to the State. Everybody must serve to the best of his ability, and in return the State must supply all his needs. It may or may not be an attainable ideal, but it is a just one. Unfortunately, there are men so constituted that they forget their own obligations. Born beggars, if you offer them an inch, they snatch an ell, and this is a practice which is rapidly growing into a common habit. For them the State must do this and it must do that, but when it comes to their own obligations—paying income-tax, for instance, or customs-duty upon an unconsidered trifle such as a pair of silk stockings—then, indeed, they are liable to forget.

This is the age of progress. The same might be said of any of those periods of splendid achievement which began with the invention of the steam engine, but never was progress so striking as it is at the present day. Radio offers perhaps the best example of this development. We all remember the early days of broadcasting; as a source of entertainment it is barely ten years old. Then a few of us took pride in the possession of a receiving set with a crystal detector which required tender handling—woe betide the person who spoke or so much as rustled a newspaper while the wireless "expert," with ear-phones fixed uncomfortably over his head, fiddled around in his search for the elusive broadcasting station.

The crystal detector has gone. Ear-phones are as extinct as the dodo so far as the "listener-in" is concerned, and two homes out of three boast the most sumptuous wireless sets, from which the least expert of us, merely by turning one or two knobs, can extract the desired sounds.

Broadcasting is used not only for entertainment. It links together the members of the British Commonwealth in a way unimagined before. Who can forget the moving significance of the now customary Christmas broadcast when the members of the Empire send their greetings to one another?

A few years have sufficed to achieve the present-day perfection of broadcasting. Even more impressive has been the rapidity with which we have achieved speed in locomotion. In 1930 Amy Johnson set off in an aeroplane to fly to Australia. The journey to Darwin took twenty days, and that was considered impressive. It is very small beer now. Mr. Scott and Mr. Campbell Black

have flown from England to Melbourne, a distance of 11,000 miles, in less than three days; an Italian aeroplane has exceeded the speed of 440 miles an hour; a railway train has crossed the American continent from Los Angeles to New York—more than 3,300 miles—in just over two days; Imperial Airways have inaugurated a regular passenger air service from England to Australia which is scheduled to take about a fortnight. This is speed with a vengeance, but we are still far from having reached the limits of human attainment.

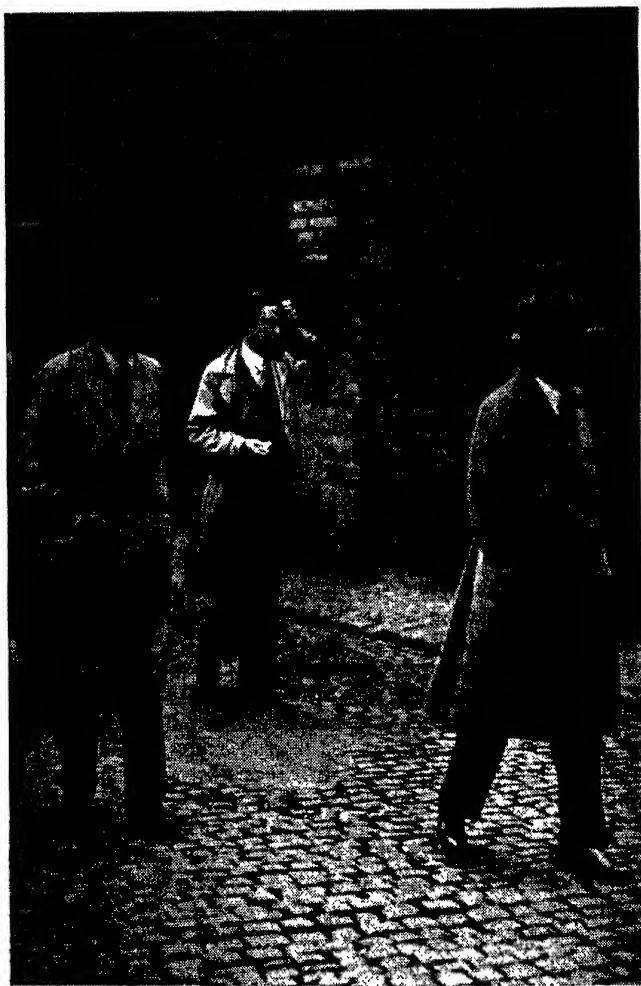
Peace, like war, has her victories, and, like the victories of war, they are sometimes bloody ones. England, which builds the finest motor-cars and engines, has had to pay dearly for her success in this direction. This country is too small and too densely populated to allow the motorist really to let himself go, but since he often cannot resist the temptation of so doing, and since in addition pedestrians are a singularly careless lot, the roads are littered with the bodies, dead or grievously wounded, of those who were too unwary or not sufficiently nimble to escape some swift machine. The casualty lists are terrifying. About 140 people are killed every week—occasionally the number has been as high as 160—and the total of injured runs into thousands.

Nothing seems able to check the terror. Speed limits have been imposed and taken off again. Street signs, bewildering in the variety of their designs, have been placed at every conceivable spot. It is good for trade, but not necessarily good for either the motorist or the pedestrian. Time alone will show whether the measures taken are successful or not.

In many respects life in England is still the most luxurious in the world, and it is luxurious in a real sense; expensive it may be, but on the whole it does not involve vulgar ostentation and a tasteless display of wealth. The finest tea, the finest coffee, the finest meat, and other products are sent to England because producers know that England wants the best and is willing to pay for it.

Side by side with well-being, however, there is still considerable wretchedness and want. The unemployment figure is high, though this is no doubt caused mainly by world economic conditions. On the other hand, there are many deplorable features of England for which the fault must be sought nearer home.

A glaring instance is to be found in the state of the herring



"SLUMS CONTINUE TO BE A REPROACH": A PERSONAL VISIT TO SLUM AREAS BY THE MINISTER OF HEALTH, SIR HILTON YOUNG (IN FRONT).

trade during October 1934. Fish were plentiful, and in consequence dirt cheap at the wharfside—so cheap, in fact, that thousands of fish were dumped back into the sea because it was not worth while bringing the catch to port. The herring trade is on the verge of ruin, and yet, by some strange anomaly, herrings, in spite of their low cost and great value as a food, are difficult and comparatively expensive to buy in the inland towns. We shall not seek to fix the blame for this, but is it possible to imagine a more scandalous state of affairs?

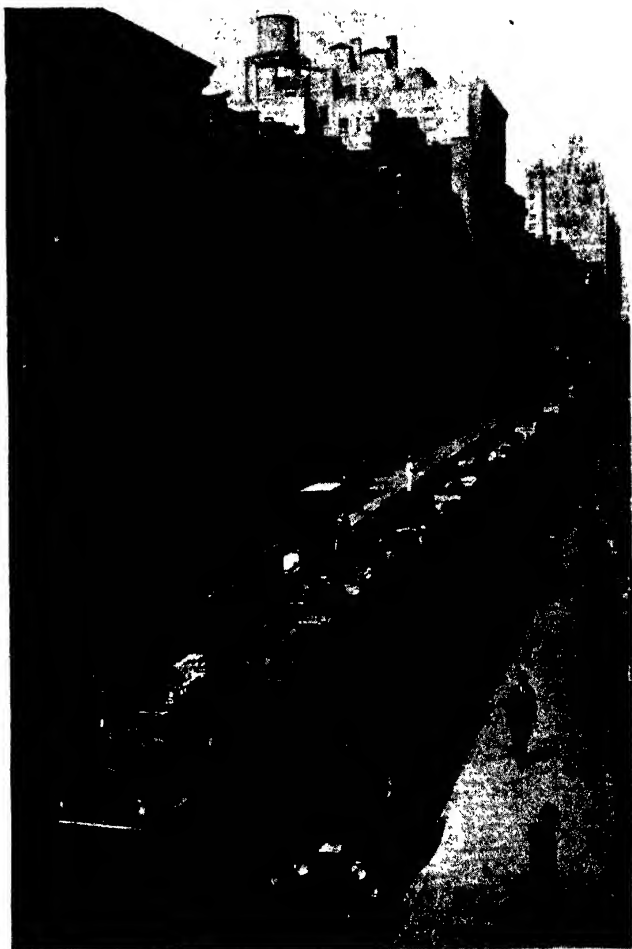
Slums continue to be a reproach to our civic authorities. Somehow, neither Parliament nor—except in a few rare cases—municipalities have had the courage to grasp this nettle with both hands. The mere contemplation of the problem seems to paralyse the powers that be, and so nothing is done and thousands of families continue to lead an unpleasant life, herded into single rooms in tumble-down and insanitary dwellings. Vienna has shown us that a remedy can be found: it requires imagination and a firm will, but surely these qualities are to be found in England no less than in Austria, a country shattered by the War and further weakened by internal strife.

Taking it all in all, however, life in England is still a very pleasant one, despite the War, despite the economic crisis. There is much misery; there are many black spots which can and ought to be removed. Nevertheless, the standard of living is still among the highest in the world. The labouring classes enjoy far better conditions of work than do those in other countries, though admittedly it is not much praise of our social structure to say that the workers are less sweated than their brothers abroad, and that they enjoy unemployment and sickness benefits more generous than those granted by other Governments.

Where England scores, and scores heavily, is in her freedom from political violence. The calmness of her political life is a unique quality to be found in no other great State.

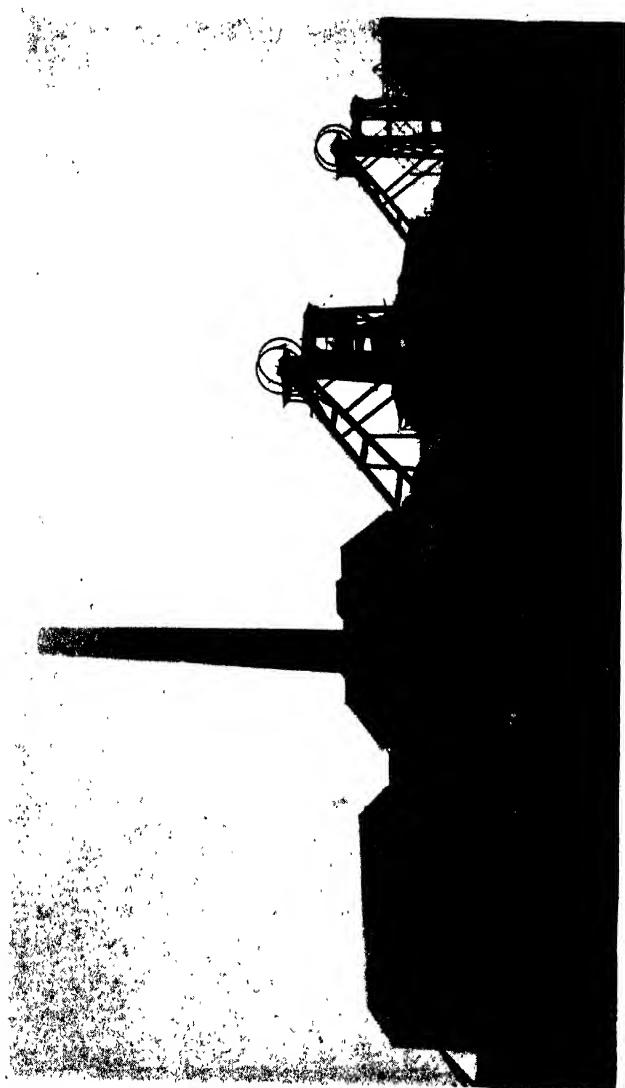
Heaven alone knows why England should possess it; by all the rules of the game her people ought to be as crazily eager to tear out one another's hair for the greater glory of the goddess of politics as are their continental neighbours. For the things that are the cause of political extremism and unrest abroad—disillusionment and bitterness—are as manifest in England as they are elsewhere. We have but to consider the books that are read and

THE WORLD IN FLUX



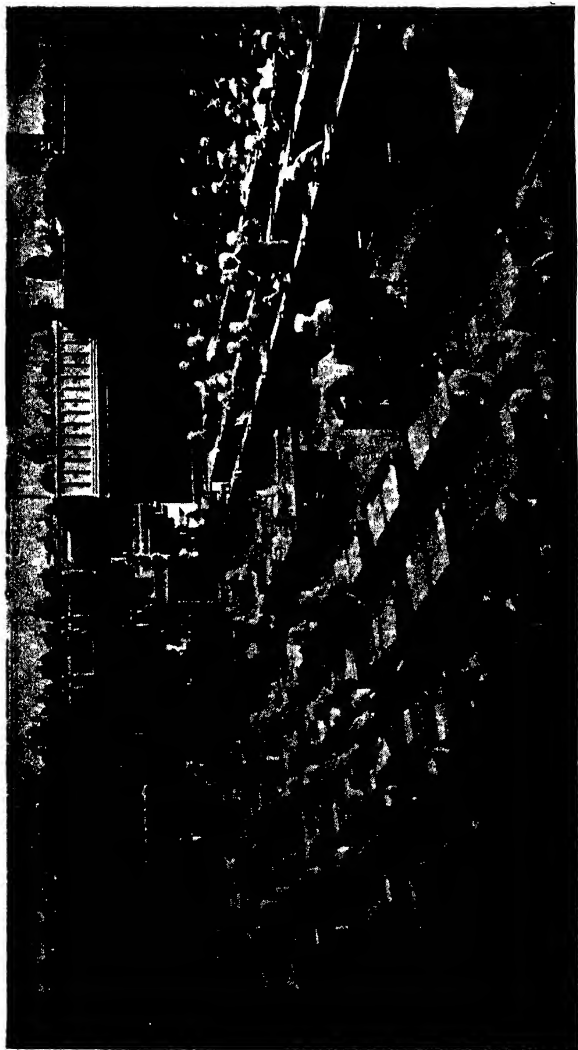
GANG RULE: £25,000 FUNERAL OF THE GANGSTER CHIEF, JOSEPH MASSERIA
(JOE THE BOSS), NEW YORK, APRIL 1931.

THE WORLD IN FLUX



POVERTY: AN ABANDONED COAL MINE, ENGLAND, 1932.

THE WORLD IN FLUX



ECONOMIC PLANNING : THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE, 1933. INAUGURATES PLANNING ON AN INTERNATIONAL SCALE.

THE WORLD IN FLUX



WORLD PEACE: THE ADMISSION OF SOVIET RUSSIA TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, 1934, GIVES THE WHOLE WORLD A COMMON MEETING-GROUND—M. LITVINOFF, SOVIET REPRESENTATIVE AT GENEVA.

the plays which are popular in England. Aldous Huxley and Noel Coward have enormous publics, not, as one might expect, because they are pleasantly soothing, nor because they are clever and cynical, but because they express what so many high-minded people feel, a hatred for social conditions as they are.

The War is usually blamed for this sad state of affairs, but as a matter of fact, the seeds of disenchantment were sown long before. The War offered merely a forcing-house in which these seeds could develop monstrously.

The real fault is to be found in the progress of civilisation. Science did not confine itself to providing man with greater comforts, it took it upon itself to explain to him every human and natural phenomenon in the world. It not only explained, it explained away, and many cherished beliefs became tattered and torn in the process. Faith in God suffered some shrewd blows when men of learning succeeded in producing effects which put the best work of the saints completely in the shade. Atheism grew when it was discovered that ghosts in all probability existed only in overheated imaginations, and that some of the most miraculous things in the universe, such as stars and thunder and lightning, were not in the least supernatural, but could be explained in terms which every child could understand.

Yet some beliefs remained: for instance, faith in the glories of the British Empire. And Science, as we have indicated, not only destroyed, but created also. It has given us the steam-engine and the aeroplane, electric light and the wireless set. It has given us a civilisation in which we can believe.

Then came the War. Millions of men died horribly or were injured beyond repair. Civilisation, it was discovered, had given us the motor-car, and also machine-guns, bombs, and poison-gas. The Empire was on the winning side, certainly, but victory had been long delayed and dearly paid for: we were forced to recognise that in point of valour, strength, and determination the Germans were in no wise our inferiors.

And a little later, when the first feelings of triumph had abated somewhat and we were able to take stock of our achievements, we discovered that all our efforts had done nothing to realise the high ideals with which we had embarked on the great adventure. What was even worse, we discovered that many of the fine words with which our own Government had fed us were lies artfully designed

to maintain at fever-pitch our blood-lust, and to surround with a romantic halo—in so far as they could not make us forget it altogether—this unpleasant business of dying or being maimed.

It seemed that we had merely won. A few frontiers had been changed, a few new States set up, a few friends and relations had disappeared, and others had taken their place. That was all.

Not quite all, however. The peace which followed war was an uneasy peace. England had ceased to be a land flowing with milk and honey. During the War the cost of living had doubled, for raw materials were scarce and prices soared. Equally scarce was labour, and wages rose to pleasant heights. Everyone spent freely, the civilians at home, the soldiers on leave; for everyone had plenty of money.

With peace this happy state of affairs passed. For a brief while trade boomed, but it was a deceptive prosperity, and very soon we found ourselves in the doldrums. Not only was trade decreasing throughout the world, but our competitors were keener than they had formerly been. The machine was well launched on its all-conquering way, and thousands were thrown out of work. We have but to mention the advent of the talking-film, which brought ruin to those who had once found a livelihood by playing in cinema-orchestras.

Wages fell, and fell more rapidly than did the cost of living. Jobs were scarce and the labour market became overcrowded. The soldiers had come back to a world in which the machine ruled and where there was now little enough room for them; nor did the fact that every year thousands of young men and women left school and entered the labour market do anything to ease the situation.

The unemployment figures passed the 2-million mark, and we saw that most painful sight: unemployment exchanges filled with men and women for whom there was nothing to do—old people and middle-aged people mingling with mere boys who had never known the beginning of an occupation, despair written on their faces.

It is not to be wondered at that there was pessimism and bitterness throughout the country. The moral looseness which swept the world and did not leave England untouched was not only a reaction from Victorianism or the natural ebullience of men and women to whom the fierceness of the struggle of 1914-1918 had taught contempt for human conventions, it was mainly the expression of a



UNEMPLOYED WAITING IN HOPE OUTSIDE A SHIPBUILDING YARD, CLYDEBANK.

deep protest against social conditions. "Eat, drink, and be merry," seemed as good a motto as any in a world where employment was precarious, where the most honest work, the soundest experience, did not necessarily earn its reward; in a twentieth century for which glorious things had been prophesied, and which, far from proving us to be "men like gods," had seen us guilty of so many lamentable follies.

Yes, there was moral looseness. The power of the Church declined. Licence took the place of discipline. Literature wallowed in the erotic. With delirious joy, England entered into the spirit of the post-War dancing carnival.

These things are not astonishing; what is really surprising is the fact that, throughout her difficulties, England has yet succeeded in maintaining her essential sanity. There is a Communist Party and a Fascist Party. There has been a General Strike which for a couple of days almost paralysed the country. Nevertheless, political conditions are stable. The political parties, however fierce when in opposition, seem to pursue identical policies when in office. The strike was a mild affair, expensive for all concerned, but quite unmarked by any sanguinary exploit. Crowds collected, the police charged once or twice with drawn truncheons, a few stones were thrown and one or two heads cracked; but that was the whole of the violence.

To the foreigner the political calm which reigns in England is a constant source of amazement and one of the most striking aspects of that country. He is accustomed to murders by the dozen, and only in the rarest instances is the guilty person punished. He is accustomed to propaganda and an invective besides which the bitterest and most scathing efforts of a Lloyd George, a Snowden, or a Winston Churchill, are but milk-and-water. He is accustomed to a people which is divided against itself by its passionate partisan-spirit in politics.

Who could imagine a student body in England embarking on a strike in which pistols and tear-gas bombs will be used, or permitting itself the luxury of a riot against the forces of law and order for the sake of furthering a political cause? Such things, which are common occurrences abroad, simply do not happen in our country, although the causes of unrest operate in England no less than in other States.

It is exceedingly difficult to discover why this should be so.

Certainly the reason for the difference between political conditions abroad and at home is not to be found in the fact that the English parliamentary machine continues to work fairly satisfactorily, whereas elsewhere it has broken down. It is no explanation, because successful government by Parliament is not a *cause* of political stability, but the result of it. If parties, instead of being few in number and having broad policies, multiply because every man who has an idea thinks that idea sufficiently important to form the basis of a new party, if party hatreds are too fierce to permit of reasonable compromise, then naturally Parliament will not function. Governments will lead a precarious existence dependent for support upon an unstable coalition majority. Energies, instead of working for the common goal along a common line, will be nullified and rendered impotent by the fact that they are all pulling in different directions. And the people will get exasperated.

No, the English have made a success of politics because they are fond of personal comfort and good living, and because they have a passion for well-padded armchairs. It may be objected that other peoples are partial to the same things, that the Frenchman, for instance, takes a notorious delight in the tit-bits of a well-garnished table, that Germans with their splendidly rounded bellies—which, incidentally, seem to be rapidly disappearing—are beyond doubt the very incarnation of the god of ease and comfort.

These are but superficial resemblances of taste, however. The essential difference is this, that the Englishman's love for his comfort is sufficiently great to make him avoid the difficult and dangerous art of thinking. To him thinking is a nuisance, an unmitigated evil from which, alas, he cannot always escape. The German and the Frenchman, on the other hand, will think on the slightest provocation, in season and out of season. They delight in it as a superior form of exercise; they have a passion for it which neither love of bodily comfort nor the unpleasant experiences which result from it can suffice to overcome.

Let it not be thought that this is intended to be a sarcastic condemnation of what the writer (wrongly) conceives to be a national trait. On the contrary! The Englishman shows true wisdom by exercising his mental faculties only in relation to the everyday things around him, by applying his thought only to the concrete problems of existence as and when they arise.

The German, on the other hand—and he is the best example of this—loves to create for himself a world of thought in which he can live the higher life, in which he can experiment with ideas, each more beautiful than the other. He thinks in abstract terms, and his world is an abstract creation utterly removed from the crude realities of existence.

The spirit in which the two nations went to war affords an excellent example of this difference. The Englishman sallied forth determined to beat up the enemy as quickly as possible, so that he might soon return to his ordinary life. The average German, on the other hand, while equally interested in the prospect of victory, was even more attracted by the infinite possibilities of thought which his new situation afforded him.

In other words, what appealed to him so much was not war against the English and the French, but simply war as such, an abstract war with an abstract enemy, a war having many abstract "angles" to which he responded with abstract action. It is illuminating to find that the propaganda which appealed to him was not, as in the case of the Englishman, that which set forth the desirability of preserving his home, his wife, his mother, and his sisters, from a brutal conqueror, but that which impressed upon him the fact that he was spreading German "Kultur" among comparative barbarians.

Nor did he find anything incongruous in the thought that this Kultur was being propagated with the help of machine-guns and poison-gas. But then, in his abstract war, the brutal instruments of fighting had no deeper significance than the birch of the school-master. Such was the spirit of 1914.

We readily perceive the dangers of such an attitude which finds its chief delight in mere thinking. Not only does the thinker tend to lose touch with mundane affairs, but in him the sense of self-importance to which most people are subject is especially stimulated by the fact that he creates for himself a world of which he is the all-powerful god.

The English, as we have said, have never fallen victims to the habit. They have had great men a-plenty, but these have mostly been men of action, great explorers, great inventors, great scientists, colonisers, and administrators. We have had few musicians, few philosophers, and none of them are of the stature of the men whom the Continent has produced. Our intellectuals have no influence

at all on the national life. Their profoundest utterances are speedily punctured by some humorist and then forgotten; one cannot respect that which is merely a cause of laughter.

Perhaps all this is only another way of saying that English behaviour is dictated by a common-sense perception of what is obvious. We take things as we find them and act accordingly. The German, on the other hand, prefers to look for and be guided by the many complications which, he is certain, must exist behind the simplest object. He refuses to believe his eyes. And so, when a crisis sweeps through the world, we set up a National Government to deal with our difficulties which, since their chief symptom is scarcity of money, must clearly be economic ones. The Germans, on the other hand, are not satisfied with so simple an explanation as tariff barriers and excessive spending; they build up a most elaborate theory in which international finances, racial problems, Jewish myths, and Liberal thought, all occupy a prominent place, and then they establish a dictatorship to deal with these supposed causes of their miseries.

But common sense is not the only thing which has brought success to England. She owes much of her strength to the fact that she possesses the finest body of rulers in the world, men who by temperament and training are in every way fitted to carry out the duties entrusted to them.

England is generally said to be the country where democracy is found at its best. This may be true, but the democratic paraphernalia is just so much stage-scenery. The rulers of the country are not the people, except in moments of grave stress. The real rulers are the aristocracy, without whom English life is scarcely conceivable. The nobles sit by right of birth in the House of Lords; they have first claim to honourable office in the State. Their influence pervades every institution in the country, and affects every inhabitant, from the highest to the lowest. By owning practically all the land they take toll, not only from the peasant and labourer, but from everyone who builds a house, extracts coal, or uses the railway. No hospital is founded, no political, social, scientific, or humanitarian effort launched, which has not some member of the aristocracy as its patron and sponsor.

And their activities do not end with the receiving of ground-rents and the adorning of board-rooms or church bazaars. In politics their influence is exceedingly powerful. Again and again the

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weaving of webs which cause ministries to fall or new policies to be adopted, takes place over some aristocratic dinner-table, in an old-established club, at Cowes, Henley, or Ascot.

How is it that the English aristocracy has succeeded in maintaining unimpaired its privileged position? One reason is no doubt the fact that the English are an essentially conservative people. We dislike startling novelties whether in the cut of our clothes or the colour of our political opinions. Above all, our system of education has taught us the value of working as a team in which the one commands while the others obey; hence we are quite content to accept our social, religious, political, and personal standards from those whom we accept as our betters. We follow whither they lead, and this all the more readily because the iron hand remains concealed in a glove of velvet. We are permitted to think that the real rulers are the people themselves, acting through Parliament; it is a pleasant illusion which harms no one and is soothing to self-esteem.

Needless to say, however, the obedience and sense of discipline of those who are ruled can be strained too far, with awkward consequences, as witness the fall of Charles I. The ruling aristocracy has its share to perform also, and its continued power reveals how well it has performed it.

Yet the success of the aristocracy is not due to its ability to produce men of genius. On the contrary, it may well be that it lags far behind other countries in that respect. But it does succeed in producing a steady stream of sound men with solid, serviceable, common-sense standards and ideas, the very things which appeal to a common-sense people. They will do nothing flashy, and rarely anything brilliant, but they can always be relied upon to face each situation with sound, solid common sense, and to continue on their appointed path with good-humoured, pleasant-mannered, but unshakable tenacity.

That is half the secret of success. The other half is this: the English aristocracy has a quite remarkable genius for taking up in its own ranks the dominant men from the lower classes. Power does not depend upon pedigree; good birth merely facilitates the path to power. Any really brilliant career will be rewarded with a peerage and a seat in the House of Lords, and no one will dream of sneering at the successful man merely because he happens to have started life as an errand-boy in a grocery store. It is an

astonishing fact that more than half the members of the House of Lords bear titles which have been created since 1832.

The advantages of this way of doing things are obvious. In the first place the aristocracy is prevented from becoming decadent; its ranks are recruited from among the best brains in the country, and it is constantly being rejuvenated by receiving fresh blood.

In the second place, by enrolling the most powerful forces in the State under its banner, it prevents the development of any dangerous opposition. The Labour Party, so long as it was in opposition, breathed the most bloodcurdling threats of Socialist theory; it came into power, and behold, the wolf changed at once into a lamb, and in fact the Labour Party during its two periods of office in 1924 and 1929-31 proved to be far more Conservative than the Conservatives themselves. It is indeed difficult to resist the blandishments of the ruling class.

Before concluding this section we must say a few words about England's economic resources.

Down to the close of the eighteenth century, England was predominantly an agricultural country. The development of coal and the coming of the machine transformed her into an industrial country. At the present time barely 13 million acres are farmed as arable land, while about 90 million acres provide pasture. The agricultural yield is small: a dangerous state of affairs, as the World War showed us, when the German submarine campaign did so much to restrict our food supplies. Cattle and sheep farming, however, is in a much healthier condition. The characteristic feature of rural England is the great meadows filled with cattle and sheep browsing contentedly. The level of production is high, the quality good. English beef and mutton are unrivalled in the world.

Thanks to sheep-farming and the possession of territories overseas which are among the richest cotton- and silk-producing countries in the world, England has succeeded in establishing a splendid textile industry. But she owes her success in this field of activity as well as in many others to the fact that she possesses enormous resources in coal. Coal, a cheap source of power which enjoys the additional advantage of being found close at hand, so that transport costs are low, is the life-blood of Britain's industries. It is coal which has made England economically into a great Power.

Ship-building, as befits a country whose association with the sea is traditional, is an industry in which Britain has always led the world. At the beginning of the century Germany made a determined effort to capture the ship-building market, but the War intervened, and though she has renewed her efforts since, the losses which she suffered have prevented her so far from becoming a really dangerous competitor. This is not to belittle the magnificent work she has put in: such ships as the *Bremen* and the *Europa*, to say nothing of the so-called "pocket battleships," are sufficient proof of the skill which the Germans possess. But our reply, the *Queen Mary*, which was launched in 1934, shows that we have nothing to fear from our rivals.

The chemical industry is young, having been created during the War, but in the hands of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., it has already established itself throughout the world.

The principal exports are cotton-goods, then coal, iron, and steel; followed by machinery and woollen goods. Unfortunately, all these have suffered severely from the foreign competition which sprang up after the War. India and Japan, and particularly the latter, now manufacture enormous quantities of cotton goods which, by reason of the low cost of production resulting from cheap labour, they can afford to export to countries where we formerly held practically a monopoly at prices with which the British manufacturer simply cannot compete. The United States now produce iron and steel goods, particularly tools and machinery, which are as good as anything manufactured in Sheffield. The United States are by far our most formidable competitor in every sphere of industrial activity, for the simple reason that they possess vast and, relatively speaking, quite untouched sources of raw materials.

Britain's real tragedy, however, is the position of coal. Once it was shipped in tramp steamers to every port in Europe, and to most outside it. Now the world is using less British coal. By 1925 our coal exports, which in 1913 amounted to 73 million tons, had shrunk to a bare 50 million tons. Oil fuels, which are an altogether cheaper, cleaner, and more convenient source of power, are beginning to usurp the position once held by coal.

The greatest of British industries, partly because of world conditions and the march of progress, partly, too, because it is uneconomically managed, is beginning to run at a loss. Britain can no longer rely upon it for the maintenance of economic superiority.

Unfortunately, the effects of this depression are not confined to the coal trade, but extend to other industries. England's tramp shipping, for instance, which was largely dependent for its prosperity upon the carriage of coal, is now in a parlous condition.

These are all difficulties which can, and, we have no doubt, will be overcome in the future. The real danger is that our manufacturers have succeeded most inadequately in adapting themselves to new conditions. They tend to be too conservative, too reluctant to face the fact that this post-War world is a changed world which demands methods altogether different from those which were good enough in 1913. Instead, they prefer to blame for their troubles what they are pleased to call "unfair" competition, a term which means chiefly that the foreigner is working longer hours and is content with smaller profits in order to keep the price of his goods as low as possible. It means, furthermore, that the foreigner is far more willing than the English manufacturer to promote his sales by preparing catalogues in languages and currency systems other than his own, and by going to infinite trouble in order to meet the requirements of his customers. It is true that the foreigner is very often assisted by Government subsidies, while the Englishman is not so fortunate in that respect. But subsidies, after all, are a very inefficient and artificial means of stimulating trade which must come to an end sooner or later, since no country's pockets are inexhaustible.

Will the British business-man adopt new methods of doing business? It is a question which must be answered, and we have no doubt but that it will be answered in the right way.

CHAPTER XVIII

ENGLAND IN CRISIS

ENGLAND in crisis! The country is going to the dogs—so the hardened pessimist, who can marshal an array of facts to back his gloomy opinion. England, for instance, gained no profit from the War; on the contrary, her pre-eminence in Europe has been usurped by France, her leadership in the world by the United States. By her hesitations in foreign affairs, by the weakness with which she handles problems that require a firm grasp, she has forfeited the respect in which she was once held.

The police—our wonderful police—went on strike. The Navy—our pride—permitted itself the luxury of a small mutiny at Invergordon, and, together with our Army, must now be sheltered from the contaminating influence of modern thought by a certain statute known as the "Incitement to Disaffection Act, 1934."

Nor does that end the story: the Dominions have cast off their shackles and established their independence; Ireland has defeated us, and takes pleasure in twisting the lion's tail; India is winning her freedom. Worse still, we have lost the "Ashes."

Clearly England is decadent.

The indictment is a formidable one, but is it a "true bill"? It shows difficulties, but does it indicate an inability to deal with them? Let us consider, for instance, the General Strike of 1926. It lasted ten days, and it brought out into the open all those half-hidden forces which had been gathering for conflict since the War—a conflict of ideas, irreconcilable, and in most minds illogical and emotional; a conflict at the root of which lay economic depression, the necessity of tightening belts after the prosperity of the war years.

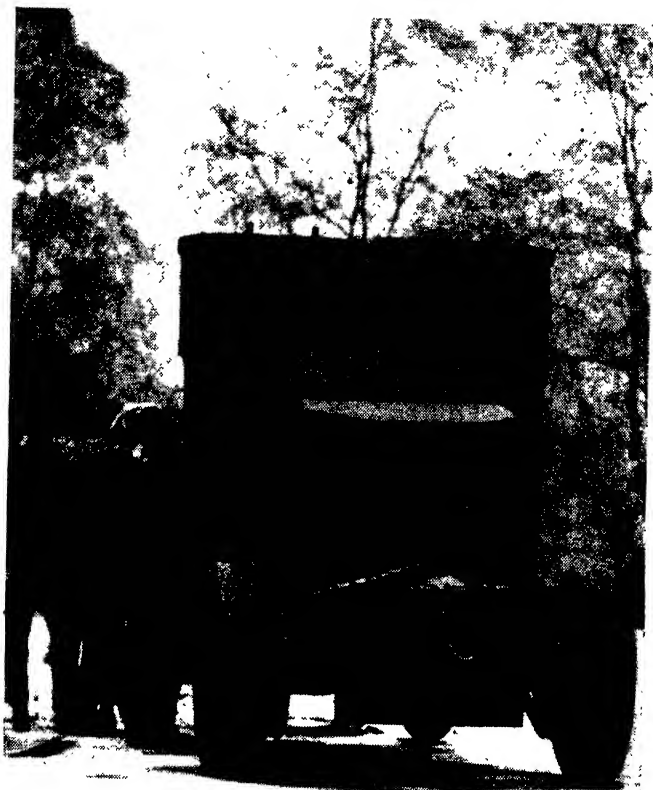
Labour, the chief sufferer, was passionately resentful of the prevailing conditions, unemployment, lower wages, a dole that meant slow instead of quick starvation. It was filled with suspicion of the middle and upper classes; it was permeated with visionary ideals and political revolutionary theories.

The trouble came to a head in the coal industry, which, faced by keen competition and a lower demand for coal, could only be kept going at the old rate by Government subsidies. The subsidy came to an end, and promptly the burden was laid upon the back of the miners. Wage-cuts—and then the storm burst, and not only the miners, but the workers in every industry took a hand.

It was the gravest crisis since the War. The issue was no longer higher or lower wages for the miners, but the Trades Union Congress versus Great Britain. And Great Britain took up the challenge.

On the following morning there were no trains, no omnibuses, no trams nor taxi-cabs. Thousands of "black-coated" workers trudged to their offices or obtained lifts from passing cars. They realised how important it was that everyday life should go on as calmly and with as little interruption as possible.

The remarkable thing was the sudden spirit of cheeriness which



PREPARING ARMoured CARS FOR EMERGENCY USE IN THE GENERAL STRIKE,
1926.

seemed to have descended upon England. The strike was a misfortune common to all, and so it behoved people to be cheerful and to help one another as far as lay within their power. Motor-cars were filled to overflowing; tradesmen's carts were pressed into service. Complete strangers chatted with one another and jested—such a thing was unheard of. Nevertheless, it was the true spirit of England, vigorous, stimulated by difficulties into putting forth greater efforts.

Within a few days buses, trams, and trains were running, driven by eager young undergraduates. Little by little the essential services were being restored. The Government had made sure of adequate supplies of food by establishing large depôts at various strategic points. A newspaper, consisting of but one sheet of diminutive size, was being produced.

All these things were useful, but what really broke the strike was the spirit which the nation displayed, the same spirit that had enabled it to hold out through the weary years of the War. That spirit did not break under an even more drastic test when the world crisis broke over England, bringing with it none of the more exciting interludes of the strike, but just the rather dull necessity of less spending and greater economy.

England decadent: shall we not endorse the indictment "no true bill"?

It may be worth while to go a little more deeply into the question of the crisis, for all that most of us know about it is that it exists, that it has forced Great Britain to abandon the gold standard, and that in consequence we must economise. Yet why economise, why purchase less, when we are told on all hands that the trouble with the world is over-production leading to a slump in prices, with consequent wage-cuts, unemployment, and, in far too many cases, destruction of such essentials as wheat and coffee? We may be certain of one thing, that over-production is not the cause of our troubles, for how can there be over-production when millions are dying of starvation every year?

The causes of the crisis go back to 1919, when a peace treaty was imposed upon Germany which shattered her economic system. Germany had already suffered severely during the War by the fact that all she possessed had had to be used for producing armaments instead of for producing other things far more essential to the well-

being of a nation. Ploughshares had been beaten into swords, and now she needed ploughshares again.

The Treaty of Versailles rendered the reconstruction of the country almost impossible by depriving Germany of large portions of her territory, including rich sources of raw materials, such as iron- and coal-mines. In addition, Germany was made to pay huge sums to the Allies by way of Reparations for the damage done and the expense to which they had been put.

But Germany had to go on living; she had to import food for her people who were on the verge of starvation, and raw materials for her industries. The money for these things had to come from somewhere. Germany had to earn it by exporting more goods than she imported so that she could pay for the latter out of the balance.

It was not easy to sell goods abroad in a world every nation of which, while intent upon the same thing, in order to protect home industries, had erected high tariff barriers to keep out foreign produce.

The Germans could carry out their task only by producing goods so cheaply that foreigners would still buy them in spite of high customs duties. It was a gigantic effort, for it involved the complete reconstruction of their industries. They were successful because they were able to borrow large sums of money from the United States and Great Britain in order to rebuild their industries, and because they practised rigid economy and imposed upon themselves an exceedingly low standard of living.

Naturally the Germans had to pay interest on the loans; they had still to pay Reparations, and they met both these obligations out of money they borrowed. The folly of the whole business was that the money Germany borrowed went largely to the Allies in the form of Reparations, and the Allies thereupon paid it back to the United States in order to reduce the debts they had themselves incurred towards America during the War.

In 1928 the flow of money from America suddenly ceased. America was just then enjoying a Stock Exchange boom and found it more profitable to invest her money at home. In the following year came the slump, but by then Germany's financial position was painfully shaky and America, smarting under the slump, had not the least desire to risk more money in Germany.

Germany would have collapsed there and then, and such a

collapse would still further have strengthened France's power in Europe by removing the chief threat to her security.

This was a thing that Great Britain was very anxious to avoid, since her own position in Europe was very far from strong. Great Britain, therefore, took the place of America and lent to Germany, though unfortunately she had had to borrow herself from France and America the money she was now lending to Germany. For a time all was well, but then America, deep in the doldrums of depression, began to recall the moneys invested in Great Britain. They could not be paid, except by shipping gold, since Great Britain could not in her turn recall her money from Germany.

For a time England withstood the attack—largely with the help of further borrowing. Then, however, France, which was beginning to be anxious about England's financial situation, also started to recall her loans to England. The British Government tried to borrow more money, but America would not lend unless it undertook to balance the budget and to reduce its expenditure on social services. Labour was in power, and while willing to balance the budget, insisted upon doing so in its own way, with the result that the loan did not materialise and the Government was forced to resign. It had accepted the necessity of sweeping "cuts" in salaries and social expenditure, but it was divided on the question of a 10 per cent. reduction in unemployment relief. Having swallowed camels, several Ministers saw fit to strain at gnats.

The King invited Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to form a new Cabinet in which every Party should be represented, a "Government of National Concentration" whose task it would be to restore Britain's financial stability. Drastic measures were needed for reviving English trade, and the most rigorous economy in national expenditure. At all cost the budget must be balanced; it was threatening to show a deficit of no less than £170 millions.

Ramsay MacDonald was reluctant, and naturally so: he was leaving—deserting, some said—the Party the fortunes of which he had shared since its very early days. He would have to fight the friends who had grown old at his side. For Baldwin, too, the question was a difficult one. Power lay within sight. He had but to refuse to co-operate with MacDonald, and the next Government would be a Conservative one, with himself as Prime Minister. Baldwin gave way, and when Sir Herbert Samuel, who was leading the Liberals during Lloyd George's illness, also decided to support

MacDonald, though he realised how great was the danger to Free Trade, the cardinal principle of Liberalism, the National Government came into being.

The joy with which the news was received left no doubt of the country's approval. Until the Labour Government resigned, hardly anyone in England had realised how serious were England's difficulties. The shock was terrific. The pound in danger—people could hardly believe it. No one knew what this involved, and the very uncertainty heightened fear to the verge of hysteria. Germany had gone through inflation and the whole nation had twisted in agony. Would the same thing happen in England? Would the man in the street who had no thought for politics, who knew nothing of finance, wake up the next day to find his savings worth nothing, the money for which he had sweated so much waste-paper? Great Britain had seemed as unshakable as the Pyramids; sterling had always been synonymous with stability—as safe as the Bank of England, so ran a popular phrase. Were these things to be no longer true?

England did not know, but it did realise this: that ordinary methods could not save the country, that party differences must disappear and party interests be sacrificed, and there was deep anger with Labour which had refused to join in the work of national reconstruction. The result was seen when the General Election was held for which Conservatives, seeing the chance of a great victory for their Party, had been pressing. When the new House of Commons met, Labour, which once numbered two hundred and eighty members, had shrunk to a Party of fifty-one, a weary, dispirited group huddled on a couple of benches. It was a staggering election; the safest seats were lost with ease, majorities of 15,000 or 20,000 became minorities of 4,000 or 5,000.

The new Government settled down energetically to deal with the difficulties that confronted it. Economy was the crying need, and economies were ruthlessly practised. Every person in the employ of the State, Ministers, judges, teachers, soldiers and sailors, clerks, suffered salary cuts, and the example was followed by practically every employer. And the surprising thing happened: the country as a whole approved.

By then, however, it was too late to save the pound. Millions in gold flowed out of the country every day, and within a few weeks England, unable to stand the strain, was forced to abandon

the gold standard. We must now say a few words about the gold standard, since few people understand what it means, beyond the fact that the money of a country which has left gold is worth less than before.

The gold standard is simply a method of keeping the currencies of different countries at the same value in relation to each other. If x shillings will always buy an ounce of gold, and y francs will always buy the same quantity, it is obvious that x shillings must always be worth y francs.

Clearly this is a great advantage to the merchant: he can sell goods abroad, or import them, knowing exactly what he will receive, or how much he will have to pay, since the relative values of currencies will always remain the same. And so trade is stimulated, for it can flourish only when conditions are stable. It was this consideration which led the countries that had been forced off gold during the War to return to it at the earliest possible moment.

There were two ways of achieving this object. They could devalue their currency or deflate it. France and Belgium and many other countries chose the former course. The value of the French franc was reduced to about a fifth of its former level: instead of being worth about a shilling it was now worth only about two and a half pence, and it was kept at that value by being tied to gold. In other words, the Bank of France, instead of selling an ounce of gold for x francs, as it had done before the War, demanded five times that amount. One effect of this was to wipe out four-fifths of the savings of the French.

England deflated its money. The pound, instead of buying less gold, now bought exactly the same as in 1914. The chief advantage of this course was to force other countries which owed us money to pay more. But it had some serious disadvantages. The National Debt, for instance, which had reached staggering heights as a result of the War, was increased, and the burden fell on the taxpayer, so that industry suffered. The national savings, too, were increased and again it was the taxpayer who had to pay. But the most serious result of all was to make our goods more expensive for the foreigner, with the result that our export trade began to decline.

We have said that one of the objects of maintaining the gold standard is to help trade by stabilising the value of money in terms of the currencies of foreign countries which are likewise on the

gold standard. Another is to prevent national issuing banks from printing too much paper-money. They are allowed to print a certain amount without having in their vaults a corresponding quantity of gold, but for anything beyond that amount they must have gold. This is called the gold "backing," and is rendered necessary by the fact that to be on the gold standard means, in the ordinary course of events, that the country concerned has undertaken to exchange gold for a certain quantity of its paper-money to anyone who cares to ask for it. It would be very much embarrassed if, having printed too much paper, it were suddenly called upon to exchange it all for gold, during some panic, for instance.

Normally, of course, the gold is not required within the country. We are satisfied with the bank's undertaking to pay us so much gold for our notes, and leave it at that. But the gold is required for certain purposes abroad. Thus, if a country buys goods from other countries, it must pay for them, either by selling sufficient goods in return, or by sending gold. If it is unfortunate, the latter will be the case. Such a thing happened to Germany; she was called upon to meet huge sums by way of Reparations and interest-charges on foreign loans, and since trade barriers made it impossible for her to sell sufficient goods to pay these, she had to send gold. The result was that her gold backing shrank to about 2 per cent. of the paper issue, and Germany was forced to relieve her banks of the obligation to sell gold except to persons holding Government permits, and ultimately had to suspend her foreign payments.

The limitation of paper-money has another effect: it prevents undue rises in the prices of commodities. If the bank went on printing paper quite regardless of any increase in the supply of things to be bought and sold, prices would necessarily rise, if for no other reason than that the demand would increase and there would not be a sufficient supply to meet it. To print too much paper-money is to inflate it, and so, when Germany went through a period of inflation, prices rose to enormous heights.

England, then, was forced off the gold standard. The banks no longer gave gold for paper. The result was highly beneficial, the one disadvantage being that the value of the pound now fluctuated in terms of foreign countries. On the other hand, it reduced its value by roughly a third, with the result that we can no longer afford to purchase as much from abroad as formerly,

while foreign countries can purchase far more from us than before. In other words, our imports are reduced and our export trade is stimulated, so that our adverse balance of trade is improved. We are living more within our means.

Under these conditions industry thrives. It must produce more for export, and it must begin to produce the things we formerly imported.

On the other hand, the price-level within the country must rise to a certain extent. We are still forced to import many raw materials, and must now pay more for them. But the things produced at home will continue to cost the same, so that on balance we gain.

The National Government has worked nobly. By 1933 the Budget was balanced, and many of the cuts have been restored. England may not be on the gold standard, but she remains one of the soundest countries in the world. And the most admirable thing about it is the way in which the population rose to meet the emergency of the moment. We were reluctant to set our house in order; we put off everything to the very last moment. But when that moment had come, England set to with a will.

What of England's foreign affairs? Alas, we have lost much prestige abroad. Somehow, England has succeeded since the War in showing little but indecision and weakness. The one great success was Locarno, largely the work of Sir Austen Chamberlain, Britain's elder statesman. He was fittingly rewarded by being made a Knight of the Garter. And yet—the value of Locarno is doubtful. By the Locarno Treaties England and Italy jointly guaranteed the frontiers of France and Germany as laid down by the Treaty of Versailles. Hopes ran high. By one stroke it seemed that the whole aspect of Europe had been changed. Fear, the greatest enemy of peace, had been changed into confidence. The relations between France and Germany, which had been poisoned by distrust, suddenly became cordial. The world rejoiced, believing that the spirit of peace had been released, that at last peace would no longer be a mere interlude between two wars. To-day we see the end of those hopes. Locarno is dead. In every respect Britain's foreign policy appears to have failed. Her influence has not succeeded in preventing Fascist Germany from attacking Austria. Her actions have not succeeded in making Germany friendly, or in preserving France's friendship. The

reason, as we have said, is to be found in the lack of firmness displayed. It is a strange irony of fate, for in fact that lack of firmness is entirely due to Britain's will for peace. She is tired of Europe; she has not the least desire to mix in continental brawls and squabbles, which are many, and certainly no desire to shed good blood and spend good money for such a purpose.

Instead, her eyes are turned to her colonies and dominions. The cause is plain: in those countries lie the foundations of her strength and wealth, in those countries her hopes of the future—yet the political bonds which bind them to her have steadily grown weaker and weaker since the latter part of the nineteenth century. Until that time the Empire was to be taken as a matter of course, something that must exist for ever. Time, however, has begun to gnaw at its structure; and that is why Britain must do more and more to strengthen it. Even before the War this policy had been instituted. Overseas clubs have been founded everywhere. The magnificent Rhodes scholarships were established. In 1900 Chamberlain made the loans of the colonies first-class securities in England.

Since the War Imperialism has been pursued with even greater vigour. The Government made a great effort to encourage British emigration to the Colonies, though this was partly an attempt to kill two birds with one stone by relieving the English labour market. In 1924 the Wembley Exhibition was opened: its purpose was to make England realise the infinite possibilities that were contained in its heritage and to stimulate Anglo-colonial trades. A great chain of wireless stations has been established to link up the various parts of the Empire. Communications have been improved out of all recognition. The "all-red" rail route, the Cape to Cairo line which that great Imperialist Cecil Rhodes envisaged, will be completed within a few years, though as a matter of fact its value has been greatly decreased by the existence of a regular aeroplane mail and passenger service. A similar air service has been established between England, India, and Australia. Imperial Preference is now a reality, in spite of England's Free Trade tradition.

In propaganda immense efforts have been made. The King's sons, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, have toured the Empire as their country's messengers of good-will. They have stimulated good-will wherever they went, by showing

the colonies that England had not forgotten them, and by permitting them to share for a while the possession of England's royal house.

The newspapers have played their part. For years now the majority of them have advocated the cause of the Empire almost daily in their columns. Lord Beaverbrook launched the Empire Crusade movement, of which Lord Rothermere ultimately undertook the leadership, and even succeeded in bringing about the election to Parliament of an Empire Crusader, Rear-Admiral Taylor.

Will all these efforts achieve their aim? We cannot tell yet, for one thing is certain, that the interests of Britain and her Dominions are not always identical. Since the War every country in the world has put forward her strength in an endeavour to build up a solid industry. Within the Empire it has been the same thing. Australia, for instance, wants to become an industrial country. If every Dominion does the same thing, what will become of England's markets, since England can never be anything but industrial? And how far will the Dominions go to establish their industrial self-sufficiency?

Meanwhile, though large sections in England long for a return to the policy of "Splendid Isolation" within the Empire which prevailed until the end of the nineteenth century, it is doubtful whether she can do so. The fact is that she must always be vitally interested in what is going on on the Continent. If France becomes too powerful, say, as a result of Germany's collapse, she will threaten England's security. If Germany becomes too powerful, then Germany will be the threat. It was in an endeavour to prevent both these things that Britain championed Germany during the post-War years when France was more than willing to complete the work of 1919 by an invasion of Germany. For that reason too Britain has championed Austria against Germany.

We are back in the bad old days of the "Balance of Power," and the result may easily be the same. It has already resulted in this: that Britain is looked upon with doubt and suspicion by every country in Europe. "England's frontiers are on the Rhine" were Baldwin's words in 1934, and there he uttered a profound truth. But how is Europe to interpret them? Does England stand for the frontiers of 1919? England cannot say definitely. She blows hot one day, cold the next. It is logical enough, since her interests change as conditions in Europe vary

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from time to time. But for France and Germany and the Little Entente, for Austria and Poland, it is an unsatisfactory kind of logic, since none of these countries can make any precise plans for the future, neither can they leave England out of their calculations.

England in crisis—of that there can be no doubt. She was a victor in the War, but somehow victory was not followed by any material prosperity, though it had destroyed her most formidable competitor. Somehow crisis followed crisis, strike succeeded strike. Her foreign policy has not been unduly successful, and her home policy has done little to convert discontent into delight. In the last couple of years she does seem to have turned the corner, but one cannot be sure. It is dangerous—and in these days, when conditions change with a fantastic rapidity, more so than ever—to prophesy the future. All that we can be certain of is that the way to complete prosperity will be a long and arduous one. No doubt the distress has been caused very largely by world economic conditions, but may it not be due in part also to the present-day workings of our political system? At the moment it is the fashion for democracy to break down, or so the Germans, the French, the Poles, the Italians, the Austrians, and a host of other peoples allege. Has democracy broken down in England? We think not, and the proof is to be found in the fact that England is one of the very few countries in the world which has not found it necessary to abandon democratic government in favour of some more drastic methods of dealing with crises and bad times.

Nevertheless, there have been certain changes in Britain's post-War system of government, though most of them, it is to be hoped, will prove but very transitory ones.

The really important novelty has been the enlarging of the franchise, though its full effect has not yet been seen.

In 1918 the Sex Disabilities Removal Act was passed. The long struggles of such people as Sylvia Pankhurst, the ignoble brawls with policemen, the constant interference with public business, in season and out of season, had at last obtained a partial reward. For most purposes the equality of the sexes was henceforth to be recognised. The chief exception was in regard to the vote, which was given only to married women and to spinsters turned thirty

(an inadmissible principle). In 1924, however, Baldwin included in his election policy what has been somewhat inelegantly called the "Flapper Vote." The proposal became law in due course, and now women hold the franchise on the same terms as men. There was immense indignation in Conservative circles over this step. It was no doubt useful as a piece of electioneering propaganda, but as an established fact—was it wise? Women of twenty-one, it was suggested, lacked not only political knowledge and experience, but were also very inexperienced in the business of life. It was well known that the basis on which they tipped the winners of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race took no account either of form or of weather and water conditions, but was concerned simply and solely with physical beauty. Would not the same consideration be made the touchstone of political merit at elections? And in view of the fact that brains seldom go hand in hand with beauty, and more especially that facial plainness is not at all unusual among Parliamentary candidates, would women vote for the right man, would they bother to vote at all? The doubts were ill-founded. So far as experience of life and politics is concerned, women of twenty-one have as ripe a share of this as their brothers of the same age, and probably a good deal more. And since there is no beauty among candidates, there is no unfair handicap. On the other hand, since women are notoriously susceptible to a fair tongue and soft speech, it may well be that their vote will bring about the revival of eloquence, an art which is most valuable in Parliament and unfortunately but seldom found at the present time.

So far the Flapper Vote does not appear to have affected the political life of this country, but it may well be that it will affect it to a considerable extent in the years to come; when that vote is regarded as something just as natural as the vote for men. One thing it has already done: it has undoubtedly caused political programmes to be drafted with an eye on the feminine element in the electorate. Parties are now far more inclined to give such matters as infant and maternity welfare a prominent place in their policies than they used to be.

Another aspect of the present-day system of government has been the usurpation of legislative, executive, and judicial power by Government Departments and Boards. There is a very strong tendency for Acts of Parliament to contain provisions empowering

some public body or other to frame rules and regulations for the administration of the Act, and these provisions are often drawn in the very widest terms. Thus, the Milk Board which was set up in 1934 was given the right to inflict very heavy penalties on persons who infringed the regulations it had established. The sittings of the Board are not held in public, and the person accused of an offence is not necessarily given the fullest opportunity of defending himself—two matters which are very contrary to English notions of justice. Parliament, unfortunately, has failed to keep any check on this tendency. The Statute may order that the rules established thereunder must lie on the tables of the House for a specified period of time before they come into operation, in order that members may study them and object if they wish. What happens in actual practice is that a couple of sheets are laid on the tables which bear the appropriate heading, but are otherwise blank. No one bothers, but everybody is surprised when some particularly outrageous rule is produced. So far no remedy has been found for this state of affairs; indeed, no one has troubled to look for one, in spite of the fact that Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, published some years ago an exposure of these methods that caused a considerable stir.

The growing power of Whitehall seems to suggest that Parliament is beginning to surrender its rights, that it lacks the vigour it once possessed. That suggestion is supported by the condition of political parties at the present day, and the singular lack of outstanding personalities in Parliament.

The Liberal Party is moribund, and that is a real tragedy, for now that there are three parties Liberals are needed even more urgently than they were in the past in order to hold the balance among them. For eight triumphant years Liberalism had the majority in the Commons and the country; then came the War and a Coalition Government, and when the War was over the decline had set in. It was helped on by a scandal of the first magnitude, when the suggestion went forth that the Liberal "War Chest," the fighting fund of the party, had received generous assistance from persons who hoped thereby to purchase political advancement and honours.

The party steadily disintegrated. Nevertheless, Lloyd George, with Sir Herbert Samuel at his right side, strove to repair its fortunes. The years 1926-9 saw the climax of their gigantic

work. By-election after by-election was fought, some were won, some were lost. For a time it seemed as if Liberalism was beginning to regain its hold on the country. Then Lloyd George announced his slogan "We can conquer Unemployment." It captured the imagination of the Liberals. It restored to them all their vigour and will to win. A few weeks later, on May 30, 1929, came the General Election, and out of 615 seats only 59 returned Liberals. The energy and money had been in vain. The country refused to believe in Lloyd George's "Plan." Labour was in, and two days later Sir William Jowitt, one of the ablest of the Liberals, had deserted his friends and gone over to the enemy, accepting the office of Attorney-General.

In 1931 the Liberals—what was left of them—were given another chance. They were asked to support the National Government. They did so. Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir John Simon, Sir Donald Maclean received Government office. It did not last long. Lloyd George withdrew his support as soon as the General Election was announced and he realised that the cause of Free Trade was endangered. Sir John Simon, with several others, gave full support to the Government's policy. Sir Herbert Samuel and his two colleagues were prepared to remain, provided that Protection was applied only in a limited form and as a temporary emergency measure. When the tariff programme was announced early in the New Year, they resigned; they were asked to reconsider their decision, and that invaluable thing, a formula, was found. They remained, while "agreeing to differ" on the question of duties. It was not long before the tariff proposals became full-blooded protection. Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir Archibald Sinclair, and Sir Donald Maclean resigned, this time for good. There were now three Liberal parties, the Simonites, the Samuelites, Lloyd George and his family. It will be many years before these wounds are healed and Liberalism returns to strength.

The Labour Party has had two periods of office, both exceedingly short, while on both occasions it was a minority Government dependent for support upon the Liberals.

Neither of these periods has been productive of legislation in the best Socialist manner. Indeed, Labour has proved to be almost as Conservative as the staunchest Tory, while Snowden's Budget, in 1924, had a distinctly Liberal flavour. It was the most "correct" finance, and showed no trace of Socialist principle.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, at the Colonial Office, adopted himself to his new surroundings with the very greatest rapidity and became a whole-hearted Imperialist.

In 1929 Labour took office once again, less, perhaps, on its own merits than because the country was tired of the Conservatives, who had governed for four years, during which time the unemployment figure rose to a million and a half and they succeeded in finding the not very inspiring election slogan "Safety First." It was no time for safety first.

Once again Labour was in the minority. It had less than half the seats in the House, and although returning more members, had polled fewer votes than the Conservatives. MacDonald made no attempt to gain the support of the Liberals, and again his achievements proved mild compared with election promises. Mr. Thomas, assisted by Lansbury and Mosley, was put in charge of the unemployment problem. The Road Fund was raided for finance to build and repair roads and bridges in order to create employment, and it was proposed to grant money, not only to municipalities, but also to public utility companies, such as railway undertakings. When the Government fell, the number of unemployed had increased to over 2 millions. Unemployment benefits were increased slightly, and another test formed to ensure that the workless should not resign themselves to their fate. In future it would be for the officials of the Employment Exchanges to prove that the claimants to benefits had refused offers of work, and not for the claimants to prove that they were "genuinely seeking work." Pacifists received some little encouragement for their laudable principles by the withdrawal of grants to Cadet Corps and by a reduction in the Naval Estimates. But perhaps the most important measure of all was the raising of the school-leaving age from fourteen to fifteen.

No, on the whole the Labour Government did not cover itself with glory at its second attempt. A few more measures, all equally inoffensive, and then the Crisis burst full over England, and Labour departed in deep disgrace.

In 1922 the Coalition Government resigned and England returned to party politics. Since that time, with two brief intervals for rest, the Conservatives have been in power, and even the National Government, whatever it may have been at its inception, is now but a thinly disguised Conservative Government. The main planks

of its programme have been Imperialism and the fostering of trade.

The first, as we have seen, has so far achieved little of practical value beyond the fact that it taught England the opportunities which the Colonies offered. The second was to be accomplished by hastening a return to normal conditions, by restoring British credit on foreign exchanges, by lowering taxes, and, subsequently, by Protection in the form of Imperial Preference. In 1925 Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, restored England to the gold standard on the basis of the pre-War value of gold, a step which was carried through by reducing the quantity of paper-money. Since the volume of commodities to be bought and sold did not decrease correspondingly, the price-level fell, until eventually a pound was able to buy as much as it had been able to buy in 1914. The result was not all that had been hoped. We have already considered some of the consequences of restoring the gold standard by deflating the currency, but there were others. Money being difficult to obtain, the banks restricted credits and charged high rates on loans so that a tremendous burden was placed on the back of industry, and the burden was not lightened by the fact that our National Debt and the interest charges upon it rose as the pound increased in value. The gold standard was increasing the amount of taxation necessary, and trade was not assisted in the slightest degree. One method of dealing with this was the Conservative De-Rating Act which transferred the burden of local rates upon industry to the already somewhat bowed shoulders of the tax- and rate-payer. This meant not only an indirect reduction of wages, but also a reduction of purchasing power, so that industry lost almost as much as it had gained from the measure.

Unemployment figures rose, taxation rose, purchasing power fell, and so, when the Government endeavoured to carry through schemes of real value, it found itself with not sufficient money. Never was anything really solid done to improve the housing conditions of the poor. Slums continued to exist, and the consequence was beneficial neither to the health of the country nor to its morale.

One useful measure was carried through. By the Rent Restriction Act profiteering in real property ~~was~~ prevented, for landlords were not permitted to charge exorbitant rents at a time when accommodation was scarce. And, oddly enough, this very valuable piece of legislation was distinctly socialistic in tone.

But the great achievement of the Conservatives has been the introduction of Protection. In one form or another this came about quite early on, for instance, by the Safeguarding Acts whereby industries that were in sore straits received some degree of shelter from foreign competition. A film industry in its infancy was set upon its feet by making it obligatory upon picture-houses to show a certain percentage of British-made films. The Quota Act, however, has not proved entirely satisfactory in its working. Many films were made purely to satisfy the conditions of the Act. They were made at the lowest possible cost without regard to any artistic merit. However bad they might be, they could always be sold for heavy gold to American film companies. But the credit of the British film industry has not been improved thereby, and it was not until about a couple of years ago that it began to establish itself in the world market as the producer of intelligent and beautiful films.

As might be expected from this sketch, England has lacked really outstanding political leaders. We are all prepared to concede Mr. Baldwin's high qualities, qualities that are best symbolised by his pipe which cartoonists have made famous. He is a typical yeoman of England—honest, sound, dependable. One knows instinctively that he will never do a foolish thing, but, on the other hand, he will never do a really inspiring one either.

Mr. MacDonald's political existence, though he continues to be the head of the National Government, is apparently ended. It may be that since his breach with the Labour Party, since his adoption of Conservative methods instead of Socialist principles, his heart has no longer been in the game. He seems weary and worn, and spends far more of his time out of London than any man who intends to lead a Government can afford to do. Occasionally he makes speeches, pleasant to the ears of a Sassenach because of their Scottish burr, but sentimental and very unhelpful. He is a man whose dreams have been thwarted, and who has neither the strength nor the ability to fashion the world to his purpose.

Snowden, like his old comrade-in-arms, MacDonald, whom he did not forsake in 1931, is tired of the fight. It is a pity, for he is a man who might have done great things and risen to the very pinnacle of fame had he not devoted his life's energy to building the Labour Party. The Labour Party has suffered a severe blow.

but it will recover. Snowden will be remembered far longer and more deservedly for his part in its creation than for the peerage which was conferred upon him in 1931.

Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, the greatest fighters of them all! Lloyd George has all but retired from active politics since the break-up of his party. But he is by no means dead. Occasionally he returns to the House in order to show just how a speech should be made. To millions of people he will always be "The Happy Warrior," a man who hits hard and takes his blows smilingly, and how heavy those blows have been only he can tell. He and Winston Churchill are perhaps the only men who can capture the imagination of the country—even though it may not endorse their views. The latter, indeed, is one of the truly great; he is also one of the truly dangerous, for his is the mentality that makes for war. Perhaps that is understandable in a man who had fought in five wars before his contemporaries had left the University.

Churchill is fighting a lone battle. Practically single-handed he has pitted himself against the Government and his Party, and the battle-ground he has chosen is India. He is the most unyielding of Die-hards, and his policy is: India for Britain. Will he succeed? At present it seems impossible that he should. His appearances in Parliament are rare, and lead ever more frequently to a gross political blunder. But he is appealing to the young men, and he is appealing to them directly, in the constituencies, and not from the floor of the House of Commons. It is perhaps his last great effort.

If one thing is noticeable in politics, it is that old age still holds the stage. The post-War cry has been—give youth its chance! So far that appeal has met with little success. What is even worse, youth has failed so far to take advantage of such opportunities as have been given. The present House of Commons is filled with young men, but as yet no talent seems to have emerged. At the same time it must be remembered that conditions in Parliament are difficult. The back-bencher is suppressed until he is left with practically no opportunity of making his mark. Perhaps the people who control the fortunes of the Party imagine that youth must grow into leadership. Whatever the cause, no one stands out as a potential Prime Minister.

There was one exception, Sir Oswald Mosley. He is intelligent,

ambitious, and full of energy, and since, in addition, he was not cursed with undue shyness, he soon attracted notice. Unfortunately for him, however, he suffers from impatience, and the result may well be the wrecking of his career. He began his political life as a Conservative, but very soon changed to the Labour Party and announced that he would not wear his title. A Conservative knight of such a calibre was a great acquisition. When Labour took over the Government, Mosley was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with the special duty of helping to tackle the unemployment problem. His sympathies, however, soon reverted to Conservatism of the more extreme brand. Mosley went to Rome, saw, and was conquered. His admiration for Mussolini and the Fascist State was unbounded, and he decided to introduce Fascist theory into England. The result was the "New Party," which enjoyed the active support of pugilists and other men sound in wind and limb. Unfortunately neither the policy nor the splendid physique of the New Party appealed to England. Deposits were lost. The New Party broke up in confusion.

It was succeeded by frank and candid Fascism, naked and unashamed. Sir Oswald Mosley has been to Germany, and has discovered that liberal thought and Jewish international financiers are the root cause of England's trouble.

The British Fascists are making a strong bid for power. Undoubtedly there is a feeling that a strong man is wanted, and that a somewhat tighter hold on the country's affairs might be useful. But whether Mosley is the strong man in question, or whether the tighter hold should resemble that applied in Germany and Italy, is another matter altogether.

Thus England's political situation. Neither the Conservatives nor the Labour Party have yet carried out any measure of practical constructive value; somehow they have succeeded always in merely tinkering with the problems which the post-War world presented to them, instead of grasping them firmly and exercising a certain amount of vision and imagination about their treatment. And, somehow, too, England has succeeded in doing what she is always expected to do in times of stress, she muddles through. The knowledge is comforting; unfortunately, it cannot be relied upon. No country can hope to muddle through for ever, least of all in these times. Our hope for the future is that the National Government is

but the first of a steady series of efforts to do things, rather than to let them happen.

CHAPTER XIX

THE COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS— AND THE FUTURE

INTRODUCTORY

WHITHER the Dominions? It is a question to which the stout-hearted white-moustached Imperialist of the old school will reply with a scowl and a snort, for, indeed, it is becoming very patent that the bonds of the Empire, instead of being tightened, are rapidly being relaxed.

Already long before the War the Dominions had demanded freedom from the control exercised by the mother-country. They felt that they were sufficiently mature to be able to look after themselves. They realised clearly that each of the Dominions had individual interests and problems to consider which could be adequately dealt with only by those who had a personal stake in them, and not by men, however eminent, who were sitting a few thousand miles away at Westminster.

Great Britain had recognised the justice of these demands. Even before 1914 the Dominions had achieved the right to order their internal affairs as best pleased them, while in regard to foreign relations their interests were always fully consulted.

And the process of emancipation did not stop there; little by little the Dominions were beginning to establish for themselves an independent international status. They had been granted the right to separate representation at international conferences, for instance, at the Merchant Shipping Conference of 1914.

The World War hastened the march of events very considerably. To the Allied cause the Dominions gave unstintingly of their blood and their money. They contributed as much as any country to its ultimate success, and it was but natural, therefore, that they should feel they had earned their reward in the form of a place in the society of nations.

That feeling did not represent a mere hankering after increased

prestige, but had a far weightier justification. For the first time it had been brought home to them how greatly their interests might be affected by international happenings. For the first time they realised clearly that their destinies, so far as the gravest issues which may confront a country were concerned, lay entirely in the hands of the British Government; that they might be called upon to make war in a cause other than their own; that they might have to risk their whole existence on a matter which touched them not at all. Obviously something had to be done.

England was sympathetic, but there were many doubters, not least in the Dominions themselves, who saw in the demand for a greater independence merely a further, most dangerous, weakening of the ties which bind together the members of the British Empire. Nevertheless, the danger had to be faced; there was no real alternative.

And so, when the Peace Conference met at Versailles, representatives from the Dominions were there who enjoyed equal status with those of Great Britain, and the new position of the Dominions was confirmed by the fact that their legislatures ratified the Peace Treaties before the King appended his signature on behalf of the Empire.

The first step had been taken, and, contrary to predictions, it improved the relations between Britain and the Dominions. Canada was satisfied. Australia declared that it had no more worlds to conquer. Even the South African Nationalists, with their Boer traditions and memories, were contented, claiming that they had now achieved a status which gave them the right to secede from the Empire whenever they might wish to do so.

The happy sky was soon troubled, however, for the position of the Dominions was by no means clear, and all kinds of situations arose to make it ever more complicated.

There was, for instance, the treaty of 1921, which ended the Irish Civil War by creating a new Dominion. Southern Ireland now became the Irish Free State, with the right to determine its own Constitution, subject to certain safeguards contained in the Treaty. The Irish were jubilant. They took the view that the Treaty was henceforth their sole link with the United Kingdom, and that for all practical purposes they had achieved their longed-for independence. England disagreed.

In Canada, too, there were problems which required clearing up.

On one occasion the Governor-General refused the request of a defeated Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, to dissolve Parliament and hold fresh elections. Instead he appointed a new Prime Minister. Had he the right to do so, or was his action unconstitutional? And again, how far was Canada bound by the Treaty of Lausanne, in view of the fact that it had not been invited to take part in the negotiations with Turkey, and that its Parliament had not ratified the Treaty?

Altogether, it was not surprising that in 1924 the Union of South Africa, ever anxious about its position, should have returned General Hertzog at the head of a Nationalist Government which was pledged to secure at the earliest moment Britain's recognition of South Africa's equality of status.

The opportunity came when the Imperial Conference met again in 1926. It was an historic occasion which gave birth to a new Empire bearing the proud name, the "British Commonwealth of Nations." The relationship between Great Britain and the Dominions was placed on an entirely new footing. Henceforth they were to be partners in a common enterprise. The Conference produced a masterly definition of the position of the Dominions:

"They are autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

The logical consequences of that resolution followed in 1930, when the Imperial Conference of that year made certain recommendations which were embodied in the Statute of Westminster; it has rightly been called the "Charter" of the British Empire.

The position of the Dominions is now as follows. They have full responsible government. They may enter into treaty relationships with foreign States independently of other members of the Empire, as was done by Canada which, in 1923, signed the Halibut Fishery Treaty with the United States. They are members of the League of Nations, and two of them, Canada in 1927, and the Irish Free State in 1930, have been elected to non-permanent seats on the Council.

They may establish embassies abroad, and receive foreign embassies at home. They have the right to repeal laws passed by the English Parliament in so far as these apply to their own

territories. They may enact laws having extra-territorial force, laws, that is to say, which bind their own citizens when abroad. And, finally, they have the right to reject the Privy Council as a final Court of Appeal for the Empire, and so to destroy one of the great symbols of Empire unity. The Irish Free State alone, as a result of the circumstances of her foundation, does not enjoy every one of these rights. We shall consider her position later.

Summing up the achievements of the last few years, we find that, within the Empire, the Dominions are practically free to do as they like. From the point of view of international relations, their status is anomalous. For many purposes they are regarded as fully sovereign States, since, for instance, they can make treaties. Yet they lack one essential attribute of sovereignty: they can neither make war, nor conclude peace, nor maintain neutrality, independently of the Empire as a whole.

Truly the position has changed since 1914. It would seem almost as if the chief objection of those who protested against the passing of the Statute of Westminster was well-founded, and that the only link which now remains to bind together the members of the Empire is that forged by the sentiment which is born of a common inheritance.

That statement is not quite correct, however. The right to make war and peace is still vested in the King, though undoubtedly it would not be exercised except after consultation with the Dominions. Furthermore, though the members of the Commonwealth are equal in status, yet the English Parliament at Westminster is still supreme. It can legislate for the Dominions with their consent, and, with or without their consent, it can repeal, just as easily as it enacted, the Statute which embodies their rights.

There is, however, this truth in the protests of the pessimists who prophesy the break-up of the Empire, that its unity depends on sentiment. But that is not a new thing in history, for unity always depends upon sentiment, and no amount of legal safeguard can strengthen this bond. In strict law the Dominions cannot secede from the Empire without the King's consent; in actual fact there is nothing to prevent them, providing they are strong enough. The revolt of the American colonies, which resulted in the creation of the United States, is eloquent proof.

The Dominions are strong enough to stand on their own feet; they have long since reached the point when neither law nor force

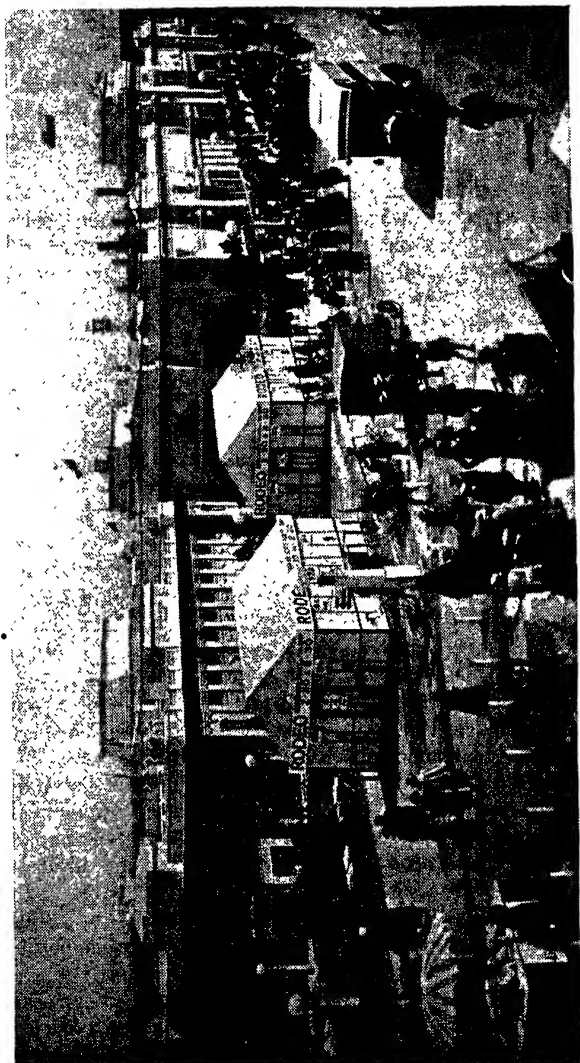
can compel them against their wishes, and had Great Britain refused to recognise this fact, then, indeed, the Empire might well have been shattered. And so it was wise to accept the Declaration of 1926; it was wise to pass the Statute of Westminster; and it was wise to trust to the strength of sentiment.

Yet even sentiment can be reinforced by a judicious appeal to the pocket, and it is for this reason that Great Britain has made every effort to tighten the economic bonds with the Dominions.

One of the most valuable acts was to launch a "Buy British" campaign in order to foster trade between the members of the Commonwealth. The Empire Marketing Board was set up for the same purpose; it produced beautiful posters and films which appealed to the imagination and which, by bringing home to us something of the splendid possibilities of the Empire, did much to make us buy British. And, finally, when world economic conditions, and in particular the insensate tariff barriers set up by the nations, had forced Britain to abandon her traditional free trade policy in favour of protection, then "Imperial Preference" was born; in other words, the tariff barriers which have been set up by every member of the Commonwealth have been kept high as against foreign merchandise, but low as against Empire goods. The best thing would have been to allow Empire produce to pass from one part of the Empire to another without having to pay any duty at all, but it proved impossible to achieve this ideal, since each of the Dominions has industries of its own which it desires to protect against competition from outside, whether the competition be English, Canadian, German, or French.

In 1932, when the World Crisis had rendered more necessary than ever close co-operation within the Empire, the principle of Empire Preference was embodied in a series of reciprocal agreements reached at the Ottawa Conference, to which every member of the Commonwealth sent representatives.

Britain secured advantages from every Dominion except the Irish Free State and India. The chief of these was an undertaking given by Canada and Australia that their Tariff Boards would reduce protective duties to a level which would give United Kingdom producers full opportunity of reasonable competition on the basis of the relative cost of economical and efficient production. It was also laid down that those countries should afford protection



"BUY BRITISH": CANADA'S EXHIBIT AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION, WEMBLEY, 1924.

only to industries which were reasonably assured of sound opportunities for success.

Britain for her part undertook to maintain the existing minimum duties of 10 per cent. *ad valorem* on foreign timber, canned and fresh fish, canned meat, leather, tallow, lead, zinc, castor seed, and ground-nuts, and to impose new or increased duties on a number of additional foreign imports in which one or the other Dominion was specially interested; these imports included butter, cheese, raw and canned fruit, condensed milk, eggs, and rice. Canadian wheat-growers profited, as did Australian, New Zealand, and South African cattle-owners. The tea preference was maintained, the coffee preference increased, and a tobacco preference established for a period of ten years.

Such were the main successes of Ottawa, and their effect must inevitably be to make the Empire more of an economic unit than it has ever been before.

§ I

CANADA

Canada has given four romances to the world. What schoolboy, on hearing the name, will not think immediately of the Royal Canadian Mounted Constabulary, the "Mounties," that splendid body of men, who in the cause of justice have never yet failed to live up to their motto: "Get your man!"

They will think, too, of the Hudson Bay Fur Trading Company, and of those tough trappers who lead solitary lives in a hard country, hunting for the animals whose skins will one day be seen in a fashionable drawing-room in some great capital of the world.

And then there is the C.P.R., the Canadian Pacific Railway, as famous as that by which the Simplon Express climbs to Switzerland out of Italy, or any other of the renowned railway lines, triumphs of engineering skill, which have brought men nearer to men. The C.P.R., built by British enterprise, and financed by British capital, has opened up a whole continent, and it has made possible Canada's fourth romance, wheat.

Wheat in Canada is an incredible, thrilling thing. To appreciate it properly you have to cross the prairie provinces of the West by train, preferably in the heat of the summer. For a day you will be speeding through rocks and forests and lakes, some of the most



"THE C.P.R. HAS OPENED A WHOLE CONTINENT": A SCENE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

varied scenery in the world. You think of Fenimore Cooper, of the Deer-slayer, of Leather-stocking, of Chingachgook. And then the train suddenly enters a golden plain.

For 750 miles there is nothing but rolling cornfields. Now and again you pass some scattered lonely township consisting of a few shacks and a church. Behind you the railway-line which cuts straight through the golden corn stretches farther and farther into the distance until it seems to merge into the sky. Then comes Winnipeg, with its cowboy hats and coatless men showing splendid shirts, and suddenly you feel that you are in the middle of the wildest Wild West.

Wheat represents Canada's chief source of wealth, but somehow it is difficult to talk of a "chief" source. The forests yield enormous quantities of timber. Fruit is grown on the Pacific seaboard, and every kind of fish taken in the rivers and the sea.

A few years ago Canada was the land of hope for enterprising young men filled with a pioneering spirit, and for hundreds of English unemployed whose future in their own country held no further prospects and who hoped to establish a new existence for themselves and their families. "Come to Canada," said the railway posters, and the Government promised financial help, hard work, and generous profits, to those who desired to become settlers and had the courage to face hardships undaunted.

The posters have been withdrawn. No longer can students spend their summer vacations harvesting in Canada. Somehow the wheat market has collapsed. Four hundred million bushels of wheat are produced on an average every year, enough to feed Great Britain's 60 million inhabitants for a couple of years, but the Canadian farmer is ruined, for he cannot sell his wheat at a profitable price.

The unemployment problem is in consequence severe. Formerly there was plenty of work on the land, at any rate during the summer. Now if you are lucky you will be able to help at the harvest, earning your keep, and perhaps a pittance besides. And so the towns are crowded with men many of whom are settlers and once owned farms, who can now do nothing but wait for prosperity to return, and who, in the meantime, eaten up by the despair that comes of poverty and enforced idleness, stand a good chance of becoming completely unemployable.

And the real tragedy is that with a slightly wiser system of

distributing the world's produce, all this could have been avoided. Thousands of bushels of wheat lie rotting in the granaries of Winnipeg, waiting for prices to recover, and half the world's population, the teeming millions of China and India, the thousands of unhappy families in England, Germany, and the whole of Europe, are clamouring for the precious bread that would keep them from starvation.

Will the situation change? One cannot tell. The Ottawa agreements have brought little enough relief, and even when the World Crisis has passed there will be a new and formidable competitor for Canada to face—Russia.

The question is often asked whether Canada will ever secede from the British Empire, whether she will not prefer to become a new and independent nation, or attach herself to the United States, rather than remain tied to a country thousands of miles away. Certainly the chief aspect of the country is American, except in Quebec Province, where it is French.

The towns seem no different from the towns to be found in the United States. Everywhere one sees the same sky-scraper architecture, the same rectangular method of street-planning. The inhabitants talk with a nasal twang; their clothes are American, their spectacles aggressively horn-rimmed; they hurry through life in the belief that hurry means efficiency, just as do the citizens of New York or Chicago. They read magazines and books that are American.

Quebec itself is entirely French. Its architecture is French, its newspapers are French, and French is the language spoken in Parliament House. Nowhere is there any sign that the Province was conquered a century and a half ago.

And yet, in spite of these things, in spite of the fact that but half the population is of British origin, the country is solidly British in sentiment. To her England will always be the "mother-country" from which she draws her traditions and her inspirations, and in whose achievements she takes pride.

But it does not follow from this that Canadians do not put their own country first. On the contrary, they are ardent nationalists. They are willing to remain members of the British Commonwealth, provided their right to complete autonomy is not challenged, but they do not desire any closer association with the Empire than now exists.

We must not forget, either, that the United States is very near, and that the economic bonds between the two countries are exceedingly strong. Each finds in the other one of its most important markets. At present they are divided by high tariff barriers, but the time may come when they will find that closer union will result in increased prosperity—and in a contest between pocket and sentiment, the pocket generally wins.

§ 2

IRELAND

Will England ever understand Ireland and the Irish? We doubt it. Can the hard-headed common-sense business-man ever understand one who is such a mixture of mysticism and materialism as the typical Irishman, so well portrayed by Sean O'Casey in his plays? We can—at a pinch—understand Ireland's fierce craving for independence, though it seems a senseless craving in view of her economic dependence on England and the fact that she has freedom in all but name. But we cannot understand why she should, even at the present day, nurse the memory of wrongs inflicted upon her by Cromwell, or why she should time and again have turned upon her leaders, men who had shared in every hardship of the struggle.

The Irish character seems to contain every imaginable contradiction. They are a generous, kindly, high-souled people, gifted with poetic vision, traits which they succeed in combining with utter brutality of conduct. They have a child-like simplicity and candour; they are shrewd, cunning, and can tell most excellent stories. In their actions and reactions they are as unexpected as children. They are up in the clouds one day, and down in the dumps the next.

They are patriotic to a degree, and will sacrifice the last drop of blood for the common cause; and at the same time they are complete individualists who will sacrifice the cause rather than compromise with their ideas. And so, since the contradiction must logically be preserved to the last, the Irish are one of the most lovable and most irritating peoples in the world.

Ireland's history is a bloody one of revolt followed by repression, to be succeeded immediately by further revolt. Not till the middle of the nineteenth century did Englishmen begin to realise that a country which preached humanitarian principles could

not in decency withstand a legitimate demand for Home Rule; and it was not till nearly the end of the century that official opinion began to accept this view, though even then it was moved perhaps less by notions of justice than by the fact that Irish propaganda in the Colonies and the United States was beginning to be dangerous.

Ponderously the official machine began to move, too slowly, alas, to permit of anything being done before the outbreak of the War. Home Rule had to be postponed, especially as the Ulster Protestants, descended from James I's settlers, were ardently opposed to separation from England. After all, they are comparatively prosperous manufacturers and farmers, and Protestants to boot, in a country where religious sentiment is stronger than anywhere in the British Isles; they had no desire to trust their destinies to the numerically stronger Southerners, who are mostly poor peasants, and whose religion is Roman Catholicism.

All might have been well, even though the Sinn Feiners were becoming embittered at this further postponement of Home Rule, for which they had been fighting since 1905. Unfortunately, Dublin woke to a brief and inglorious revolt on Easter Monday, 1916.

The chances were hopeless, for it was but the effort of a handful of patriotic literary men, assisted by a few Socialist workmen, while the peasant proprietors, who had more to lose and were in any case fairly pleased with England's new policy of conciliation, stood aloof. Nevertheless, revolt was met by reprisal and terrorism. Immediately the dying fires of hate were fanned into flame, the Dublin dreamers became martyrs, and from that time on there was civil war, which became utter anarchy when, after the demobilisation in 1919, irregular forces, the so-called "Black and Tans," were flung into the wretched island in order to complete the work of repression.

The Sinn Fein policy was to make government impossible by committing outrages right and left, by raiding post offices for money, and police barracks for arms. Ambushing policemen was a favourite practice. In County Kerry a party of masked men forced their way into the house of a farmer suspected of English loyalties and cut off his ears with shears. Tar and feathers were in great demand. And always the assailants escaped.

Revolutionary Irish authorities were established everywhere, with their own tax-system and their own judicial tribunals. The English

were boycotted, and the men whom Ireland was entitled to send to Westminster met instead in Dublin and set up the Irish National Assembly, the Dail Eireann.

England, her nerves frayed by the War, retaliated in kind. It was found that Sinn Feiners could be dragged out of their houses and shot against a wall just as easily as loyalists and policemen had been. This was the fate that overtook the Lord Mayor of Cork, and the verdict found at the coroner's inquest was that he was "wilfully murdered under circumstances of the most callous brutality, and that the murder was organised and carried out by the Royal Irish Constabulary officially directed by the British Government, and we return a verdict of wilful murder against David Lloyd George."

Those years, still vivid in the memory of many, are no pretty episode in the history either of England or of Ireland.

There could be but one outcome to this incredibly bitter struggle: it was impossible that the Irish rebels could maintain their resistance for ever. And then, suddenly, England gave way, not uninfluenced by the fact that world opinion condemned her strongly, and that South Africa, Australia, and Canada were beginning to grow restive. On December 6, 1921, the Irish Treaty was signed.

Henceforth there were to be two Irelands—the Irish Free State of the south, a new Dominion, with a Constitution modelled on that of Canada; and Northern Ireland, consisting of six of the counties of Ulster—Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone—which became a kind of federal member of the United Kingdom. Northern Ireland is ruled by a Lieutenant-General, and has its own Parliament in Belfast, but graver questions are reserved for the English Parliament, to which, like Scotland and Wales, it has the right to send representatives.

The Free State received a Governor-General appointed by the King, though it very soon procured acceptance of the principle that he must be nominated by the Irish themselves. It has its Parliament, whose members must take an oath of allegiance to the King. It levies its own taxes, is permitted to set up tariff barriers, has the right to maintain legations abroad, and has its own army. In other words, it is for all practical purposes independent, and the only restrictions are the oath of allegiance and the fact that the coastal defences are entrusted to England, four harbours being subject to the English Admiralty.

The terms gained were liberal beyond the wildest hopes of the Home Rulers, but they did nothing to satisfy the extremist elements, whose chief grievance was the partition of the island. And indeed it is a senseless division of a country inhabited by one people and forming one economic unit; yet the tragic circumstance that the Catholic and anti-English South could not agree with the Protestant and pro-English North made it necessary, and although the Treaty contemplated and made provision for an early reunion, time has not succeeded in removing the shyness of the Northerners.

Thus, the Treaty brought no peace to the Free State. On the contrary, success brought merely a rupture of the unity which she had achieved through repression and paid for in blood. A bitter feud sprang up between the Moderates, drawn largely from among the clergy, the farmers, and the middle classes, who were satisfied with the measure of independence that had been won, and the extreme Republicans, the *Fianna Fail* (a term which means "ourselves alone"), whose policy was one of extreme Nationalism. They wanted to isolate Ireland completely from the rest of the world:—culturally, by fostering the Irish language and literature, and economically, by making Ireland self-sufficient. December 1921, which was to have brought peace, was merely the prelude to a further period of murder and rapine. Not till about two years later did the Moderates gain the victory and succeed in restoring a reign of law and order.

It was worth fighting for. The Free State is poor, and so progress was necessarily slow, but it was steady, and gave great promise for the future. Agriculture developed, for England bought butter and eggs in increasing quantities. Costly harbour, coal-mining, and afforestation schemes were embarked upon. The Shannon was harnessed to the service of man, and mighty power-houses were built for the purpose of supplying Ireland with cheap electricity.

The Free State proved no more immune from economic crisis than the rest of the world had been. The Irish grew more restive than ever under its effects, and so, when a General Election was held in February 1932, the Government of Mr. Cosgrave, leader of the party of Moderates (*Cumann Na n Gaedheal*) was defeated and *Fianna Fail*, under Eamonn de Valera, took office for the first time in the history of the Free State.

De Valera had attracted the support of the ardent Nationalists

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by promising to take immediate steps for securing independence for Ireland. What seemed particularly pleasing to them was the fact that he proposed taking the steps first and considering the constitutional issues afterwards. His chief plank, however, was his promise to withhold the Land Purchase Annuities from the British Government, and to use them instead to lighten the burden of rates unless the British Government could establish her claims in the matter before an impartial tribunal.

The promise proved highly popular among the small farmers. They had been hit particularly hard by the Crisis, and it was they from whom these annuities were collected by virtue of an Act of Parliament passed at the beginning of the century, with Ireland's approval, its object being to enable the farmers to become owners of the land they worked.

The future gave every sign of being brisk. Ireland was entering upon a new struggle with the United Kingdom.

When the Dail met, de Valera introduced a Bill to remove the Oath of Allegiance imposed by the Treaty; the half-yearly instalment of the annuities and certain other sums payable to the British Government became due in June; they were paid into a Special Suspense Account pending negotiations with England.

What could England do? The weapon she chose was the economic one. The Free State had accepted an invitation to Ottawa, but her delegates succeeded only in making trade agreements with Canada and South Africa, which, by the very nature of things, could not be very profitable to her. England, her chief customer, announced that no good could be served by entering into trade agreements with the Free State Government until that Government was ready to observe its obligations.

This step was promptly followed by an Act of Parliament whereby special duties were imposed upon the majority of the Free State's imports into England with the object of enabling England to recoup herself for the moneys withheld. De Valera retaliated by placing heavy duties upon coal, iron, steel, electrical goods, cement, and other imports from England.

The economic war was on in earnest. It was a war in which Ireland must suffer the major casualties, for though she is a useful, she is not by any means an essential, customer of England, whereas England is an essential customer of Ireland. The Free State's market is rapidly being destroyed, and, things being as they are,



EAMONN DE VALERA, LEADER OF THE FREE STATE.

when markets are destroyed at the present day they cannot easily be rebuilt.

And that Ireland's losses are considerable may be seen from her annual budgets, which show decreasing revenue, increasing expenditure, and a higher income-tax. Indeed, there is left but one commodity which brings great profit. England continues to buy tickets in the Irish sweepstake. The money that thus flows into the country is not sufficient to ensure financial stability, but it helps very considerably.

The war goes on. In September 1932, de Valera presented a claim for the repayment by England of £30 millions already paid in Land Annuities, and for £400 millions in respect of over-taxation from the Act of Union to the establishment of the Free State. England raised the customs duties. In November the Governor-General nominated by Cosgrave was removed, and, although de Valera accepted a new Governor-General, that office has since then been non-existent for all practical purposes.

The following year the Oath of Allegiance was abolished. The Annuities were withdrawn from the Suspense Account and annexed by the Free State Government. An Act was passed withdrawing the Governor-General's right of refusing the royal assent to Free State Bills, and another Act was passed to abolish the right of appeal to the Privy Council. In November 1934, the Free State repealed the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Acts in so far as these applied to it, with the result that, so far, at any rate, as the Free State is concerned, Irish citizens are no longer British nationals.

England regards these actions as breaches of the Treaty; de Valera justifies them as being authorised by the Statute of Westminster. No one can tell where the matter will end. The Irish Nationalists desire complete independence from the Crown, while remaining in some vague, undefined way associated with the British Commonwealth. In other words, they are anxious to retain the economic advantages attached to such membership while rejecting all the obligations it imposes. England, not unnaturally, regards this as a somewhat one-sided arrangement.

Meanwhile, a new factor has arisen. The Irish are by no means satisfied with the economic results of Fianna Fail's policy. The farmers, who had hoped to be rid of the Annuities altogether, have discovered that the only change is one of creditors. The

Free State continues to collect the money, and there has been no relief in income-tax or rates. Not so good!

Thus, out of the National Farmers' and Ratepayers' League there sprang a new Centre Party, led by Frank MacDermot; its aims were peace and reconciliation, and it accepted the Free State's position in the Commonwealth. By a spirit of conciliation it hoped to win over Northern Ireland to reunion with the Free State, and it was therefore strongly critical of the older parties which were but perpetuating the spirit of civil war.

The time was not yet ripe for a change of Government, and when, in January 1933, de Valera dissolved the Dail and held fresh elections, he was returned to office, this time with an absolute majority of one over all the other parties, whereas before he had been dependent upon the support of the Labour members.

The struggle goes on. The position has been made more complicated by the entry of General O'Duffy into politics. As Chief Commissioner of the Civic Guard he had offended the Irish Republican Army (I.R.A.), upon whom de Valera was dependent for support. O'Duffy was dismissed, and from that time on devoted his great energy and organising ability to creating a strong body which should oppose de Valera and the I.R.A. outside Parliament, and which should secure the right of free speech at public meetings for the Opposition.

The nucleus of this body was the Army Comrades' Association, formed in 1932 to combat the I.R.A.; O'Duffy became its Director-General. The name of the Association was subsequently changed to "National Guard." It had strong Fascist affinities, saluted with the right arm raised, and wore blue shirts and black berets.

In September 1933, the Cosgrave Party, the Centre Party, and the National Guard amalgamated to form the United Ireland Party, under the leadership of O'Duffy. The National Guard became the "Young Ireland Movement," and when that body was declared illegal, it was dissolved and reconstituted as the "League of Youth."

Such is the position at the present day. Riots are frequent, though happily civil war has not as yet broken out. The United Ireland Party is not yet strong enough to oust de Valera, but his position is daily becoming more difficult.

The Blue Shirts have succeeded in proving to the Supreme Court that they are entitled to wear shirts of that hue, and they have

also succeeded in obtaining a declaration that the United Ireland Party is a lawful body. Many farmers refuse to pay rates on the ground that the Annuities are no longer paid to England.

And, finally, the I.R.A. is beginning to revolt against de Valera on the ground that he is not sufficiently extreme, but is trying to settle the dispute with England by agreement instead of forthwith declaring the Free State a Republic. It has instituted a boycott of English goods, and shows its independence chiefly by destroying English beer and wrecking the public-houses which sell it.

The future is dark, for even should de Valera be forced to resign, and Cosgrave succeed in restoring peace with England, there is no guarantee that his Government will be sufficiently strong to suppress the exuberance of the I.R.A., and in that case Ireland's last state might easily be worse than the first.

§ 3

SOUTH AFRICA

The climate of South Africa is bracing. The land is shut off from the sea by ranges of hills which rise from the low-lying coast step upon step, with barren terraces or "karroos" between. The hills ascend until suddenly the whole vast region opens out into a great plateau, 5,000 ft. above the sea, which stretches far into the north until it eventually merges into the arid wastes of the Kalahari Desert. This is the "veld," treeless, grass-covered. Here, too, is the rough scrub, or "bush," where stunted acacias, dwarf mimosas, and bitter aloes snatch life from the dry soil.

The romantic days of Sir Rider Haggard are gone. The Zulus have forsaken the spear and the assegai and now follow the ways of peace. The lion and the leopard, which once ranged the country in great numbers, are on the verge of extinction and are protected in gigantic "game preserves." Even the countless herds of antelopes, zebras, and giraffes are now sadly reduced. Elephants, hippopotami, and rhinoceroses are still met with in the more tropical regions of the east coast, but they are getting more and more scarce. These were the things that South Africa had to sacrifice in becoming one of the world's most prosperous countries.

On the veld and karroos the finest breeds of sheep graze; since the days of the early Boers wool has been a leading product. Feminine fashion has made ostrich raising a profitable industry.

Irrigation has revolutionised farming of every description: cotton and tea are produced; tobacco is grown in Rhodesia; best-known of all are the oranges and other fruit which South Africa exports in ever-increasing quantities.

But minerals are the country's chief source of wealth. Coal is raised in Natal and the Transvaal, and copper mined at the Cape. And then there are diamonds, first found in 1869 at Kimberley, on the western border of the Orange Free State, a discovery which was followed in 1886 by that of the rich gold-fields of the Witwatersrand in the Transvaal.

Diamonds, and especially gold, have been the foundations of South Africa's progress. The discoveries were followed by the sudden growing-up of thriving industrial centres in the midst of the wilderness. It is to gold and diamonds that such towns as Kimberley, Johannesburg, and many others owe their existence. It is thanks to gold that South Africa is weathering the economic storm rather better than most countries.

In recent years there has been a phenomenal development in mining, due largely to the rise in the price of gold, which led to lower grades of ore being worked in the existing mines and to new mines being opened up. In this way ore reserves have vastly increased, and the life of the mines has been doubled or trebled. Practically a new Rand has arisen, equivalent to the discovery of a new first-class gold-field.

The importance of this recent progress goes far beyond South Africa, and is fast becoming world-wide. New supplies of gold have always been an important factor in arresting depression and restarting prosperity, as happened, for instance, in the case of California in the 'fifties and the Rand in the 'nineties. It may well be that the new Rand will do the same now for the world.

It was in 1906 that self-government was granted to the Boers. Three years later the Union of South Africa was formed, including the Cape, Natal, Transvaal, and the Orange Free State—a total of 473,000 square miles, with a present population of 6 millions, a quarter of whom are whites.

Thanks to the efforts of Botha and Smuts it was granted self-government, government being carried on by a Governor-General, appointed by the Crown, and a Parliament consisting of two houses. For long there has been conflict between the British element, which was very well satisfied with South Africa, and the

Boers who, remembering the days when their ancestors were masters in the land, desired even greater independence.

We have already described how the Declaration of the Imperial Conference of 1926, and the Statute of Westminster, 1930, settled the status of the Dominions. In South Africa harmony has been to a great extent restored, for the demands of the Nationalists have been met almost completely.

Another problem remains, however, a racial one which, like all racial problems, is difficult to solve. The coloured people by far outnumber the whites; in the old days they were simply suppressed, and so there was no difficulty. Even at the present time their position is a relatively lowly one. Nevertheless, British rule has done much to improve their lot; no longer can the negro be treated like a chattel rather less valuable than a cow or a goat. He has been given justice, and he has been given education, and that is where the problem becomes a serious one.

He will soon be able to point out that Africa belongs to him and that, even if Western culture be regarded as an essential qualification for ruling a land, he has that culture and should be allowed to rule what is his. It is an argument that India has raised, and to it there is no answer. It may well be, therefore, that the distant future will see South Africa a negro Dominion within the Commonwealth, ruled by negroes as India will in the future be ruled by Indians.

The world crisis struck South Africa as it struck every country in the world. For a time no real steps were taken by Hertzog's Nationalist Government to meet it. South Africa remained on the gold standard, and the result was that trade and industry were soon almost at a standstill; for Great Britain, South Africa's chief customer, simply could not afford to purchase, once her own money had been devalued.

Thus there was considerable discontent with the Government. Matters did not come to a head, however, until Mr. Tielman Roos, judge of the Supreme Court, resigned his office and entered into politics with a view to creating a Government on a basis of national co-operation.

He was not very successful personally, but his action gave the right lead, and in 1933 Hertzog gave way to the general desire and reformed his Government on a national basis, with Smuts as his second-in-command, and each of the parties, the Nationalists, the

eloquent witness to the ability of the inhabitants to triumph over their difficulties.

How vast these difficulties have been may be seen from Australia's geographical position. Australia is like a world unto itself; she is remote from all other lands, and even New Zealand, which, somehow, we imagine to be "next door," is a good three days away by steamer. As for the distance to India, it is as great as that from England to New York.

Except for the coast regions, most of the continent is desert. A bare 1 per cent. of this great continent is under cultivation, and though irrigation has been attempted, it is doubtful whether this area can ever be increased to any great extent.

On the East coast, however, rainfall is abundant, for the great range of mountains which lies behind it, the "Dividing Range," intercepts nearly all the moisture of the South-east Trade Winds. Here are fertile agricultural areas where grow most of the products of the temperate zone in the centre and south, while tropical vegetation flourishes in the north.

Behind the mountains the rainfall becomes scantier and scantier, permitting little but grass to grow. And here are the huge sheep-stations whose owners have grown wealthy, thanks very largely to the advent of refrigeration. In former times only the wool clip could be used, while the carcase had to be destroyed or boiled down for tallow. Now the world eats Australian mutton.

In recent years vine-growing has become an important industry and Australian burgundy is exported in great quantities. But the best-known agricultural product is still wheat, which has been famous since the days of the gallant clippers which every year rounded Cape Horn, deeply laden in wheat, on their race to England. Steam has not succeeded in ousting sail, and the "grain-race" takes place to this day.

Australia is rich in minerals. Gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, and zinc are found. Coal and iron are still fairly undeveloped.

It seems almost wearisome to talk of crisis: every country in the world is enduring it, and Australia is no exception. Wool has slumped; wheat is nowhere; the great bridge at Sydney symbolises a prosperity that is past. Australia could not understand it. Seventeen per cent. of her people were unemployed by the end of 1930. Whole towns lay derelict. Public undertakings were abandoned unfinished. Canberra, the new capital, with its splendid

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Parliament House which the Duke and Duchess of York opened in 1927, is a city of the dead set in the middle of the Australian bush. Sheep are still the main form of life. They browse where, some day, there will be fine buildings, an imposing war memorial, the great White Capitol, splendid boulevards. Australia has no money to complete Canberra.

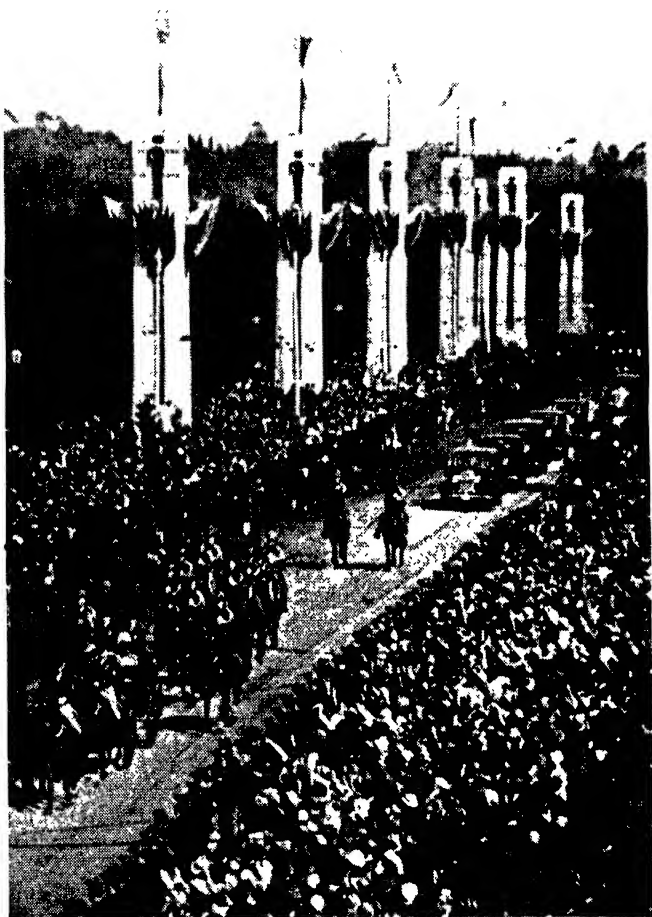
The fault is largely Australia's. It had placed too much faith in the future and had borrowed heavily on the strength of its great expectations. There was nothing wrong in that; unfortunately, the money had to a considerable extent been spent on white elephants, enterprises which, in view of Australia's small population, could not possibly be made to pay for a good many years. As an example, railways. Remote sheep-stations are linked with the cities by rail, with the result that guards and engine-drivers lead morose, solitary lives, unsurrounded by the friendly bustle of passengers.

In every respect Australia has maintained a standard of living that was all very well so long as wool and wheat fetched high prices, but which has now become quite impossible. Labour ruled the roost and succeeded in enforcing its demands for high wages, quite regardless of the fact that the employer might not be in a position to pay. In order to maintain such a standard, Australia was forced to become Protectionist. Ludicrously high tariff barriers were set up in order to keep out foreign goods and stimulate home production. You had but to pay a visit to the Tariff Board and show that you were running an enterprise which was not doing too well in order to obtain a higher tariff.

When the crash came it was very complete. Tariffs had succeeded in keeping foreign goods at a respectful distance, but they had also reduced the country's income from customs to an infinitesimal figure.

Gone for ever are the good old days when the standard of living was high, when every enterprise flourished, and the bread that was cast upon the waters of some unlikely adventure returned a thousandfold.

Nevertheless, Australia has turned the corner. In 1932 the Lyons Ministry reorganised the country's finances. The whole system of tariffs was overhauled and placed upon a more rational basis depending upon three principles: (1) tariffs must be selective, efficient industry being an essential qualification for tariff shelter; (2) their aim must be to permit of healthy competition, and not



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER PASSES THROUGH MELBOURNE STREETS DURING CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS, 1934.

merely to mollycoddle industry by shutting out competition altogether; (3) the Tariff Board must be composed of experts in trade affairs.

Thanks to this reorganisation, thanks also to the fact that in 1933 higher prices were realised for wool, the country ended the financial year with a surplus of £3½ millions, instead of the deficit which had been expected; and the improvement in trade was followed by a reduction in unemployment.

The crisis, however, had not only shaken the economic system, but brought to a head certain political difficulties. Australia became a Commonwealth in 1900; her Constitution differed from that of Canada in that all powers not specifically delegated to the federal government were retained by the States. Since then there has been continuous friction between States and Commonwealth, due partly to the fact that the Commonwealth administration is engaged in a constant struggle to enlarge its powers, and partly to the fact that some of the States feel that their interests are not sufficiently well looked after by the federal government. The situation is not improved by the fact that the life of a federal parliament is three years, a period too short to permit of real stability, as England found when she tried the experiment.

Western Australia was the greatest sufferer from these conditions, an unfortunate circumstance which results no doubt from her geographical position. She is seven days nearer to England than the other States, and she is completely shut off from them by the sandy wastes of the Australian desert. Thus there is little contact between Western Australia and the rest of the Commonwealth, and little mutual understanding of the problems which affect each of them.

In 1933 Western Australia held a referendum on the question of secession from the Commonwealth, and the proposal was adopted by a majority of two to one. In the following year, therefore, a delegation sailed to England bearing a petition to the King that Western Australia might be permitted to become an independent Dominion.

Nevertheless, though the Australian States find some difficulty in agreeing with one another, they find no difficulty in agreeing with Great Britain. We have no more worlds to conquer, said Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister, even before 1926. Australia is contented with her position in the British Commonwealth. This is due, not

only to sentimental and economic reasons, but very much also to Australia's fear of Japan.

"White Australia" is the national motto, a motto which represents a conscious attempt in State-building. Australia is determined to reserve the continent for the white race. No coloured labour is permitted to enter it, even for work in the tropical regions. The whites are determined to prove that they are just as fit for toil beneath a tropical sun as any other race.

The difficulty is that Australia is a large land but sparsely populated. Japan is small, a veritable ant-heap, starving for land—and Australia is seductively near. That is why Australia will remain within the British Empire. Great Britain's ships are her only protection against a foreign invader.

§ 5

INDIA

India, not yet, but soon to be, a Dominion of the British Commonwealth of Nations! India, a fascinating land of infinite variety, a world in itself, presenting to mankind every phenomenon of human life that ever has been—in the words of Sir W. W. Hunter: "A great museum of races in which we can study man from his lowest to his highest stages of culture. The specimens are not fossils or dry bones, but living tribes, each with its own set of curious customs and religious rites."

This land, which thrusts 1,900 miles downward from the Himalayan Mountains into the Indian Ocean, is inhabited by a fifth of the human race. Its teeming population numbers 320 millions. And what contrasts there are among these crowded people!

They are divided into numerous races; they speak more than 200 languages and dialects, and even in Assam, the smallest of the Governor's Provinces, a land about the size of England, 98 different vernaculars are spoken. Despite their civilisation, which reaches back 5,000 years, more than 90 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write. Out of those 320 millions a bare 25 millions are literate.

If we take their religious beliefs, we find that there are no fewer than nine great religions split up into countless shades of belief. The chief creeds are Hinduism, which numbers about 216 million adherents, and Mohammedanism, which numbers 68 millions.

There are 12 million Buddhists, nearly 5 million Christians, and 3 million Sikhs, whose religion is a mixture of Hinduism and Mohammedanism. There are Parsees, descendants of the Persian Zoroastrians who worshipped the sun and fire; their numbers are few, but they belong to the wealthy and powerful merchant classes. There are Jains, whose religion is a reformed Hinduism closely akin to Buddhism, and whose temples are the finest in India. And then there are numerous other minor creeds.

The Hindus are grouped into countless castes, which are half social, half religious, each surrounded by numerous restrictions. The system is founded on the old Hindu law which knew four classes, the Brahmins or priests, the Kshatriyas or warriors, the Vaisyas or farmers, and the Sudras, the labouring classes. A person may not marry outside his caste, nor may he associate with a member of a lower caste. The Brahmins, indeed, feel that they are profaned if even the shadow of a European or of the member of a lower caste falls upon them or their food, and must then observe elaborate purificatory rites.

Even lower than the Sudras are the Pariahs, the outcasts, who have given rise to the incredibly difficult problem of "untouchability." The Pariahs are regarded as lower than animals; they are unclean. They may not use the temples, nor draw water from public wells, and they are forced to live outside the villages. The only occupations open to them are street-sweeping and leather-working.

The position of women is unpleasant. They are chattels and no more. The custom of child marriage is painfully prevalent, and destroys the health of thousands of women who are forced to bear children long before they are physically fit for the task. *Suttee*, the Hindu custom which compelled a widow to cast herself on her husband's funeral-pyre and to be burnt with his body, has been suppressed; nevertheless, the position of a widow is still an unenviable one. Her head is shaved, her jewels are taken away, and she is kept in complete seclusion until she too dies.

India is a land of wealth. Gold and silver are found in Mysore, precious stones in Burma; and Burma, Assam, and the Punjab are also rich in oil and petroleum. Half the world's supply of mica comes from Bihar; iron is found in Bihar and Orissa, and manganese in the Central Provinces. Cotton is grown in many of the Provinces, tea in Assam, coffee in Mysore and Coorg, and the

forests represent an almost inexhaustible supply of valuable timber, such as teak.

No wonder men who worked in the old East India Company retired as wealthy " nabobs "; no wonder that one speaks of the " wealth of the Indies." Yet India's vast masses live a poverty-stricken life, dependent mainly upon agricultural produce grown by the most primitive and uncertain methods. Millet is the staple food, supplemented by rice, wheat, lentils, and similar foods.

The life of the people is spent in the most insanitary conditions. Millions die of starvation and disease every year; famine, flood, and plague, those three scourges of man, are mere incidents that have grown monotonous owing to the frequency with which they occur.

We begin to understand why India is a problem to its rulers, why it must for generations to come be a stupendous problem no matter who rules it, whether the British or the Indians themselves. The religious and racial conflicts and rivalries seem almost incapable of peaceful settlement. The task of dealing with poverty, hunger, and illiteracy may well make the ablest ruler despair.

Nevertheless, it is education which has raised the most serious difficulties, as it has done in every country where one people is subjected to another. Western ideas have penetrated into India, and the chief of these is nationalism. There are 25 million educated people in India, ranging from the barely literate to the men with degrees obtained at European Universities. These, and the many who, while illiterate, are yet inoculated with nationalist ideas, have quite naturally come to the conclusion that India should be governed by Indians.

It is a claim which Great Britain must in equity recognise, yet it involves far more serious issues than merely that of self-government. In the first place Great Britain has very considerable economic interests which she must protect. In the second place, by annexing India, Britain made herself responsible for the welfare of that land with its vast population.

Can she hand over her responsibility to a minority which so far has failed to prove that it will rule in the interests of the country as a whole, and not merely in its own interests? Mohammedans and Hindus are bitterly divided by their respective religions. Will they succeed in composing their differences? Will they use fairly the power they may obtain, or will they apply it unjustly as against

each other and the followers of other gods? And, finally, will the high-caste Hindus recognise that their humbler brethren are human beings like themselves?

So far, it must be admitted, there is little enough evidence to show that India has taken from the West not only her ideas on nationalism, but also her ideas on the rights of man.

There remains a final difficulty, but one which, however complex, is infinitesimal compared with the others; it resolves itself into the form which a new system of government by Indians must take. It is obvious that the existing Constitution must disappear; it is equally obvious that a country like India cannot be administered in the same way that the United Kingdom is administered. The Report of the Statutory Commission on India, the so-called Simon Commission, puts the matter very clearly:

"To imagine that a constitutional structure suitable for 45 million British people, mainly urban, will serve equally well for 280 millions of Indians spread over a sub-continent and living in half a million villages, is unreasonable. If self-government is to be a reality it must be applied to political units of a suitable size, after taking into account all relevant considerations."

This can only be done within the limits of a Federation, for a federal structure alone will be sufficiently elastic to enable all needs to be met. The Report continues:

"When we come to consider the constituent elements out of which the federation of British India is to be built, we are met with an initial difficulty. Federation schemes usually start with a number of clearly defined States, each already possessed of individuality and consciousness, whereas in India there are only a number of administrative areas which have grown up almost haphazard as the result of conquest, supervision of former rulers, or administrative convenience. No one of them has been deliberately formed with a view to its suitability as a self-governing unit within a federal whole."

We talk glibly of States and Provinces, of Burma, the Punjab, Madras, and Hyderabad. The fact is that there are 562 native States outside British India which range in size from Kashmir, bigger than England, to territories little larger than a farm. They enjoy a large measure of independence, but in questions of policy must accept the advice tendered by a British Resident. British India itself is divided into fifteen administrative areas based purely

on convenience and having no relation to racial or religious distribution. Nine of these areas are ruled by a Governor, and the smallest, Assam, is as large as England.

Such are the complications which beset the feet of the builders of Constitutions. They can be overcome, but it requires patience and a very thorough understanding of their nature. Meanwhile, Great Britain is in this ironical position: her coming was undesired; her departure is—for the time being, at least—impossible. She would like to hand India back to the Indians and she cannot do so. One is reminded of the person who has bitten off more than he can chew . . . but, perhaps, the comparison is not a fair one.

The first step towards granting self-government was taken as long ago as 1917. India had responded splendidly to the calls made upon her in the War. Her treasury was thrown open, and no less than £113 millions went to help the Allied cause, while a million men went overseas. On the other hand, the fact that they had been used against white people made many Indians realise that the white man was not the superior being he so often pretended to be, and when, in addition, complete deadlock was reached on the various European fronts, they came to believe that British might was broken.

The time was ripe for revolutionary activity. It was partly to meet this, by holding out the prospect of self-government to be achieved through peaceful means, and partly to reward the sacrifices which India had made, that Lord Curzon, with full Government approval, made his celebrated pronouncement: that Britain's policy was to increase the association of Indians in administration, and to develop self-governing instincts with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in India as a part of the British Empire.

The Curzon Declaration was followed by an enquiry conducted by Lord Chelmsford, India's Viceroy, and Lord Montagu, and their recommendations were incorporated in the Government of India Act, 1919, which gave Dyarchy to India, and is an attempt both to expand the powers of the Provinces and to create representative institutions at the centre, in order to advance India on the way to self-government. The result is an exceedingly complicated system of administration, though the main changes, as a matter of fact, were limited to the Governor's Provinces.

The ultimate authority was vested in the Secretary of State for

India, who is assisted by a body of experts and has a seat in the British Cabinet. In India the executive power is vested in the Viceroy, assisted by a Council of Eight appointed by the Crown. The Legislature consists of the Council of State, numbering 60 members, of whom 24 are nominated by the Executive, and a Legislative Assembly which contains 144 members. Forty are nominated, so that the Executive may be directly represented; the remainder are elected, though the franchise extends to but 6½ million electors. The Viceroy has been empowered to override the will of the Legislature when circumstances render such a step necessary.

In the Governor's Provinces dyarchy, *i.e.* rule by two independent bodies, has reached full fruition. The police, administration of justice, irrigation, and land revenue fall within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Governor and his Executive Council, a mixed British and Indian body, who are responsible solely to the Central Government. Other matters, such as education, agriculture, and public works, which fall peculiarly within the province of local government, are entrusted to ministers elected by and responsible to the local legislature, which must contain at least 70 per cent. elected members.

At the time this system was devised it was contemplated that if it should prove satisfactory in its working, it should be extended until ultimately the whole administration would be in the hands of responsible ministers.

An Indian Privy Council was also established for the purpose of honouring meritorious service and making certain that there might be some body consisting of India's most experienced statesmen upon whom the Government might draw for advice.

Finally, a Chamber of Princes was set up so as to form a link between the Indian States and the British Government. Of the ruling Princes, 108 are entitled to sit in the Chamber in their own right, while 127 smaller States are represented by twelve elected members.

The new scheme marked a big step forward, and a sincere attempt by Great Britain to make self-government possible by training Indians in administration.

It met, nevertheless, with a storm of abuse from the Indian Congress, which was composed chiefly of extreme Nationalists. By that time a new star had risen on the Indian political horizon.

Gandhi, educated in England and a member of the English Bar, had commenced his public life as a champion of the rights of Indian immigrants in South Africa. There he had inaugurated his great political experiment and for eight years had led the passive resistance movement.

In 1914, feeling that the time had come to enlarge the field of his labours, he returned to India, determined to lead the country of his birth in its fight against British domination. In 1920 he became leader of the Congress Party, and since then his name has been almost synonymous with India.

Where is the magic in Gandhi? The West will never understand his secret. He is impractical to a degree, woolly-minded according to Western standards, an impossible man to do business with, and the result is that England has never been able to reach any working arrangement with him.

It is true that his will never be the mind that will settle the issue of self-government with Great Britain; indeed, many of the Indian Nationalists are becoming more and more reluctant to accept him as their representative. But it was his forceful personality which rallied and gave strength to the Indian movement, and which prevented Downing Street from ever forgetting that there was such a thing as an Indian problem; and it was his "theatrical" methods which drew the eyes of the world upon India, and made plain to it the urgency of the problem.

Others may reap the praise when self-government is ultimately granted, but his was the hand which carried out the spade-work. "Passive resistance" and "civil disobedience" may too often have degenerated into crime and violence, but that is the extent of Gandhi's failure—that he was not able to prevent criminals from sheltering behind him.

There is another, and by far more valuable, part of his labours. To millions of his countrymen Gandhi will always be the "Mahatma"—Great Soul—who will lead them into green pastures. In recent years Gandhi has devoted himself more and more to improving the position of the depressed classes, the "Untouchables."

A spiteful man might suggest that the incense of adoration smells sweet in his nostrils, but if self-sacrifice is the measure of sanctity, none can deny that he has amply earned the right to be called Saint. He has given his all for the poor, and lives as simply

as the most wretched pariah. If ever the ghastly system of caste is broken down, it will be because of Gandhi's selflessness.

The spinning-wheel and loin-cloth prove his wisdom conclusively. Gandhi does not aim to improve India by Westernising it, for that would merely be to substitute for all those things which are good in Indian life something that has become rotten by being transplanted. That would be to destroy India, to make a bastard India. Gandhi has had the wisdom to see that there is but one way in which he can glorify her—the loin-cloth and the spinning-wheel.

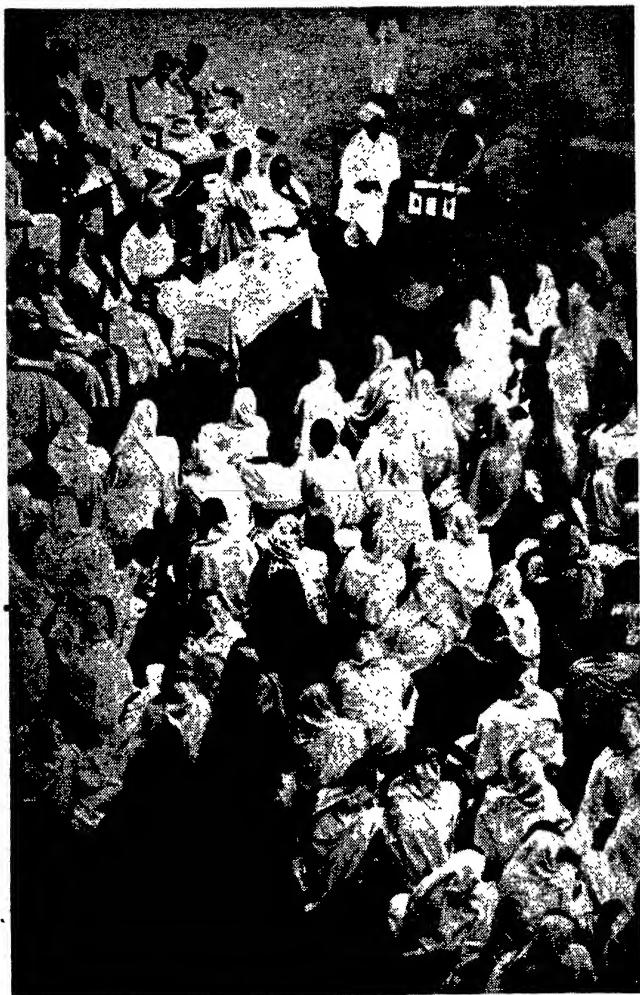
In 1928 the Statutory Commission which had been contemplated by the Government of India Act, 1919, set out under the chairmanship of Sir John Simon to investigate the workings of the Act and to make any necessary recommendations for reform. It was boycotted by the Legislative Assembly, which refused to be represented on that body.

Its Report, published in 1930, contains the most authoritative survey and analysis of Indian affairs that has yet appeared. The recommendations it made, however, were quietly shelved. They included the abolition of dyarchy and the introduction of responsible government in the Provinces, which were to be given Cabinets on the British model, provided that certain powers were reserved to the Governor for dealing with emergencies. The franchise for the Provincial Legislatures was to be extended, though certain safeguards were to be retained for the protection of religious minorities.

While these proposals were not adopted, yet they indicated clearly that India was making rapid progress politically.

The Report raised afresh the question of the future relationship between the Indian States and British India which, according to the announcement of Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, was ultimately to be given Dominion Status. That question was put into the very forefront of the deliberations at the Round Table Conferences of 1930 and 1931.

The States are closely inter-linked with British India, geographically, economically, racially, and by religion. They enjoy complete independence, except in so far as control may be made necessary through abuse of the autocratic powers possessed by the ruling Princes. They are proud of their independence, but



BOMBAY WOMEN PRAY FOR MAHATMA GANDHI WHILE HE FASTS TO ASSIST THE "UNTOUCHABLES," 1933.

since they form an integral part of India they will have to find a place in the structure of the new Dominion.

The two Round Table Conferences achieved little of value except in so far as they resulted in agreement on an "All-India Federation," as the only means of solving the difficulties and reconciling the conflicting interests.

At the end of 1934 the Statutory Commission on India issued its report—recommending the establishment of a central Federal Government with a large extension of the representative principle in the Provinces. This report is to be the basis of India's next step on the road to self-government, if the intentions of the present British Government are approved by Parliament, as is expected, during 1935.

India's future is hopeful. The Civil Disobedience movement inaugurated by Gandhi, which had rather less picturesque results than the mere gathering of salt in violation of the Government monopoly, has failed completely. The boycott of British goods has been given up. Political crimes of violence are becoming less frequent. The number of prisoners condemned for revolutionary or subversive activities has decreased. And even the Indian National Congress Party has retreated from its former uncompromising attitude and sent Gandhi as its representative to the Second Round Table Conference.

With moderation in the ascendant, can it be doubted that the British Commonwealth of Nations will soon include a new Dominion?

CONCLUSION

ON finishing such a book as this, not merely the cynic may be tempted to exclaim of our civilisation that the more it changes the more it is the same thing. In a measure that is true. The world is still divided into sovereign States, and each State still has its social classes. Yet the idea of exclusive national sovereignty is breaking down, and the divisions between the classes are narrowing.

The League of Nations is the most significant as well as the greatest experiment of our times. More than fifty nations, representing over three-quarters of the world, have voluntarily renounced their right to resort to war. For centuries that right has been inseparably bound up with the idea of national sovereignty. Its surrender is a recognition on the part of the world's peoples that nationalism is not enough. The Parliament of Man and the Commonwealth of the World are still remote, but at least the road to them is now known, and that road leads through Geneva.

The League has had its failures and its many disappointments. Yet in the fifteen years of its existence it has done much. It is steadily stamping out the traffic in drugs and making increasingly difficult the traffic in women. It has provided science with a new organisation in its fight against disease, and has made child welfare one of its particular concerns. Above all, it has intervened to prevent half a dozen wars. It is the chief hope of mankind taken collectively. It is the palladium of our civilisation.

What more remains to be said? The standard of life is higher to-day, as is the average of human intelligence. There is more tolerance and more kindness in the world. Science is increasingly successful in its fight against disease, and the expectation of life grows longer with each new generation. Machinery has released man from much of his old drudgery, and has given him far more leisure than his forefathers knew. That leisure can be more variously and pleasurably employed than at any time in the past. The enjoyment of music, art, and literature is no longer the monopoly of the few; education is the prerogative of the many.

Travel is speedier, safer, and cheaper. Travel encourages cosmopolitanism; cosmopolitanism is the enemy of narrow nationalism: permanent world peace is consequently nearer.

For all these statements the confirmed optimist can find support in this book. Equally the convinced pessimist can quote it as his authority. The World War killed or maimed over 20 million men; the world economic slump broke up probably as many homes. Another such war will destroy civilisation—and to-day there are more men under arms than in July 1914. Even though war is averted, the destruction of civilisation has already begun. Man's own creation, machinery, is effecting it. For man has failed to relate production to consumption, and the story of *Frankenstein* is being retold with humanity as its tragic protagonist.

Is mankind heading for Utopia or the abyss? Time alone can answer that question. It was written of old that "the people perish for lack of knowledge." This one thing is certain. If humanity perish, it will not be for lack of knowledge. It will for lack of the will to apply it.

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